Songs of Victory

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" The shout of a king is among them—one King and one song ;
One thunder of manifold voices, harmonious and strong ;
One King, and one love, and one shout of the worshipping throng."

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

Songs of Victory

THIRD EDITION

Revised, Abridged
and with some
Additional Pieces

EDINBURGH - - - THE FAITH MISSION, 38 COATES GARDENS
BELFAST - - - - - - - 48 UPPER QUEEN STREET
LONDON - - PICKERING & INGLIS, 29 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4
AND AT GLASGOW.

EXPLANATORY

THE earlier editions of "Songs of Victory," compiled by the late Mr. A. W. BELL, enjoyed a good measure of popularity, but for a number of years it was out of print. Feeling that there was a distinct place for it, the Faith Mission acquired the copyright of the book, issuing it in a revised and abridged form in 1922. In the years since the book has established itself as the hymn book of the Faith Mission, and there has been a demand for it in wider circles also. There were, however, certain defects in the earlier music editions, and the revisions in the present book have been effected with a view to eliminating these. Some new hymns have been added: a few which were seldom used have been omitted, but it is essentially the same book.

In the original edition, acknowledgment for permission to use copyright hymns was made as follows:—

Rev. Handley G. C. Moule; Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D., for a selection from *Fifty Original Hymn Tunes;* Right Rev. E. H. Bickersteth; D.D., Bishop of Exeter; Rev. George Matheson, D.D.; Lady Carberry, Rev. J. Mountain, for several hymns from *Hymns of Consecration and Faith;* Dr. A. L. Peace; Rev. Theodore Monod; J. G. Govan, Esq.; J. Walch, Esq.; Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. for several hymns of the late Miss F. R. Havergal and the late Dr. Horatius Bonar; Rev. Henry Twells, M.A.; H. E. Govan, Esq., M.A.; Giles Shaw, Esq., for hymns by the late Miss F. R. Havergal; Mrs. J. Land, on behalf of the late J. Land, Esq.; S. O'Mally Clough, Esq.; Rev. R. R. Chope for hymns from *The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book;* Rev. W. Y. Fullerton for hymns from *Evangel Echoes;* Rev. Father Ignatius for hymns from *The Llanthony Abbey Hymnal;* Mrs. Small, on behalf of the late Rev. James G. Small; H. Hankinson, Esq., on behalf of *The Children's Special Service Mission;* R. L. Allan, Esq., for the hymn *A Little Talk with Jesus;* Mrs. L. Ware; Miss Jean H. Watson; W. Leslie, Esq.; T. L. Southgate, Esq.; Albert Midlane, Esq.; Rev. S. Baring-Gould; E. W. Rogers, Esq.; Rev. G. C. White, on behalf of the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern;* J. W. T. M'Dougall, Esq.; J. Wakefield Macgill, Esq., for a hymn from *Consecrated Melodies.*

Especial thanks are due to Miss Freda Hanbury and Miss E. May Grimes for kind permission to use their hymns, some of which are now published for the first time; to Miss Frances Bevan for many valuable hymns by Tersteegen, Suso, and others, which enrich this book; also to The Scottish National Christian Endeavour Union for several "Christian Endeavour" hymns.

Permission from Messrs. Morgan & Scott to use a number of choice hymns from *Sacred Songs and Solos, New Hymns and Solos,* and *The Christian Choir* is particularly appreciated.

By a special arrangement with The Salvation Army, a large number of most valuable hymns from their various collections are included. The compiler believes that this will add greatly to the usefulness of the present work, and he has pleasure in expressing his grateful sense of the kind way in which the arrangement was entered into.

American owners of copyright have not been behind in their ready and generous permission to use hymns or tunes.

Especial thanks are due to Messrs. The Biglow & Main Co., New York; Rev. A. B. Simpson and Capt. R. Kelso Carter for a number of valuable hymns from *Hymns of the Christian Life*; Messrs. The John Church Co., Chicago, for hymns by the late P. P. Bliss and Dr. Geo. F. Root; Peter P. Bilhorn, Esq., for hymns from *Crowning Glory "Revised"* (Bilhorn Brothers, Chicago); Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman; Messrs. Fillmore Brothers, Cincinatti; Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, Saratoga; John J. Hood, Esq., Philadelphia; Messrs. The Will L. Thomson Co., East Liverpool; Messrs. The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston; W. H. Doane, Esq., Watch Hill, Rhode Island; Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, Esq., Philadelphia; Dr. H. R. Palmer, Chatanqua, N.Y.; T. C. O'Kane, Esq., Delaware, Ohio; Mrs. Bottome, New York; Major D. W. Whittle, and many others.

In the later and present editions, thanks are due to the following, among others, for hymns which did not appear in the earlier edition. To the Salvation Army Musical Board for Nos. 194, 224. To the Trustees of the late W. J. Govan for Nos. 254, 282, 392. To G. E. M. Govan, Esq., for No. 384. To Mrs. E. Govan for No. 347. To the Star Hall Bookroom for No. 193. To Wm. Leslie, Esq., for Nos. 1, 422. To the Rev. W. G. Ovens for No. 69. To Miss Morley Horder for No. 322. To the Religious Tract Society for No. 433. Other copyright hymns and tunes have been acknowledged on the page where they appear.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. S. F. Cupples for harmonizing many of the tunes and for the time he has given to the revision of the proofs of the music.

Care has been taken to avoid the infringement of copyright; but should the rights of owners have been unwittingly transgressed, it is hoped that this acknowledgment will be kindly accepted as an apology.

We commit the book anew to Him who has laid upon us the injunction —"Be filled with the Spirit, speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord" (Eph. v. 18, 10 (R.V.).

TOPICAL ANALYSIS

INTRODUCTORY 1

I. ADORATION—"God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—John iv. 24 2–25

INVOCATION—"Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"—Ps. lxxxv. 6 26–35

PRAYER—"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."—Eph. vi. 18 36–41

II. THE GOSPEL :—

THE SEEKING SAVIOUR—"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke xix. 10 42–53

THE CRUCIFIED JESUS—"We preach Christ crucified . . . . the power of God and the wisdom of God."—1 Cor. i. 23, 24 54–70

THE CLEANSING BLOOD—"They . . . have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 14 71–84

THE EXALTED CHRIST—"He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all."—Eph. i. 20, 21 85–96

THE INVITATION—"As though God did beseech you by us : we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—2 Cor. v. 20 97–126

THE WARNING NOTE—"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth in him."—John iii. 36 127–139

THE GRAND DECISION—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Josh. xxiv. 15 140–154

THE JOY OF PARDON—"Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."—Ps. xxxii. 2 .. 155–176

III. HOLY LIVING :—

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THE QUEST—"O God . . . my soul thirsteth for Thee . . . to see Thy power and Thy glory."—Psa. lxii. 1, 2 187–195

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APPROPRIATION—"Reckon . . . yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ."—Rom. vi. 11 209–219

INSPIRATION : THE FULLNESS OF THE SPIRIT—"He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."—John xx. 22 .. 220–232

EXULTATION—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, . . . for He that is mighty hath done to me great things."—Luke i. 46-49 233–261

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DELIGHT IN GOD—"God my exceeding joy."—Ps. xliii. 4 304–328

IV. CHRISTIAN SERVICE—"After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, . . . ye shall be witnesses unto Me . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth." —Acts i. 8 329–358

CHRISTIAN WARFARE—"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God."—2 Cor. x. 4 359–368

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS—"Forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize."—Phil. iii. 13, 14 369–376

TRUST UNDER TRIAL—"We glory in tribulations also, . . . because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."—Rom. v. 3, 5 377–386

PILGRIMAGE HEAVENWARDS—"We are journeying to the place of which the Lord God said, I will give it you ; come thou with us."—Num. x. 29 387–392

DIVINE GUIDANCE—"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Ex. xxxiii. 14 393–397

THE JOURNEY'S END—"I have finished my course ; . . . henceforth . . . for me a crown of righteousness ; . . . unto all them also that love His appearing."—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. 398–417

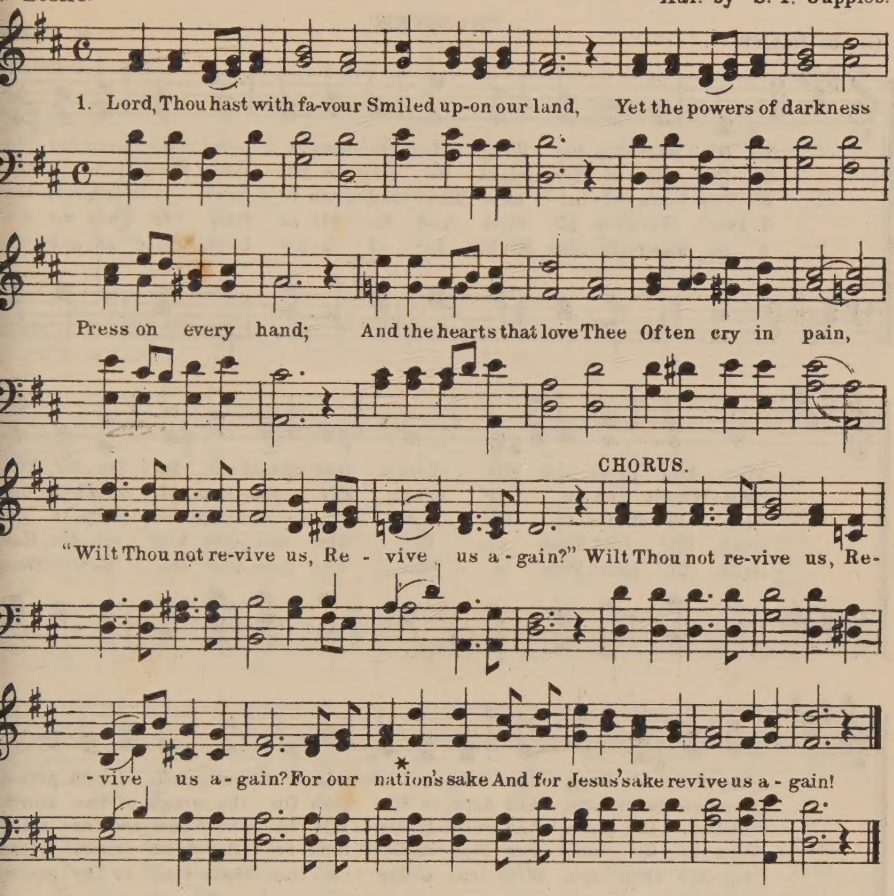
V. SPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, . . . for of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark x. 14 418–435

VI. PARTING HYMNS—"When we . . . departed . . . they all brought us on our way ; . . . and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed."—Acts xxi. 5 436–439

"WILT THOU NOT REVIVE US?"

W. Leslie.

W. Leslie. Har. by S. F. Cupples.


1. Lord, Thou hast with fa-vour Smiled up-on our land, Yet the powers of darkness
Press on every hand; And the hearts that love Thee Often cry in pain,
CHORUS.
"Wilt Thou not re-vive us, Re - vive us a - gain?" Wilt Thou not re-vive us, Re-
- vive us a - gain? For our nation's sake And for Jesus' sake revive us a - gain!

2. Precious guileless children
To our homes are given,
That our love might win them
To the life of Heaven.
Yet what snares and pitfalls
Make our labour vain!
Oh, to save the children,
Revive us again!

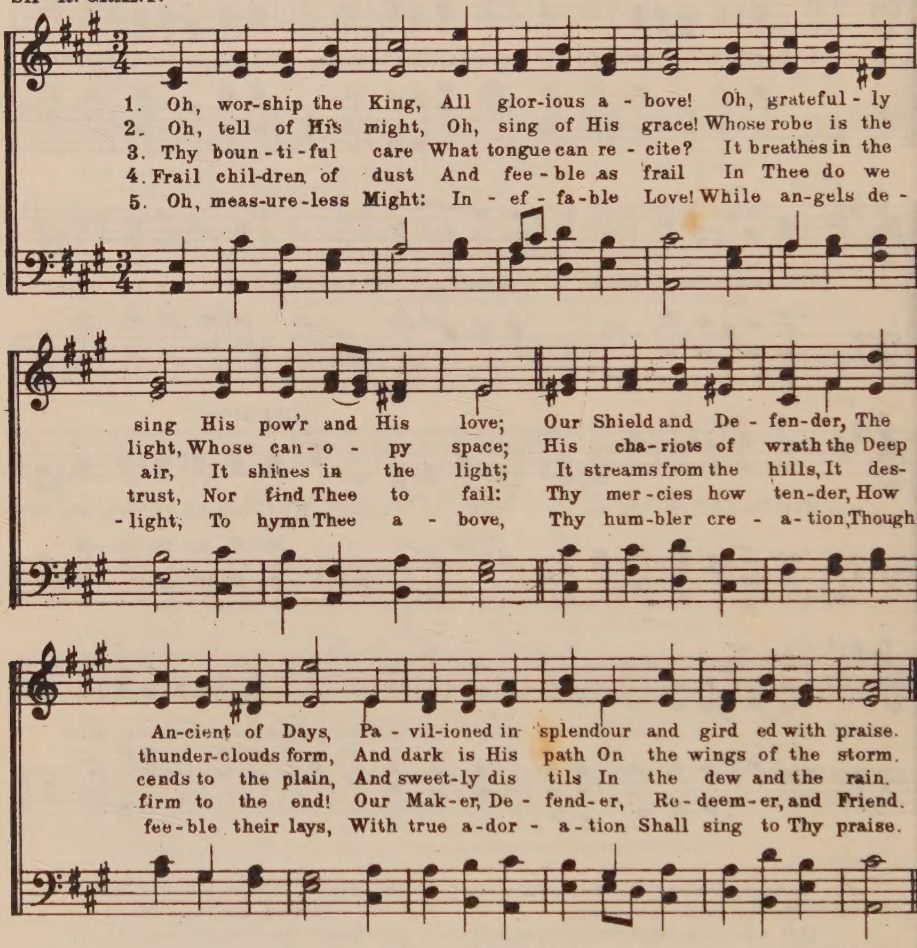
3. Kindly friends and neighbours,
Kindred, near and far,
Learn the love of Jesus
Just by what we are;
Make our daily witness
Patient, pure, and plain!
By Thy love o'erflowing
Revive us again!

4. Deep in heathen darkness
Blood-bought millions wait
For a voice to tell them
Of their ransomed state;
Break the spell that binds us
But to selfish gain!
By Thine own compassion,
Revive us again!

later verses:- Our Children's, Our Neigbour's, The Heathen's.

2. OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

"HANOVER."

Sir R. GRANT. H. CROFT.

1. Oh, wor-ship the King, All glor-ious a - bove! Oh, grateful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, Oh, sing of His grace! Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care What tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust And fee - ble as frail In Thee do we
5. Oh, meas-ure-less Might: In - ef - fa-ble Love! While an-gels de -
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fen-der, The
light, Whose can-o - py space; His cha-riots of wrath the Deep
air, It shines in the light; It streams from the hills, It des-
trust, Nor find Thee to fail: Thy mer-cies how ten-der, How
-light, To hymn Thee a - bove, Thy hum-bler cre - a-tion, Though
An-cient of Days, Pa - vil-ioned in splendour and gird ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.
cends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis tils In the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De - fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.
fee-ble their lays, With true a-dor - a-tion Shall sing to Thy praise.

3.

(To above Tune.)

1. Ye servants of God,
   Your Master proclaim,
   And publish abroad
   His wonderful name:
   The name all-victorious,
   Of Jesus extol;
   His kingdom is glorious
   And rules over all.

2. God ruleth on high,
   Almighty to save;
   And still He is nigh,
   His presence we have;
   The great congregation
   His triumph shall sing,
   Ascribing salvation
   To Jesus our King.

3. "Salvation to God
   Who sits on the throne;"
   Let all cry aloud
   And honour the Son:
   The praises of Jesus
   All angels proclaim,
   Fall down on their faces
   And worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore
   And give Him His right,
   All glory and pow'r,
   All wisdom and might;
   All honour and blessing,
   With angels above;
   And thanks never-ceasing,
   And infinite love.

C. Wesley.

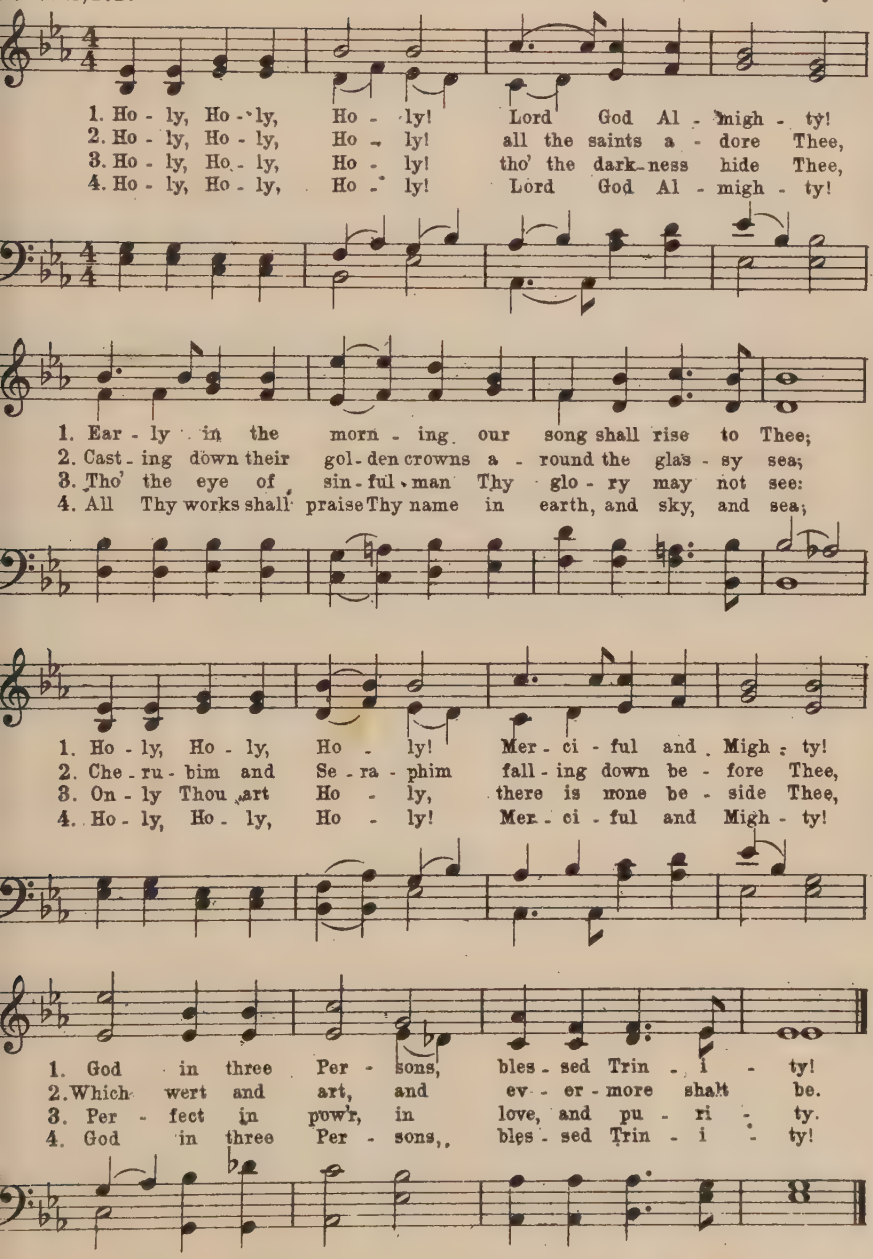
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

4.

(Rev. iv. 8).

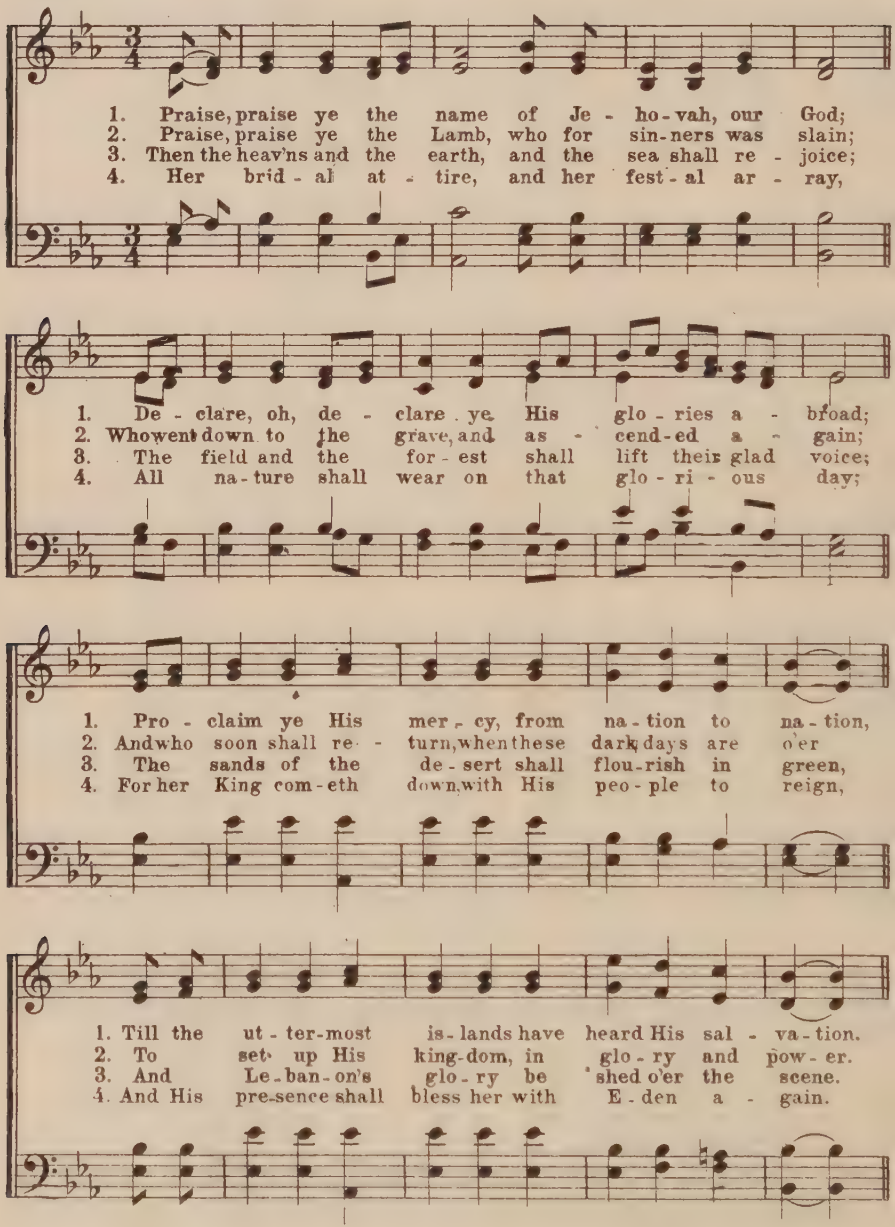
"NICÆA."

R. Heber, D. D. J. B. Dykes.

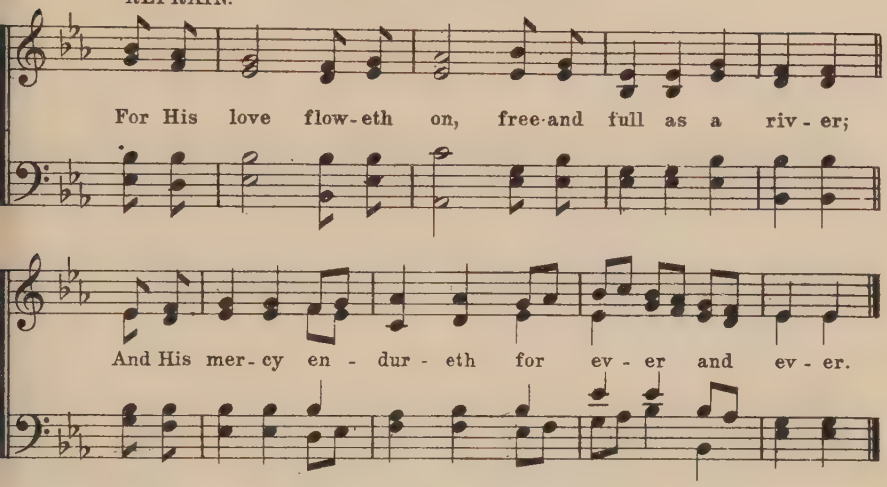

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!
1. Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Cast - ing down their gol - den crowns a - round the glas - sy sea;
3. Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see:
4. All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!
2. Che - ru - bim and Se - ra - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
3. On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!
1. God in three Per - sons, bles - sed Trin - i - ty!
2. Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
3. Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
4. God in three Per - sons, bles - sed Trin - i - ty!

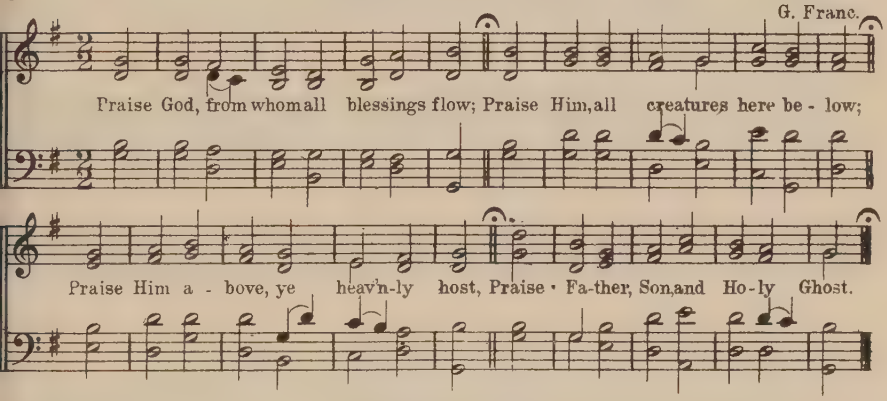
HIS LOVE FLOWETH ON!

5.

Horatius Bonar. D.D.

1. Praise, praise ye the name of Je - ho-vah, our God;
2. Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sin-ners was slain;
3. Then the heav'ns and the earth, and the sea shall re - joice;
4. Her brid - al at - tire, and her fest - al ar - ray,
1. De - clare, oh, de - clare ye His glo - ries a - broad;
2. Whowent down to the grave, and as - cend-ed a - gain;
3. The field and the for - est shall lift their glad voice;
4. All na-ture shall wear on that glo - ri - ous day;
1. Pro - claim ye His mer - cy, from na - tion to na - tion,
2. Andwho soon shall re - turn, whenthese dark days are o'er
3. The sands of the de - sert shall flou-rish in green,
4. For her King com-eth down with His peo - ple to reign,
1. Till the ut - ter-most is-lands have heard His sal - va-tion.
2. To set up His king-dom, in glo - ry and pow - er.
3. And Le-ban-on's glo - ry be shed o'er the scene.
4. And His pre-sence shall bless her with E - den a - gain.

5. HIS LOVE FLOWETH ON!—*continued.*

REFRAIN.

6. PRAISE GOD!


G. Franc.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

7. (*To above tune*)

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3. Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

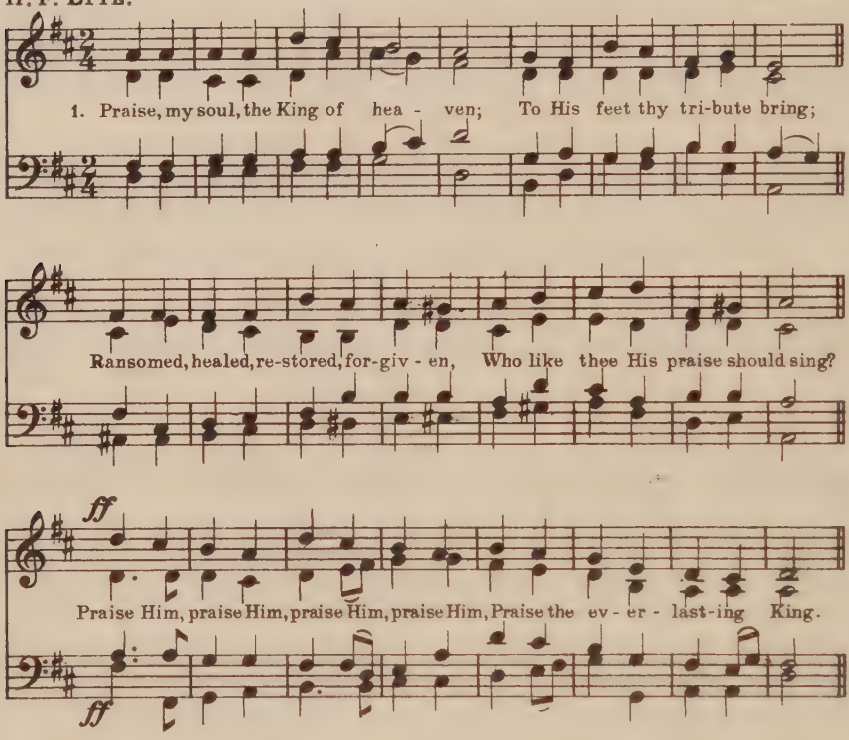
Praise, my soul.

8.

Praise and extol and honour the King of Heaven.—Daniel iv. 37.

8.7., six lines.

H. F. LYTE. J. GOSS.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri-bute bring;
Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?
ff
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last-ing King.
ff

2.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3.

Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

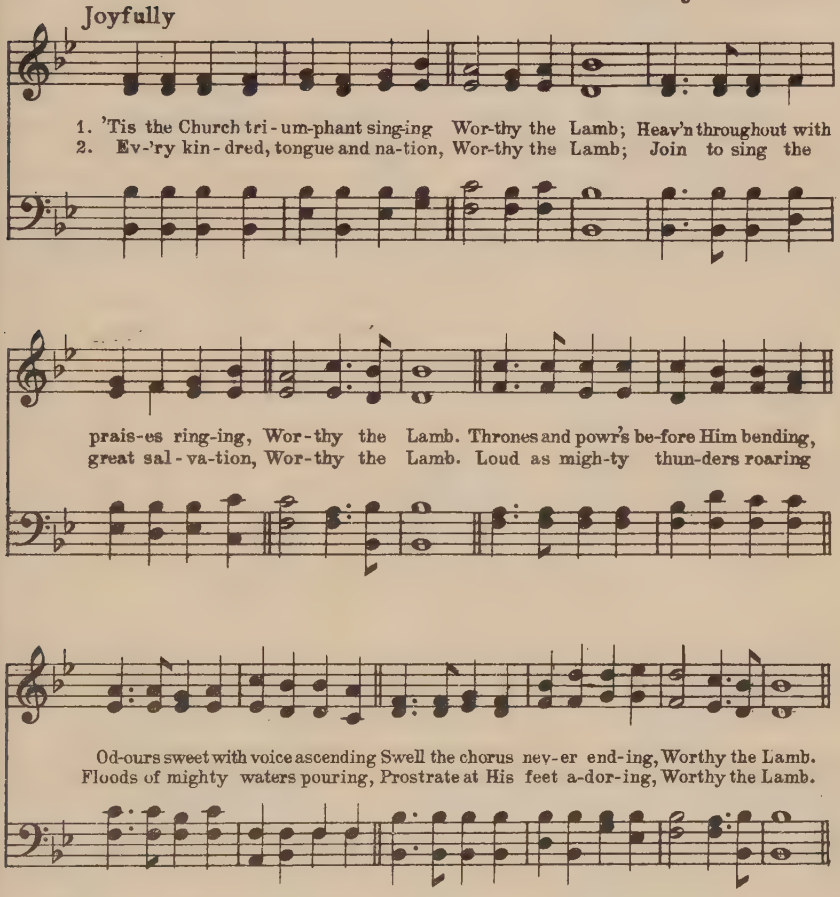
4.

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of Grace.

9. Worthy the Lamb.

8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

J. KENT — REV. J. MOUNTAIN.


Joyfully
1. 'Tis the Church tri-um-phant sing-ing Wor-thy the Lamb; Heav'n throughout with
2. Ev-'ry kin-dred, tongue and na-tion, Wor-thy the Lamb; Join to sing the
prais-es ring-ing, Wor-thy the Lamb. Thrones and powr's be-fore Him bending,
great sal-va-tion, Wor-thy the Lamb. Loud as migh-ty thun-ders roaring
Od-ours sweet with voice ascending Swell the chorus nev-er end-ing, Worthy the Lamb.
Floods of mighty waters pouring, Prostrate at His feet a-dor-ing, Worthy the Lamb.

3.

Harps and songs for ever sounding
Worthy the Lamb;
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb.
By His blood He dearly bought us;
Wandring from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb.

4.

Sing with blest anticipation
Worthy the Lamb;
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
Worthy the Lamb.

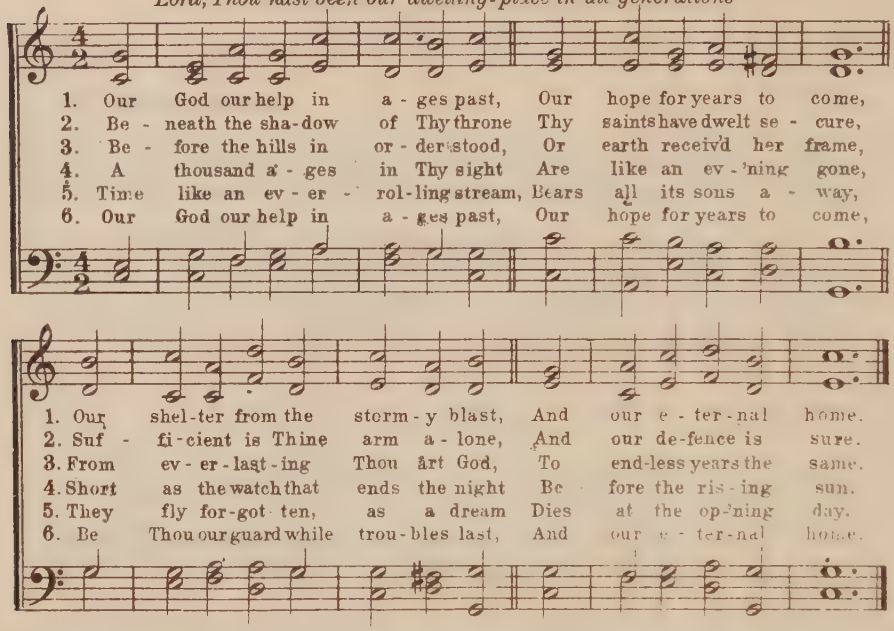
From Sankey's Sacred Songs and Solos.

ADORATION.

10. OUR GOD OUR HELP.

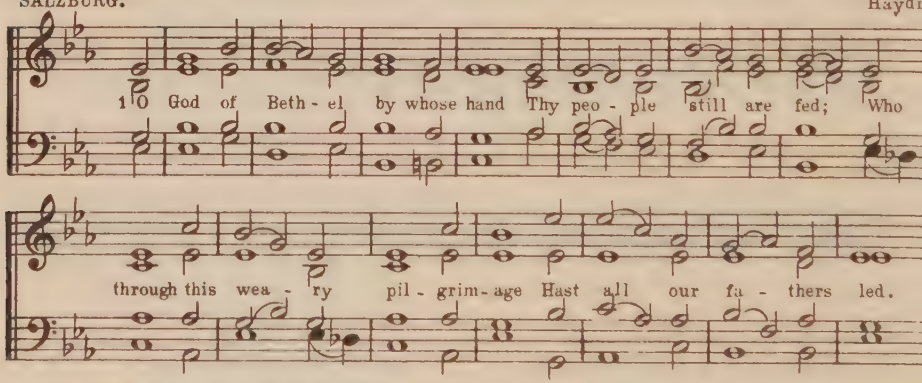
"S. ANNE." Old Melody.
William Croft, Mus. D.(?)

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations"


1. Our God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Be - neath the sha-dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure,
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth received her frame,
4. A thousand a' - ges in Thy sight Are like an ev - 'ning gone,
5. Time like an ev - er - rol-ling stream, Bears all its sons a - way,
6. Our God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
1. Our shel-ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
2. Suf - fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure.
3. From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
4. Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
5. They fly for-got - ten, as a dream Dies at the op'-ning day.
6. Be Thou our guard while trou-bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

11. O GOD OF BETHEL!

SALZBURG. Haydn



2. Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4. O spread Thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5. Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

12.

(*To Tune 11*)

1. Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!

2. He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3. He comes, from dark'ning scales of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

4. He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
T'enrich the humble poor.

5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy most honoured name.

13.

(*To Tune 11*)

1 The Head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right:
The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below.
To whom He manifests His love,
And grant His name to know.

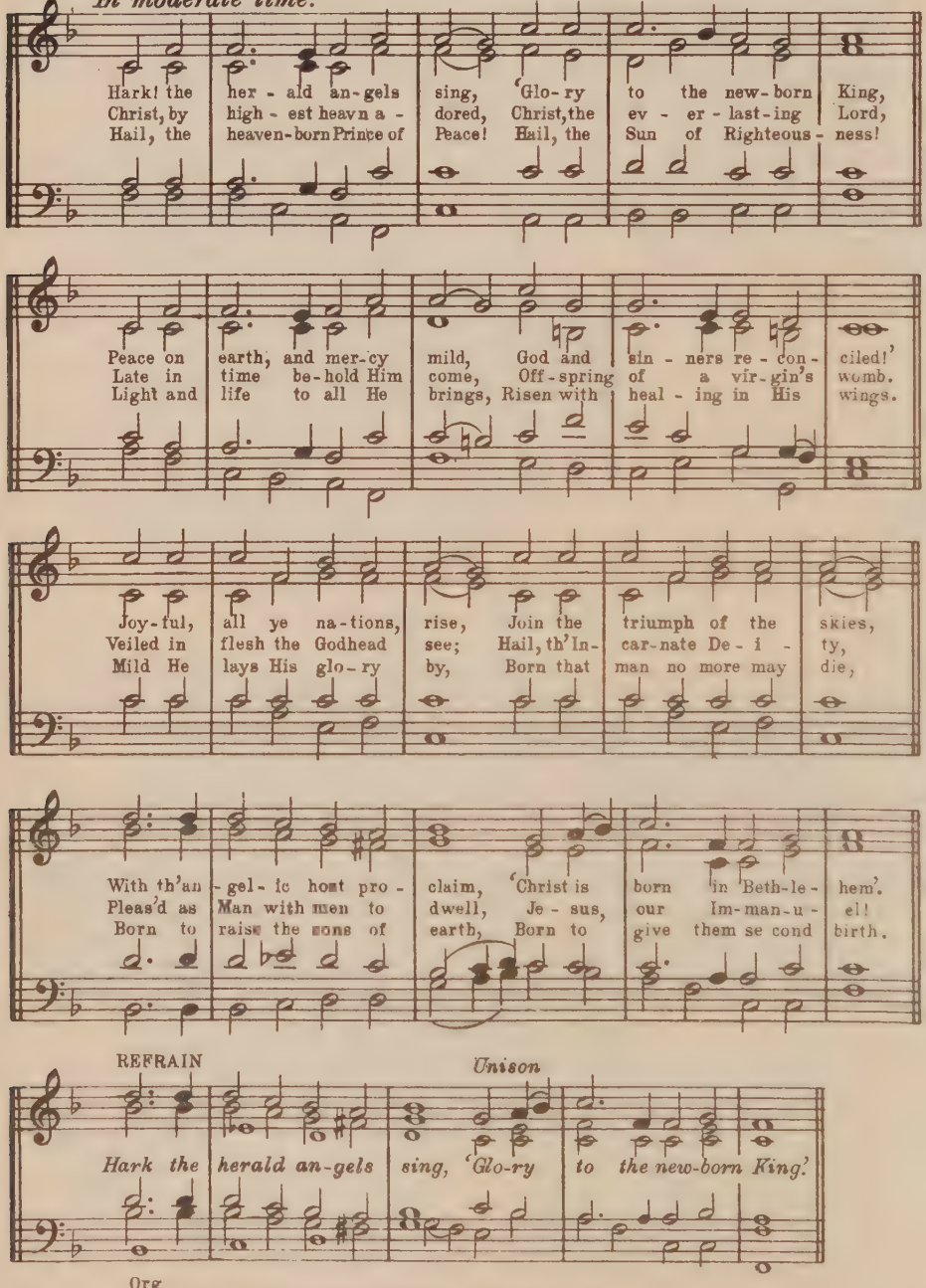
4. To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name, an everlasting name:
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

T. Kelly.

14 HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

CHARLES WESLEY 1707-88. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. 1809-47.

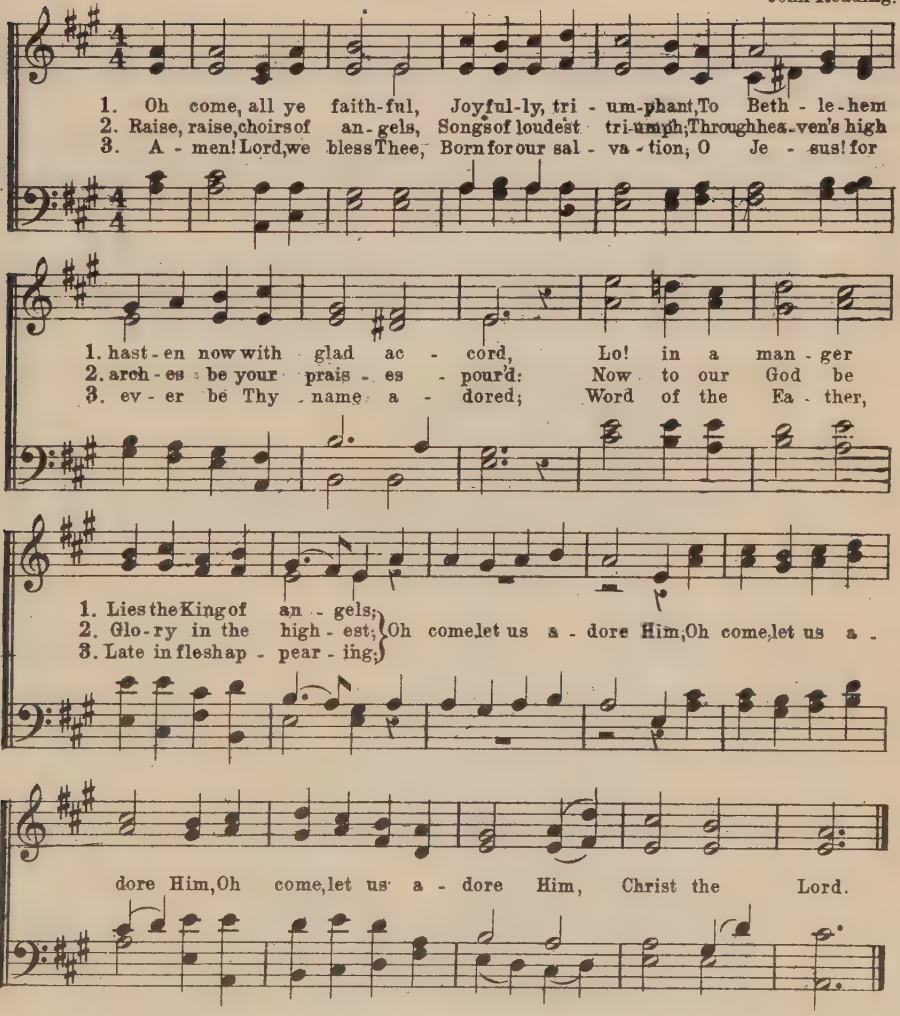
In moderate time.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, 'Glo - ry to the new - born King,
Christ, by high - est heavn a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord,
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness!
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!'
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies,
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail, th'In - car - nate De - i - ty,
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,
With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, 'Christ is born in Beth - le - hem'.
Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them se cond birth.
REFRAIN
Unison
Hark the herald an - gels sing, 'Glo - ry to the new - born King.'
Org

By permission of Messrs Novello & Co.

15. OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

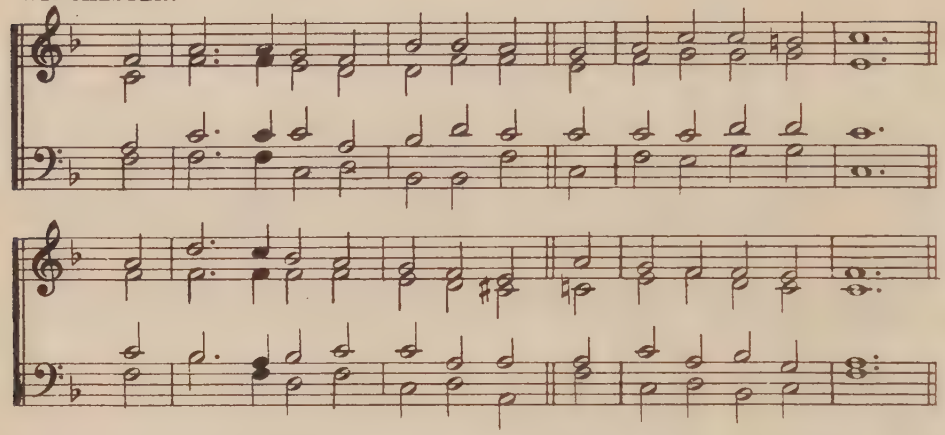
"ADESTE FIDELES."

John Reading.


1. Oh come, all ye faith-ful, Joyful-ly, tri - um-phant, To Beth - le-hem
2. Raise, raise, choirs of an-gels, Songs of loudest tri-umph; Throughhea-ven's high
3. A - men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion; O Je - sus! for
1. hast-en now with glad ac - cord, Lo! in a man - ger
2. arch-es be your prais - es pour'd: Now to our God be
3. ev - er be Thy name a - dored; Word of the Fa - ther,
1. Lies the King of an - gels;
2. Glo-ry in the high - est;
3. Late in flesh ap - pear - ing;
Oh come let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -
dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

16. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.

WINCHESTER.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night
   All seated on the ground;
   The angel of the Lord came down,
   And glory shone around.

2. "Fear not!" said he—for mighty dread
   Had seized their troubled mind—
   "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
   To you and all mankind.

3. "To you, in David's town, this day,
   Is born of David's line
   The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord
   And this shall be the sign:

4. "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
   To human view displayed,
   All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
   And in a manger laid."

5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
   Appeared a shining throng
   Of angels, praising God, who thus
   Addressed their joyful song:

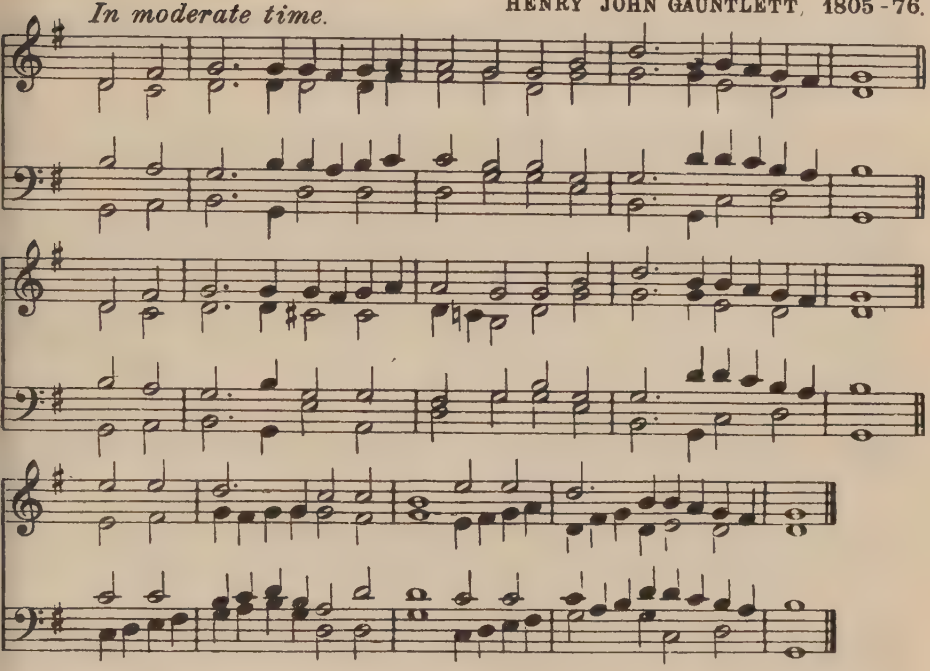
6. "All glory be to God on high,
   And on the earth be peace;
   Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
   Begin and never cease."

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

17.

In moderate time.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-76.



1. Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for his bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2. He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3. And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4. For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait aroud.

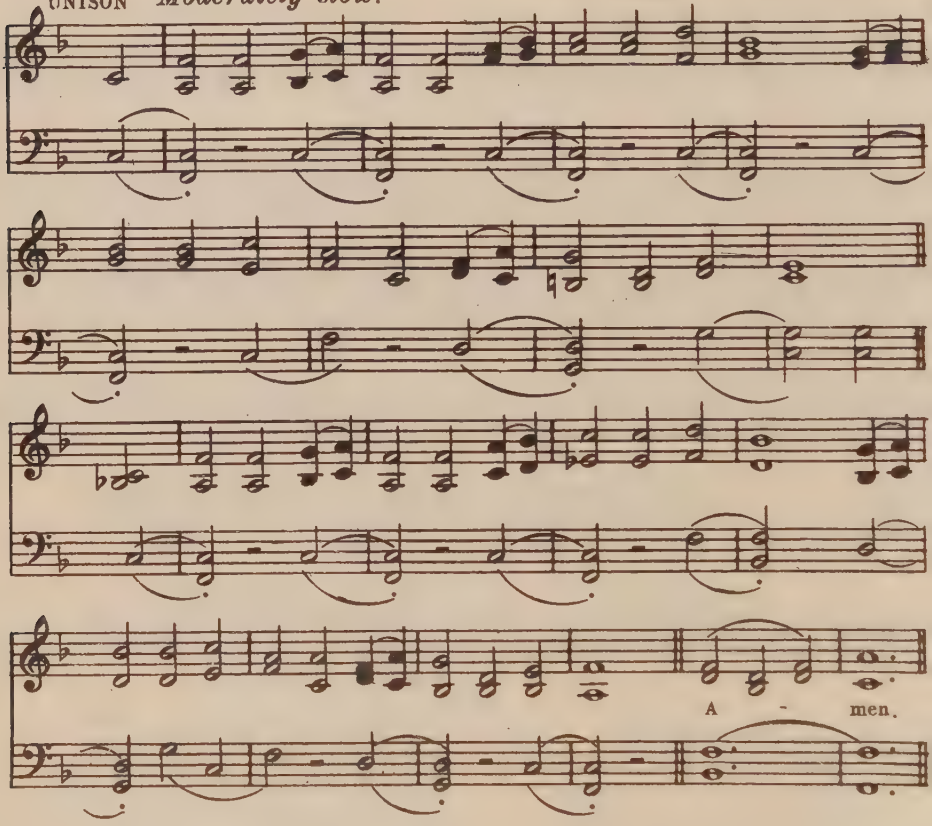
C. F. ALEXANDER

AWAY IN A MANGER.

18. CRADLE SONG.

UNISON *Moderately slow.*

William James Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921.



1. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

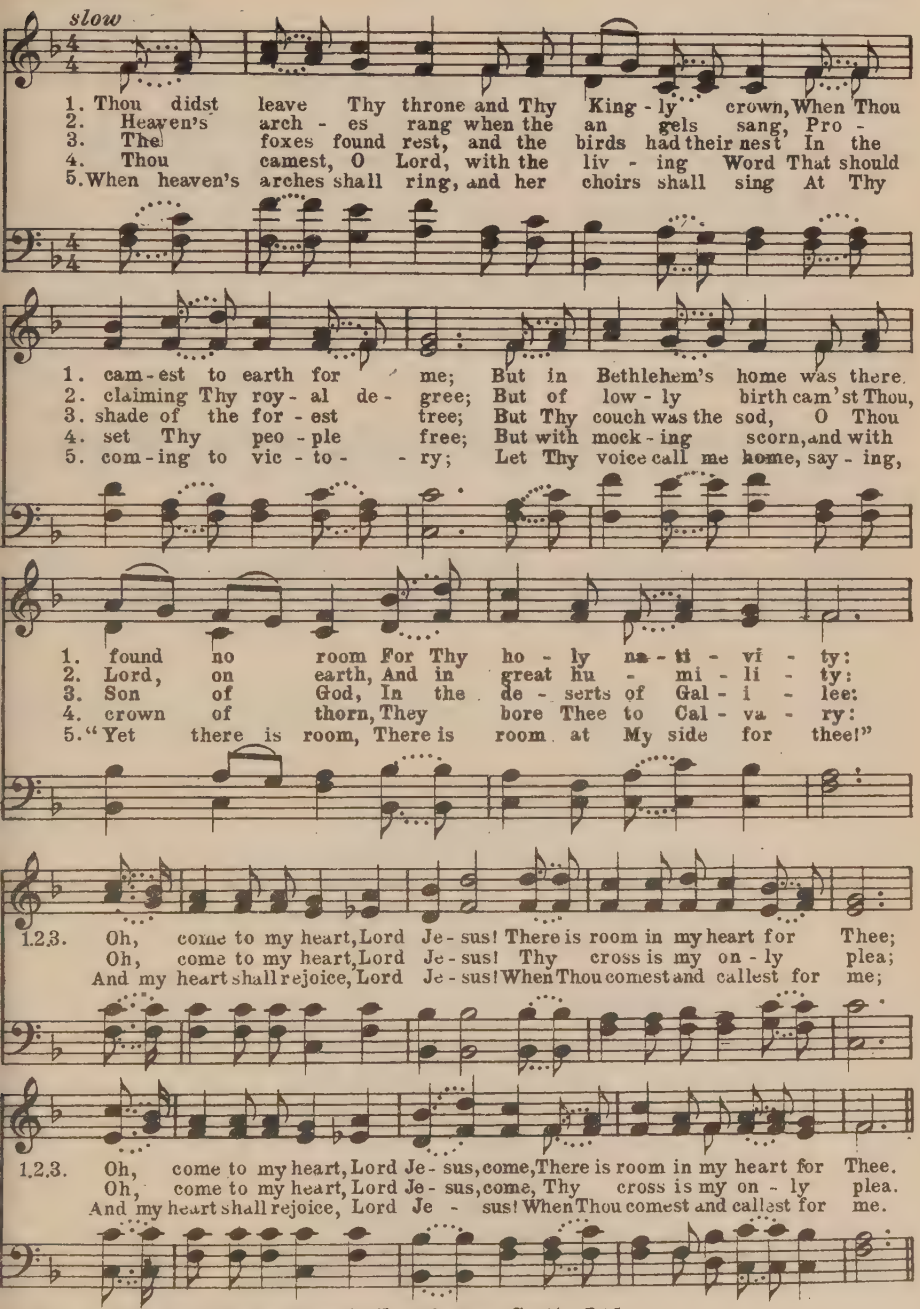
2. The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

ANON.

19. THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

E. S. ELLIOTT. IRA D. SANKEY.

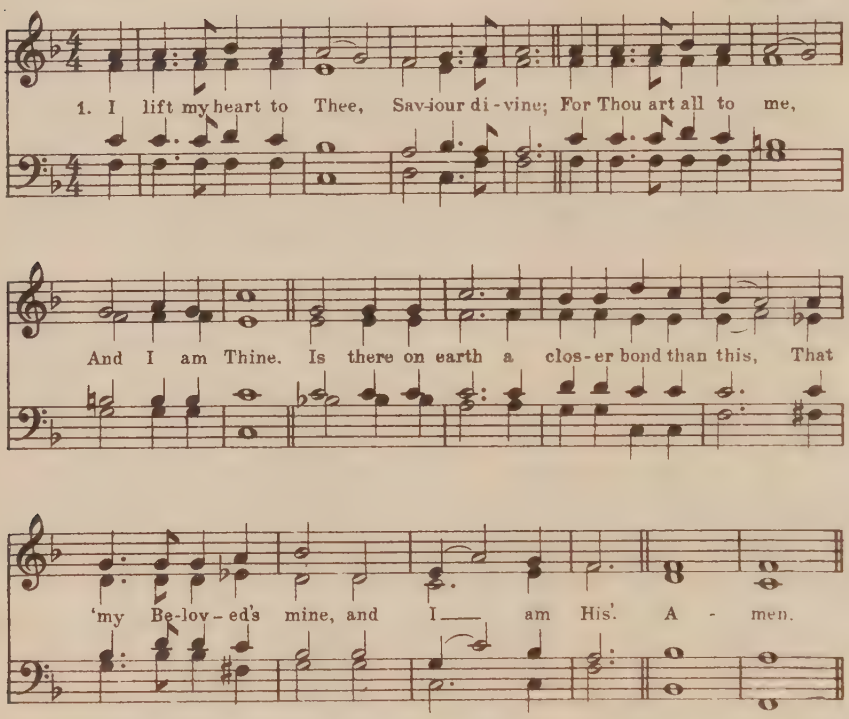

slow
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy King - ly crown, When Thou
2. Heaven's arch - es rang when the an gels sang, Pro -
3. The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest In the
4. Thou camest, O Lord, with the liv - ing Word That should
5. When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing At Thy
1. cam - est to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home was there.
2. claiming Thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly birth cam'st Thou,
3. shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
4. set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
5. com - ing to vic - to - ry; Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,
1. found no room For Thy ho - ly na - ti - vi - ty:
2. Lord, on earth, And in great hu - mi - li - ty:
3. Son of God, In the de - serts of Gal - i - lee:
4. crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry:
5. "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee!"
1.2.3. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee;
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! Thy cross is my on - ly plea;
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Je - sus! When Thou comest and callest for me;
1.2.3. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, come, There is room in my heart for Thee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, come, Thy cross is my on - ly plea.
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Je - sus! When Thou comest and callest for me.

By permission Messrs Marshall, Morgan Scott, Ltd.

20. I lift my heart to Thee.

64. 64. 10. 10

C. E. MUDIE. T. M. MUDIE.


1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav-iour di-vine; For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos-er bond than this, That
'my Be-lov-ed's mine, and I— am His'. A - men.

2. Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

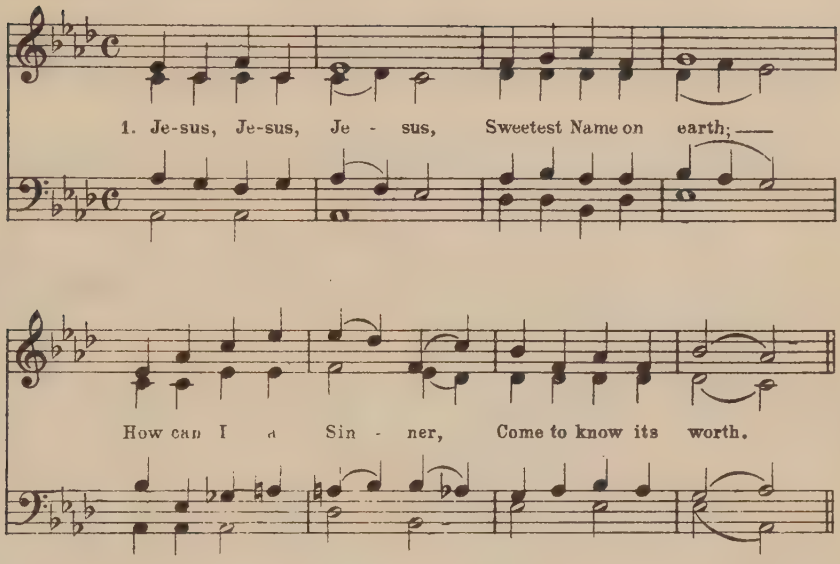
3. To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not my own; Lord, I am Thine.

4. How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee, or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

5. I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's hallowed sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

21. Jesus.

Words and Melody by
A. PAGET WILKES.



2. Oh! the sinful sorrow,
Oh! the strangest shame,
That I saw no beauty
In that sacred Name.

3. Never felt the sweetness!
Never knew the grace,
Never saw the love-pain
In that wounded face!

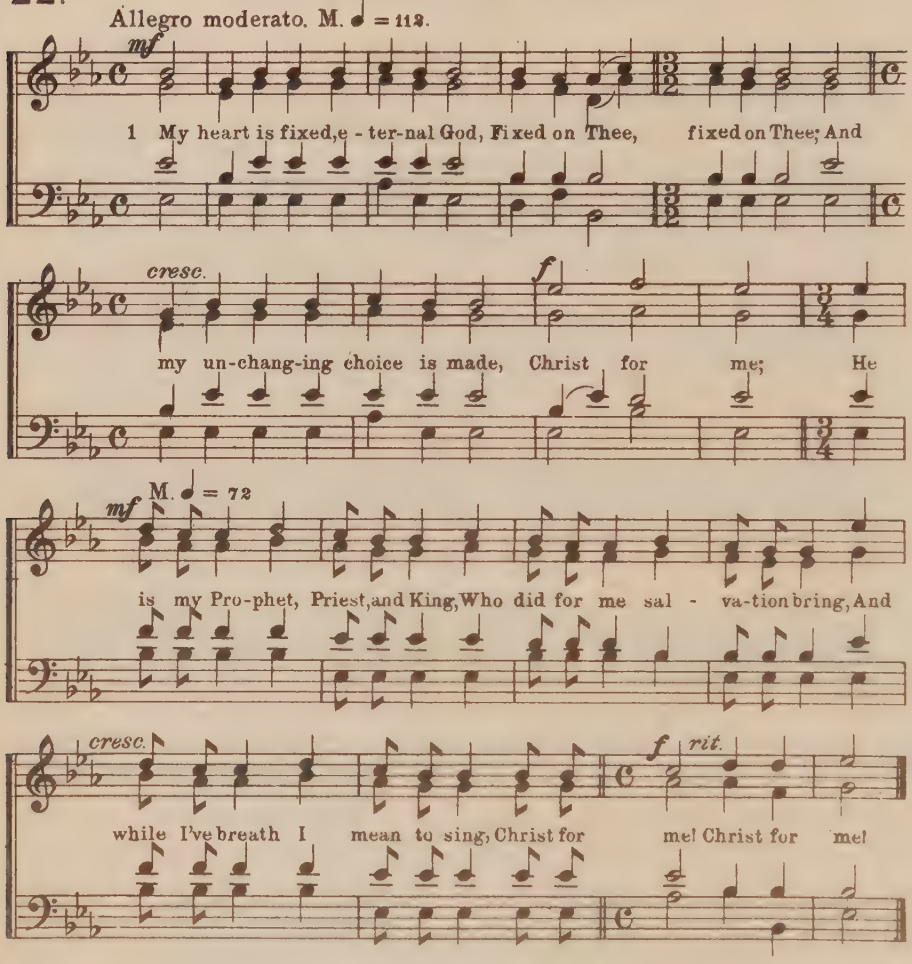
4. Never found the mystery
In that simple word
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Saviour, Lover—Lord.

5. Now 'tis past and over,
Gone my sin and shame,
Jesus, Jesus did it,
Glory to His Name!

6. I have seen the glory,
Of His tender face,
I have felt with wonder
Thrills of holy grace.

7. Wonderful compassion
Reaching even me,
Bows my humbled spirit
In captivity.

8. Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Loved me in my shame,
Oh! the joy and rapture
Of that sacred Name.

22. MY HEART IS FIXED.

Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 112.
mf
1 My heart is fixed, e - ter-nal God, Fixed on Thee, fixed on Thee; And
cresc.
f
my un-chang-ing choice is made, Christ for me; He
M. ♩ = 72
mf
is my Pro-phet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va-tion bring, And
cresc.
f
rit.
while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me! Christ for me!

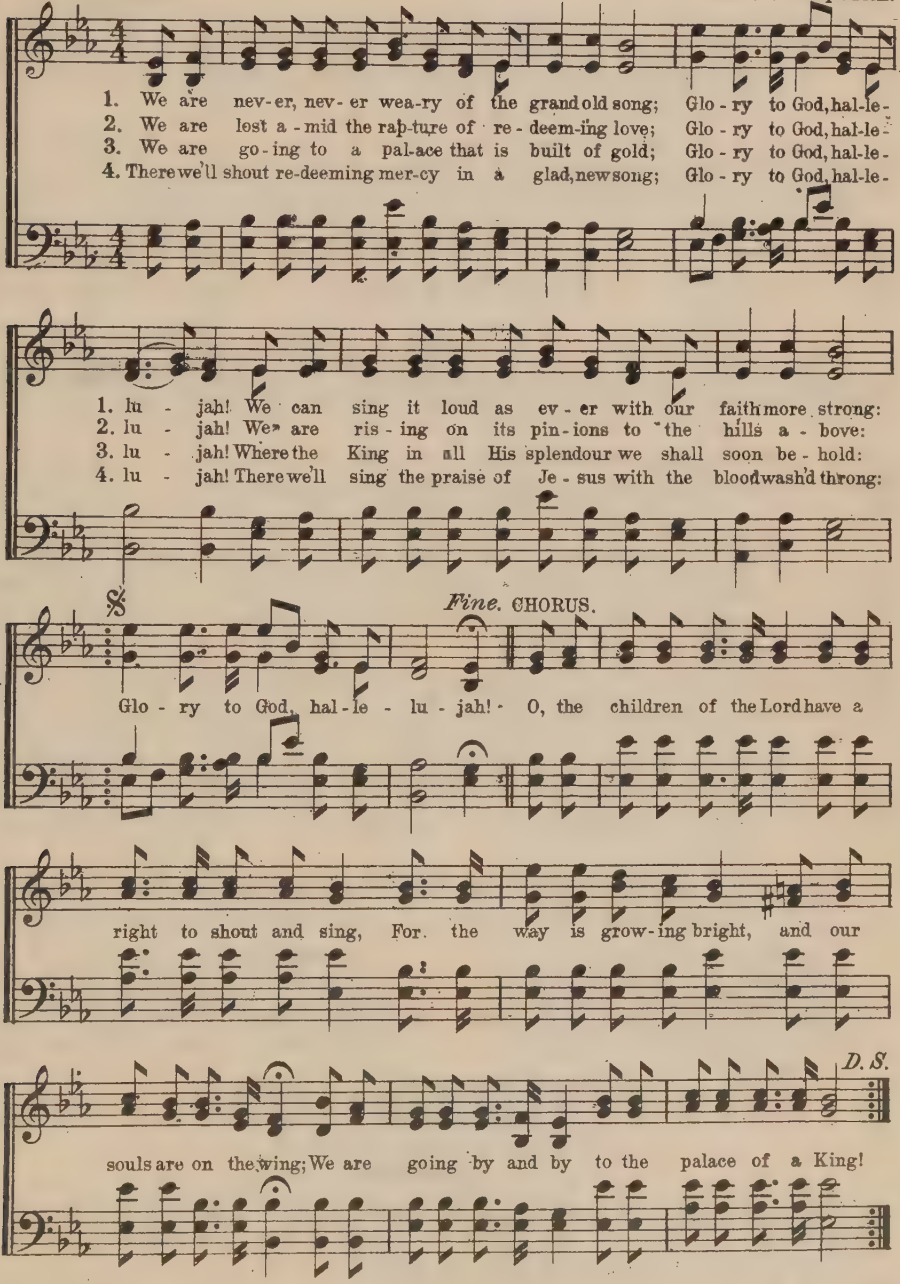
2 Let others boast of heaps of gold:
Christ for me! Christ for me!
His riches never can be told:
Christ for me!
Their gold will waste and wear away,
Their honours perish in a day;
My portion never can decay:
Christ for me! Christ for me!

3 At home, abroad, by night, by day,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Where'er may lead my pilgrim way,
Christ for me!
Him first, Him last, Him all day long,
My strength and shield, my fortress strong
This evermore my hope and song
"Christ for me! Christ for me!

4 Now who can sing my song and say,
"Christ for me! Christ for me!
My life and truth, my light and way:
Christ for me"?
Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,
We'll form a daring, happy band,
And shout aloud, throughout the land,
"Christ for me! Christ for me!"

23. GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

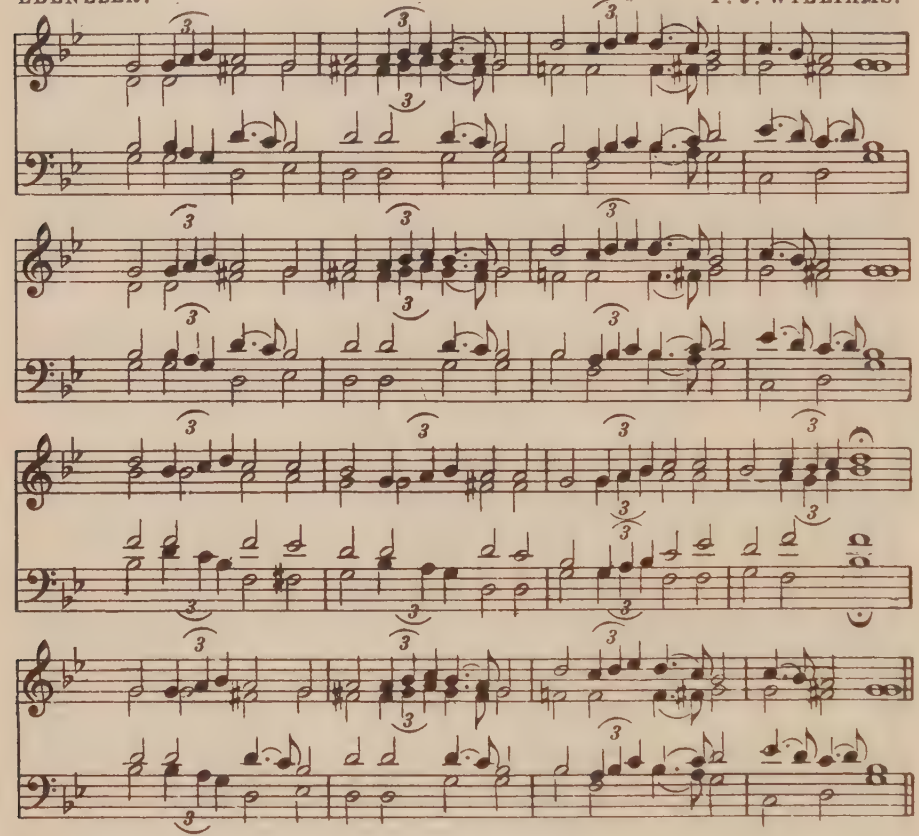
Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God, hal-le-
2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God, hal-le-
3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God, hal-le-
4. There we'll shout re-deeming mer-cy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God, hal-le-
1. lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ev-er with our faith more strong:
2. lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pin-ions to the hills a-bove:
3. lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendour we shall soon be-hold:
4. lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of Je-sus with the blood-washed throng:
§
Fine. CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our
D. S.
souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

OH, THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE OF JESUS.

24.

EBENEZER. T. J. WILLIAMS.



1. Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Vast, unmeasured boundless free;
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fulness over me.
Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of Thy love;
Leading onward, leading homeward,
To my glorious rest above.

2. Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Spread His praise from shore to shore;
How He loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore,
How He watches o'er His loved ones,
Died to call them all His own;
How for them He intercedeth,
Watcheth o'er them from the Throne.

3. Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Love of every love the best:
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.
Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,
'Tis a heaven of heavens to me
And it lifts me up to glory,
For it lifts me up to Thee. *S. T. FRANCIS.*

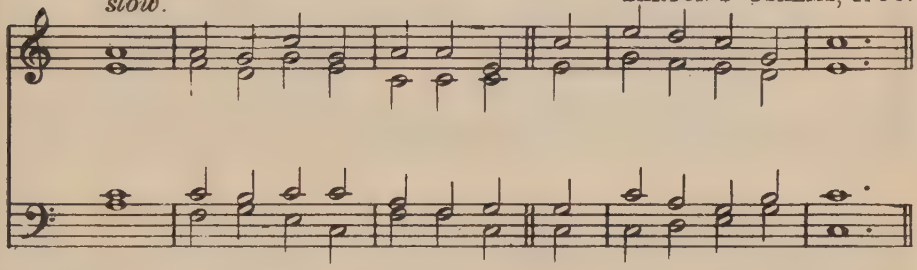
Words by permission of Messrs Pickering & Inglis, Ltd.
Music by permission of W. Gwenlyn Evans & Son.

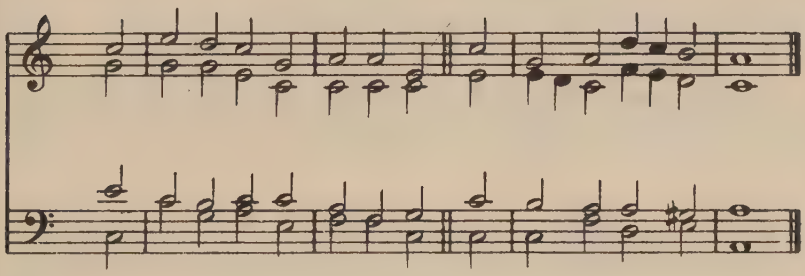
O THOU MY SOUL, BLESS GOD THE LORD.

25. COLESHILL.

slow.

BARTON'S PSALMS, 1706.





1. O Thou my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirred up His holy name
To magnify and bless.

2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestow'd on thee.

3. All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

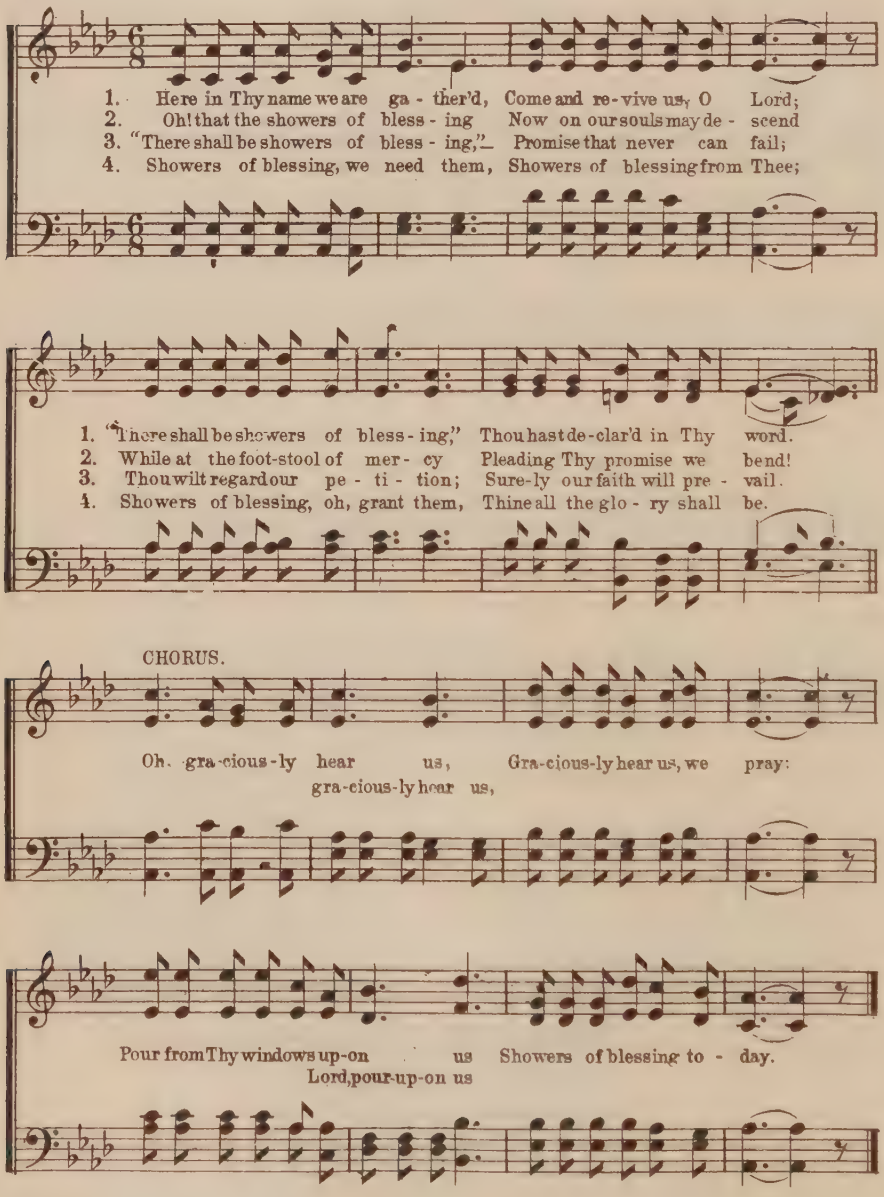
4. Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown:

5. Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
Renewed is thy youth.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

26.

Jennie Garnett. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Here in Thy name we are ga - ther'd, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. Oh! that the showers of bless - ing Now on our souls may de - scend
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing," Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing, we need them, Showers of blessing from Thee;
1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing," Thou hast de-clar'd in Thy word.
2. While at the foot-stool of mer - cy Pleading Thy promise we bend!
3. Thou wilt regard our pe - ti - tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre - vail.
4. Showers of blessing, oh, grant them, Thine all the glo - ry shall be.
CHORUS.
Oh, gra-cious-ly hear us, Gra-cious-ly hear us, we pray:
gra-cious-ly hear us,
Pour from Thy windows up-on us Showers of blessing to - day.
Lord, pour up-on us

27.

(To tune on preceding page.)

1. Visit us, Lord, with revival!
Stricken with coldness and death,
Where is our hope of survival
Save in Thy life-giving breath?

Lord, send us revival!
Let it begin now in me!
Gladly dethroning each rival,
Yield I my heart unto Thee.

2. The world, in its proud exultation,
Lust of the flesh and the eye,
Bent on the soul's desecretion,
God and His people defy.

3. Turning aside into byways,
Letting their ardour grow cold,
Many are leaving the highways
Trod by our fathers of old.

4. Oh for the breath of the Spirit!
Oh, for the might of his sword,
Leading us on to inherit
All that in Jesus is stored!

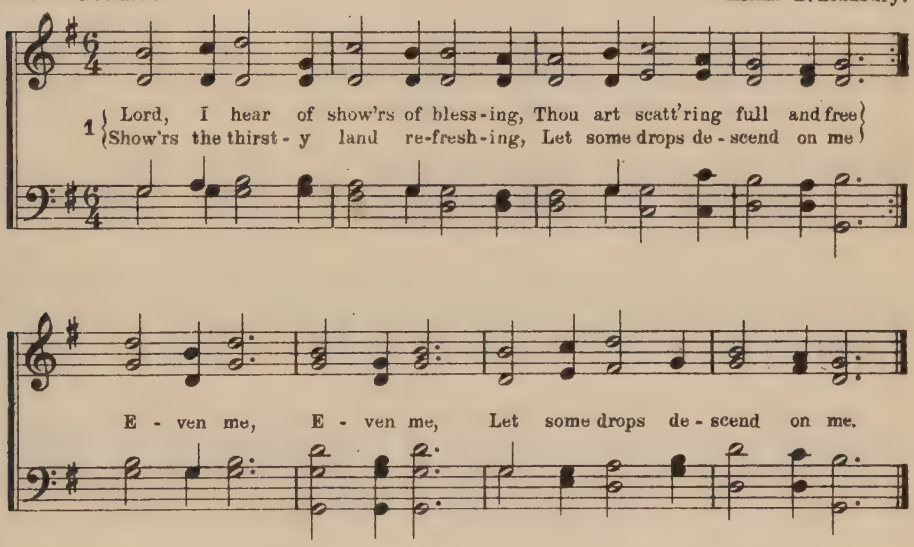
5. Surely 'tis time for revival;
Surely soon dawneth the day;
Soon shall we hail its arrival
Chasing the shadows away!

H. E. Govan.

28.

LORD, I HEAR OF SHOWERS.

Mrs. E. Codner. William B. Bradbury.


1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free
Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing, Let some drops de-scend on me
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some drops de-scend on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be,
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee.
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,
Even me.

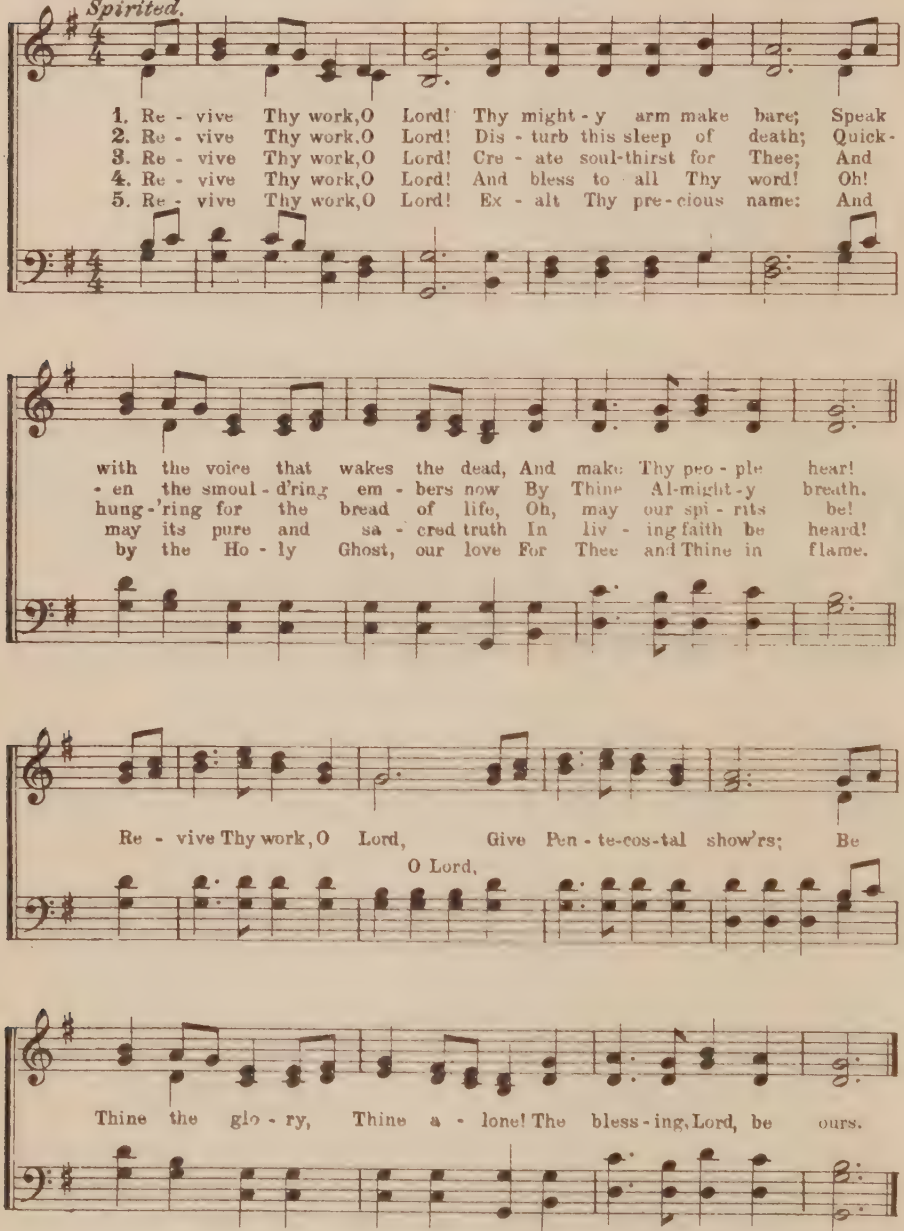
4 Pass me not, oh, mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even me.

29. REVIVE THY WORK, O LORD.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

Spirited.

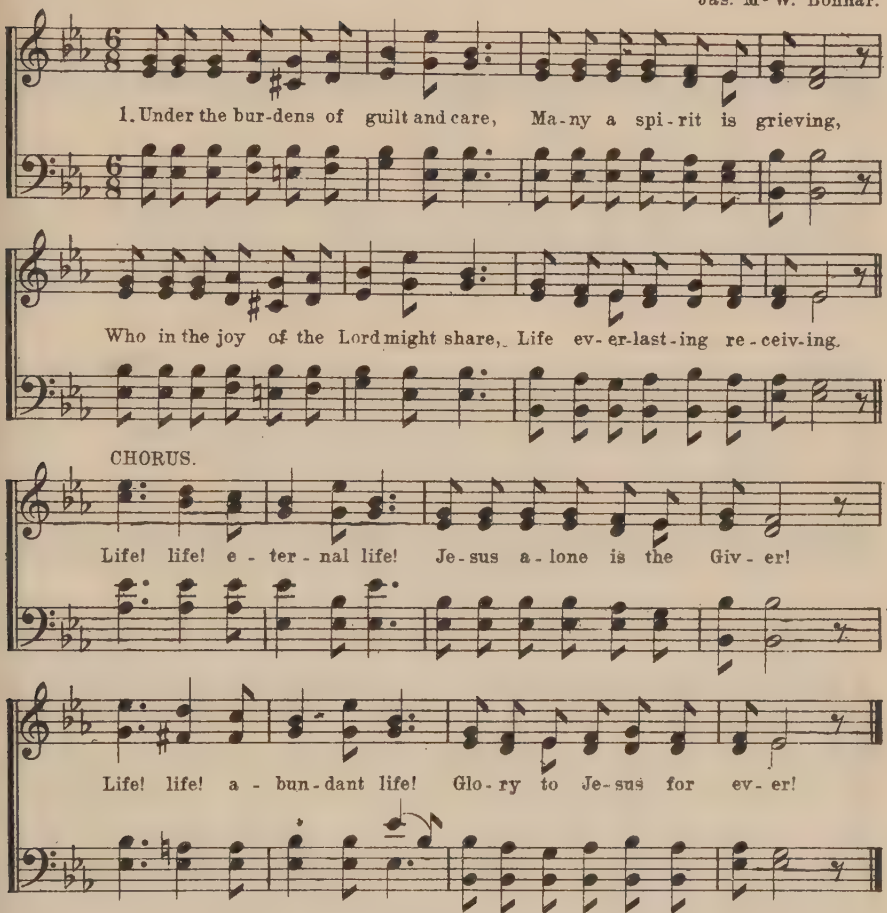

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quick -
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee; And
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! And bless to all Thy word! Oh!
5. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name: And
with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear!
- en the smoul - d'ring em - bers now By Thine Al-might - y breath.
hung - 'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spi - rits be!
may its pure and sa - cred truth In liv - ing faith be heard!
by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in flame.
Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Give Pen - te-cos-tal show'rs; Be
O Lord,
Thine the glo - ry, Thine a - lone! The bless - ing, Lord, be ours.

ABUNDANT LIFE!

30.

W. Leslie.

Harmonized by
Jas. McW. Bonnar.


1. Under the bur-dens of guilt and care, Ma-ny a spi-rit is grieving,
Who in the joy of the Lord might share, Life ev-er-last-ing re-ceiv-ing.
CHORUS.
Life! life! e-ter-nal life! Je-sus a-lone is the Giv-er!
Life! life! a-bun-dant life! Glo-ry to Je-sus for ev-er!

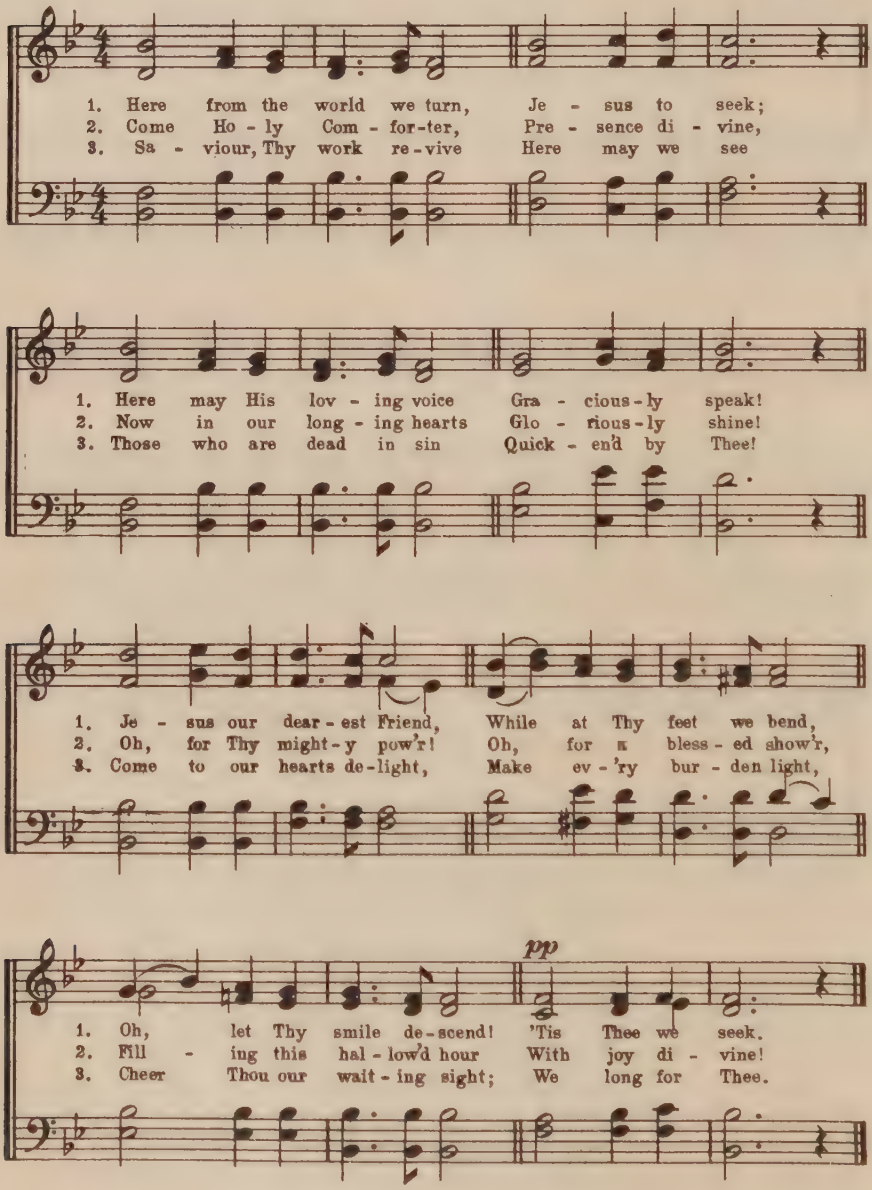
2. Burdened one, why will you longer bear
Sorrows from which He releases?
Open your heart, and rejoicing, share
Life "more abundant" in Jesus!

3. Leaving the mountain, the streamlet grows.
Flooding the vale with a river;
So, from the hill of the Cross, there flows
Life "more abundant" for ever.

4. Oh for the floods on the thirsty land!
Oh for a mighty revival!
Oh for a sanctified, fearless band,
Ready to hail its arrival!

31. HERE FROM THE WORLD WE TURN.

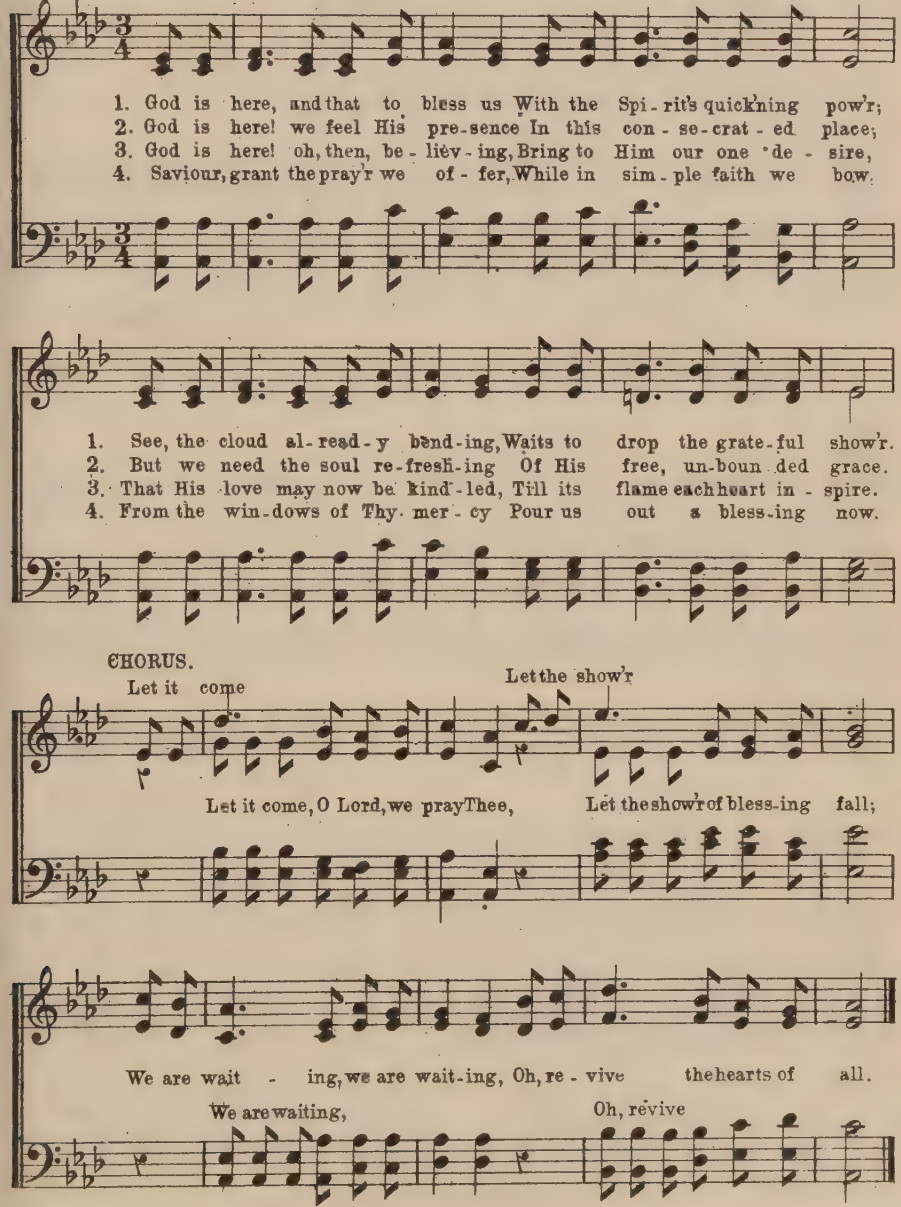
F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek;
2. Come Ho - ly Com - for-ter, Pre - sence di - vine,
3. Sa - viour, Thy work re-vive Here may we see
1. Here may His lov - ing voice Gra - cious-ly speak!
2. Now in our long - ing hearts Glo - rious-ly shine!
3. Those who are dead in sin Quick - en'd by Thee!
1. Je - sus our dear - est Friend, While at Thy feet we bend,
2. Oh, for Thy might - y pow'r! Oh, for a bless - ed show'r,
3. Come to our hearts de-light, Make ev - 'ry bur - den light,
pp
1. Oh, let Thy smile de-scend! 'Tis Thee we seek.
2. Fill - ing this hal - low'd hour With joy di - vine!
3. Cheer Thou our wait - ing sight; We long for Thee.

REVIVE THE HEARTS OF ALL.

32.

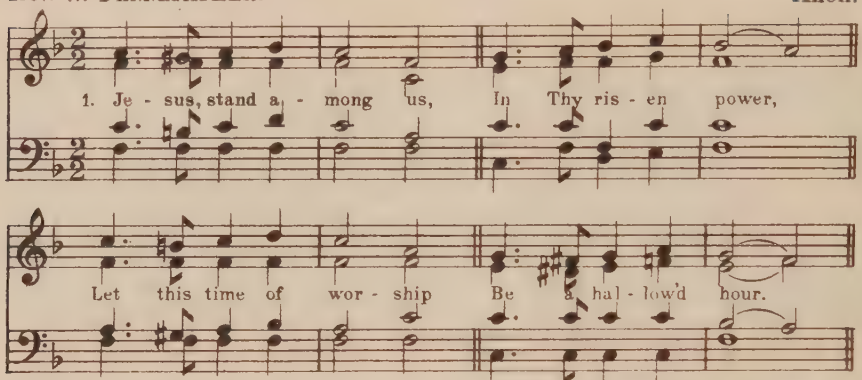
James L. Black. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. God is here, and that to bless us With the Spi - rit's quick'ning pow'r;
2. God is here! we feel His pre-sence In this con - se-crat - ed place;
3. God is here! oh, then, be - liev - ing, Bring to Him our one de - sire,
4. Saviour, grant the pray'r we of - fer, While in sim - ple faith we bow.
1. See, the cloud al-read - y bend-ing, Waits to drop the grate-ful show'r.
2. But we need the soul re-fresh-ing Of His free, un-boun-ded grace.
3. That His love may now be kind-led, Till its flame each heart in - spire.
4. From the win-dows of Thy mer - cy Pour us out a bless-ing now.
CHORUS.
Let it come
Let the show'r
Let it come, O Lord, we pray Thee,
Let the show'r of bless-ing fall;
We are wait - ing, we are wait-ing, Oh, re - vive the hearts of all.
We are waiting,
Oh, revive

33. Jesus, stand among us.

6. 5. 6. 5.

Rev. W. PENNEFATHER. Anon.



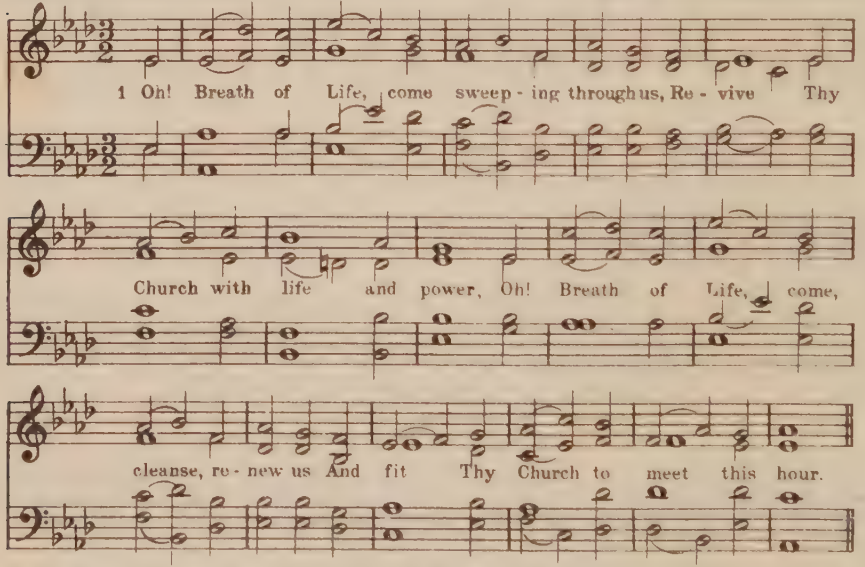
2. Breathe Thy Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

3. Thus with quickened footsteps
We'll pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

34. Revive us, Lord.

"St. Clement."

BESSIE PORTER HEAD. Rev. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.


1 Oh! Breath of Life, come sweep - ing through us, Re - vive Thy
Church with life and power, Oh! Breath of Life, come,
cleanse, re - new us And fit Thy Church to meet this hour.

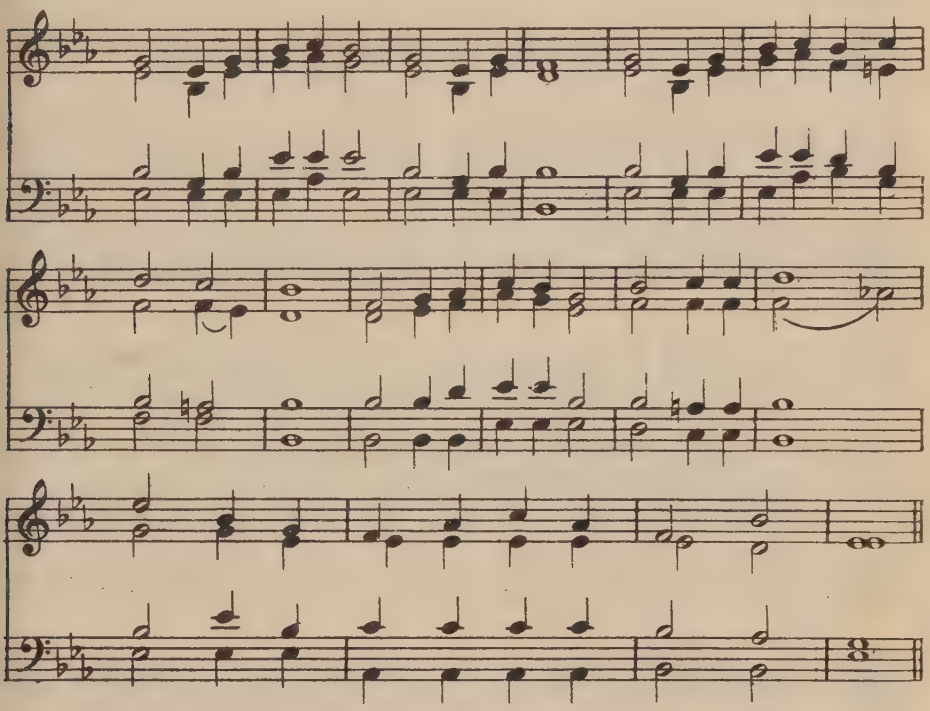
2. Oh! Wind of God, come bend us, break us,
Till humbly we confess our need;
Then in Thy tenderness re-make us,
Revive, restore, for this we plead.

3. Oh! Breath of Love, come breathe within us,
Renewing thought and will and heart;
Come, Love of Christ, afresh to win us,
Revive Thy Church in every part.

4. Revive us, Lord! Is zeal abating
While harvest fields are vast and white?
Revive us, Lord, the world is waiting,
Equip Thy Church to spread the light.

35. BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Break Thou the Bread of Life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea:
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word.

2. Thou art the Bread of Life,
O Lord, to me,
Thy Holy Word the truth
That saveth me:
Give me to eat and live
With Thee above;
Teach me to love Thy truth,
For Thou art Love.

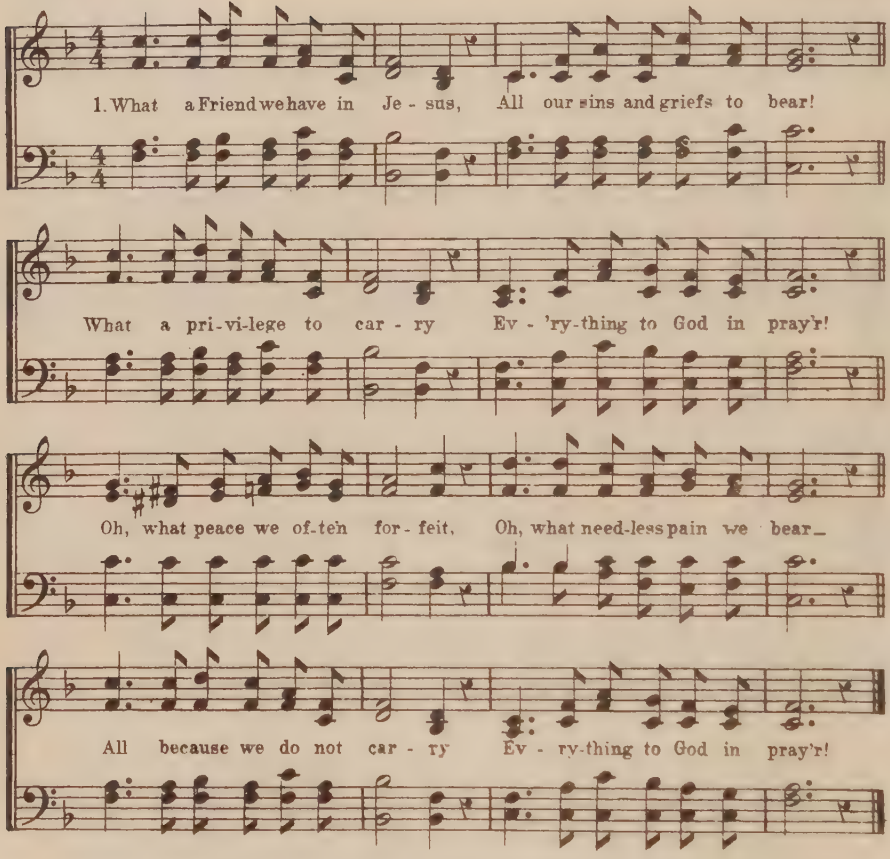
3. Oh, send Thy Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
That He may touch my eyes,
And make me see:
Show me the truth concealed
Within Thy Word,
And in Thy Book revealed
I see the Lord.

4. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee:
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All in All.

M. A. Lathbury

A FRIEND IN JESUS.

36.

J. Scriven. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a pri-vi-lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Oh, what peace we of-ten for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear_
All because we do not car - ry Ev - ry-thing to God in pray'r!

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness_
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour still our refuge,_
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?_
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou will find a solace there.

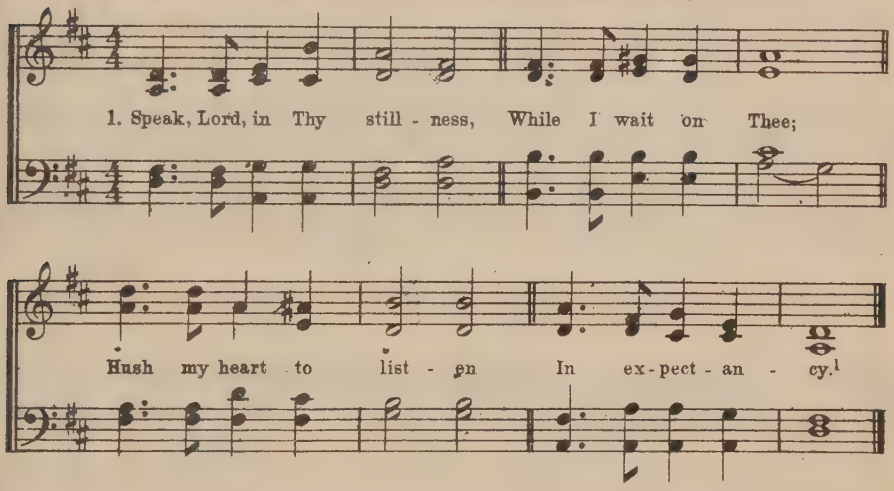
SPEAK LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

37.

(1 Sam. iii. 9).

E. May Grimes. *"My soul is silent unto God."* (Psa. lxii. 1). H. Green.

"There was silence, and I heard a voice" ("*a still voice*"—marg) (Job. iv. 16).



2. Speak, O blessed Master,
In this quiet hour;
Let me see Thy face, Lord,[2]
Feel Thy touch of power.

3. For the words Thou speakest
"They are life indeed;"[3]
Living bread from heaven
Now my spirit feed!

4. Satiate my being,[4]
With Thy fulness fill;
As the dew descending,
Let Thy speech distil.[5]

5. All to Thee is yielded,[6]
I am not mine own;[7]
Blissful, glad surrender,
I am Thine alone.[8]

6. Speak, Thy servant heareth.
Be not silent, Lord![9]
Waits my soul upon Thee
For the quickening word.[10]

7. Fill me with the knowledge
Of Thy glorious will;[11]
All Thine own good pleasure
In Thy child fulfil.[12]

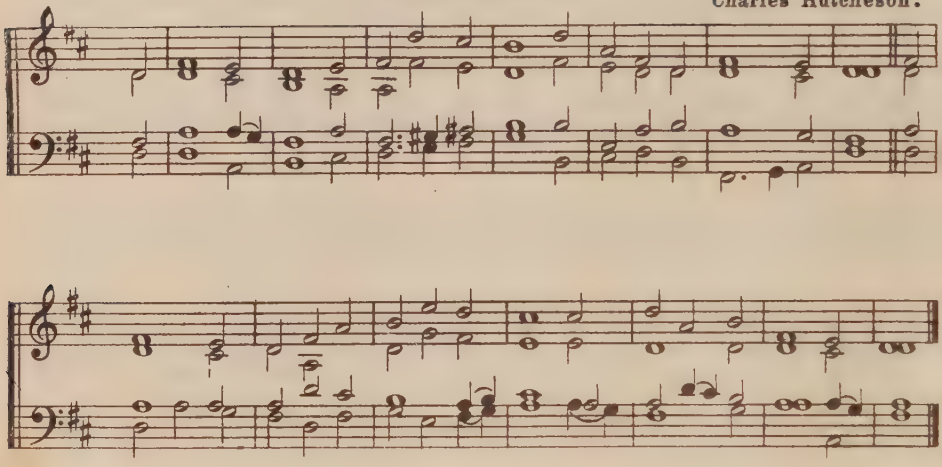
8. Like a watered garden[13]
Full of fragrance rare,
Lingering in Thy presence
Let my life appear.[14]

1 Psalm lxii. 5.
2 2. Sam. xiv. 32.
3 John vi. 63.
4 Jer. xxxi. 25.
5 Deut. xxxii. 2.
6 Rom. vi. 13.
7 1. Cor. vi. 19.
8 1. Kings xx. 1-4.
9 Psalm xxviii. 1.
10 Matthew iv. 4.
11 Col. i. 9.
12 Phil. ii. 13.
2. Thes. i. 11.
13 Isaiah lviii. 11.
14 Acts iv. 13.

38.

"STRACATHRO." (C.M.)

Charles Hutcheson.



1. Approach my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

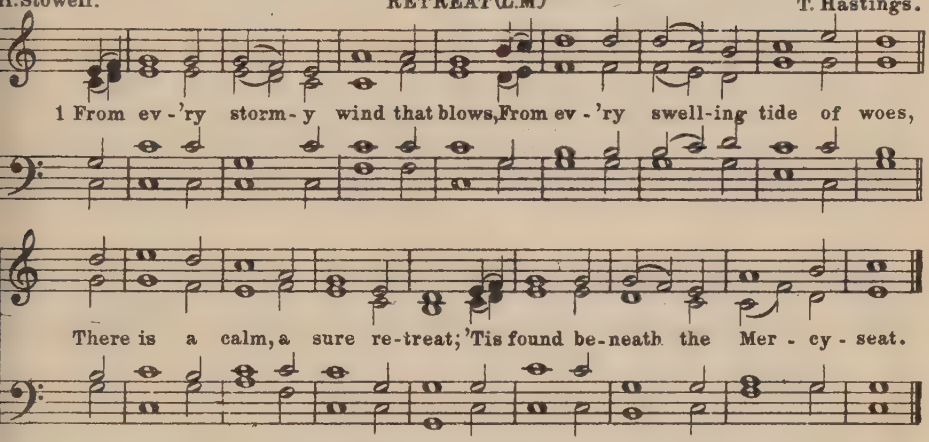
4. Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him Thou hast died.

5. Oh, wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

J. Newton.

39. THE MERCY SEAT.

H. Stowell. "RETREAT" (L.M) T. Hastings.


1 From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the Mer - cy - seat.

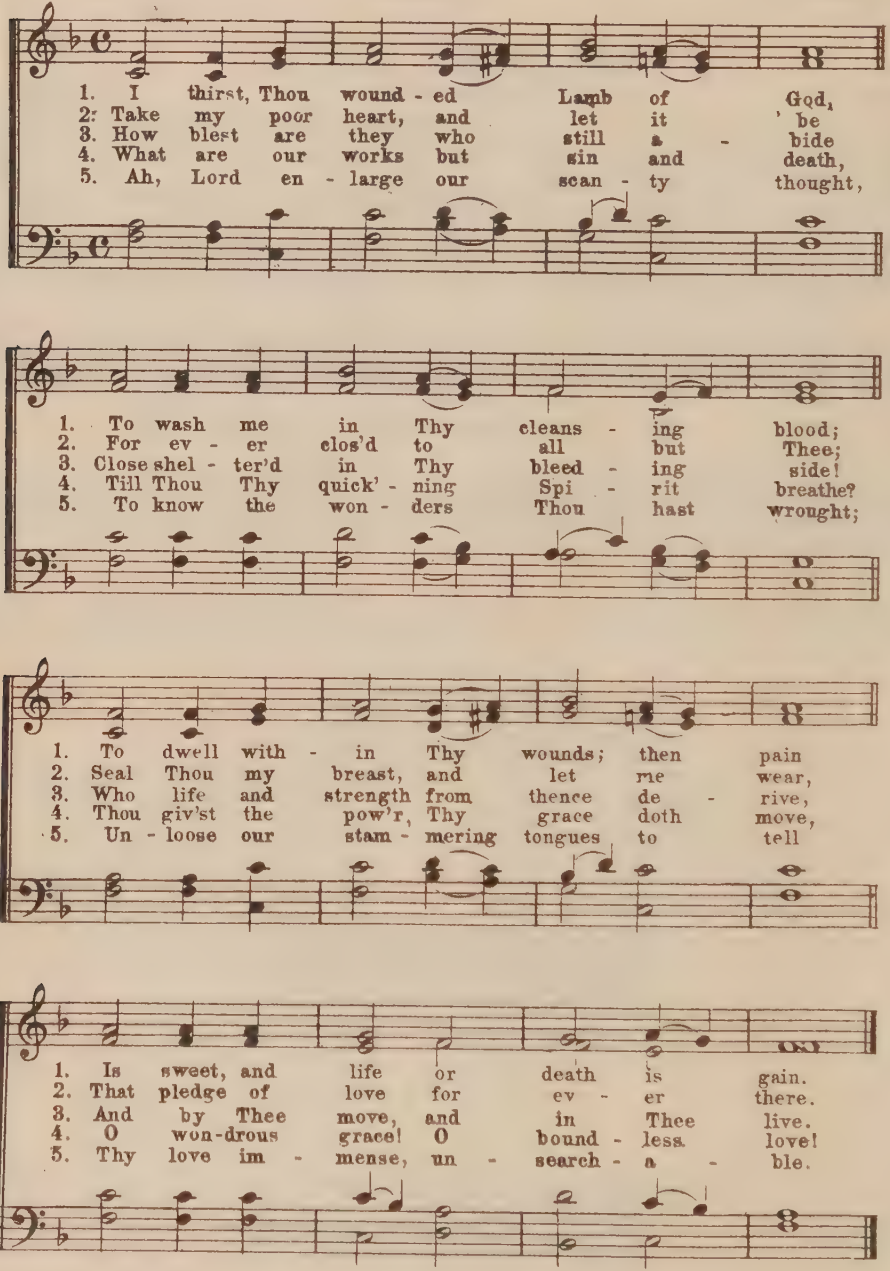
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

4. There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
Till sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

40. I THIRST, THOU WOUNDED LAMB!

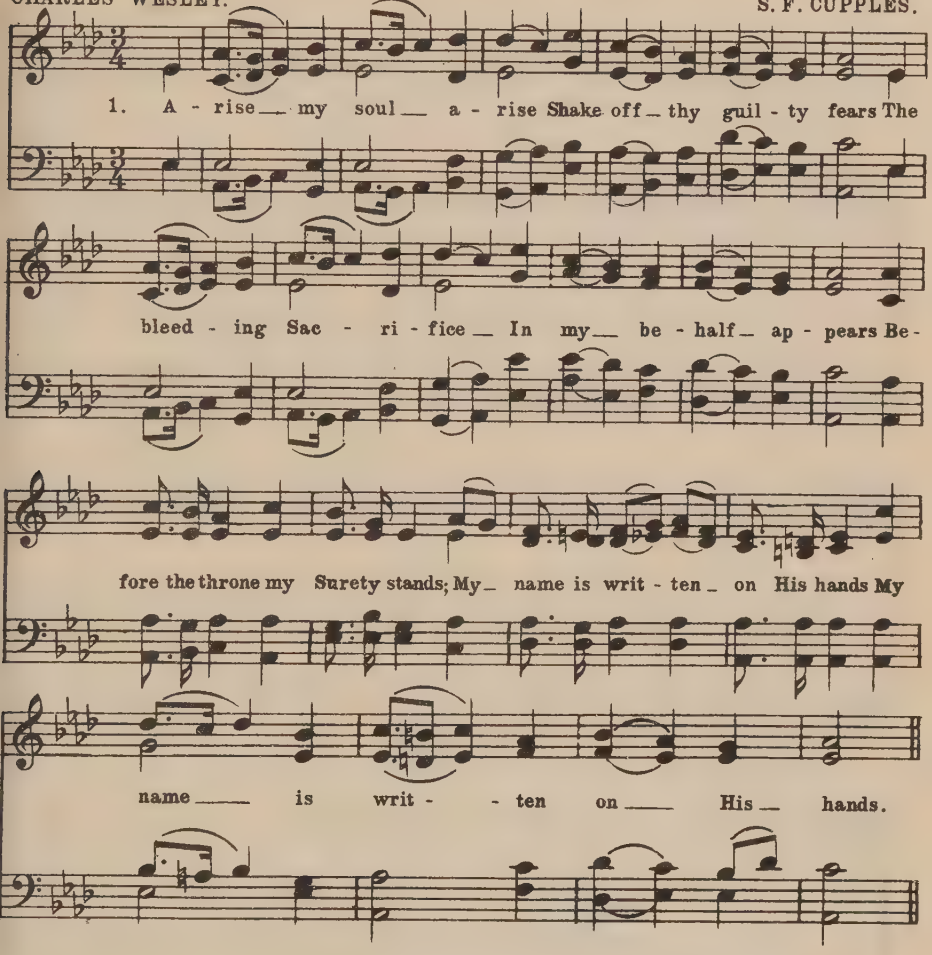
W. C. Dessler. "HAMBURG." L. Mason.


1. I thirst, Thou wound - ed Lamb of God,
2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
3. How blest are they who still a - bide
4. What are our works but sin and death,
5. Ah, Lord en - large our scan - ty thought,
1. To wash me in Thy cleans - ing blood;
2. For ev - er clos'd to all but Thee;
3. Close shel - ter'd in Thy bleed - ing side!
4. Till Thou Thy quick' - ning Spi - rit breathe?
5. To know the won - ders Thou hast wrought;
1. To dwell with - in Thy wounds; then pain
2. Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear,
3. Who life and strength from thence de - rive,
4. Thou giv'st the pow'r, Thy grace doth move,
5. Un - loose our stam - mering tongues to tell
1. Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
2. That pledge of love for ev - er there.
3. And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
4. O won-drous grace! O bound - less love!
5. Thy love im - mense, un - search - a - ble.

41. ARISE MY SOUL ARISE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arranged by
S. F. CUPPLES.


1. A - rise my soul a - rise Shake off thy guil - ty fears The
bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears Be -
fore the throne my Surety stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands My
name is writ - ten on His hands.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

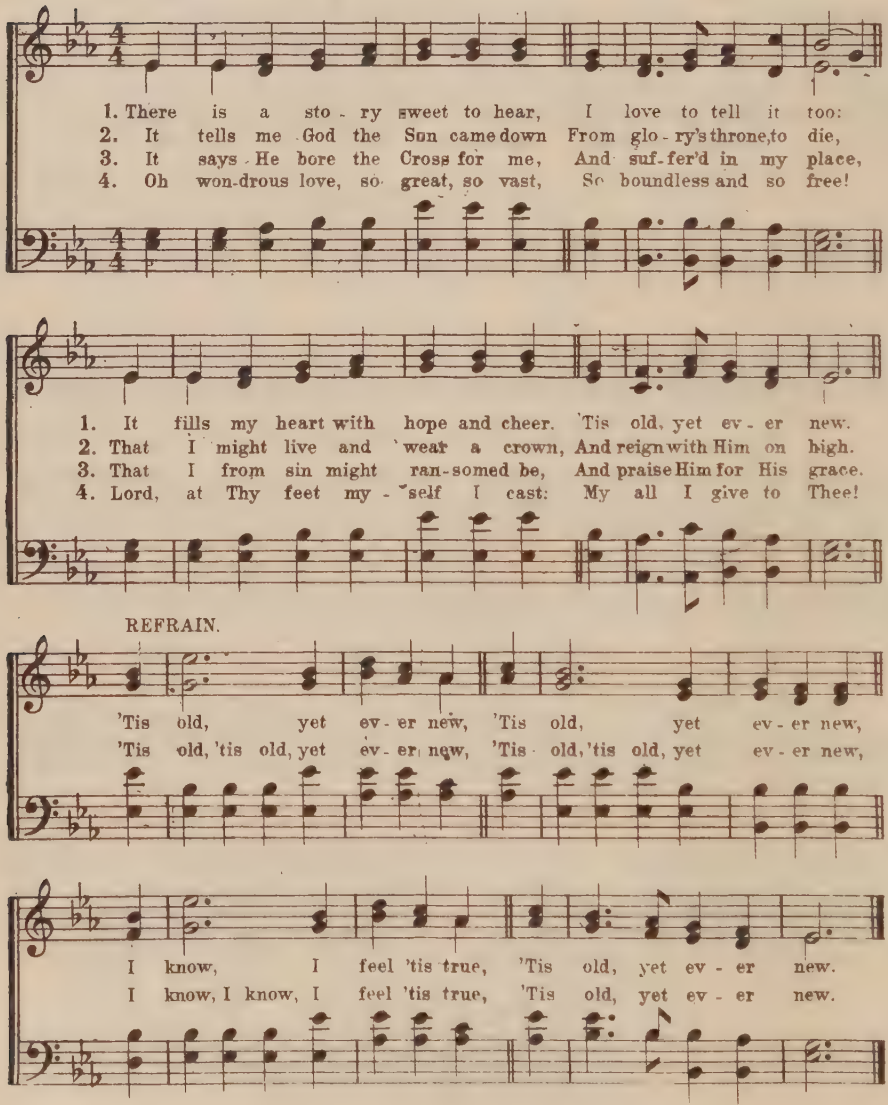
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4. My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father!" cry.

42. OLD, YET EVER NEW.

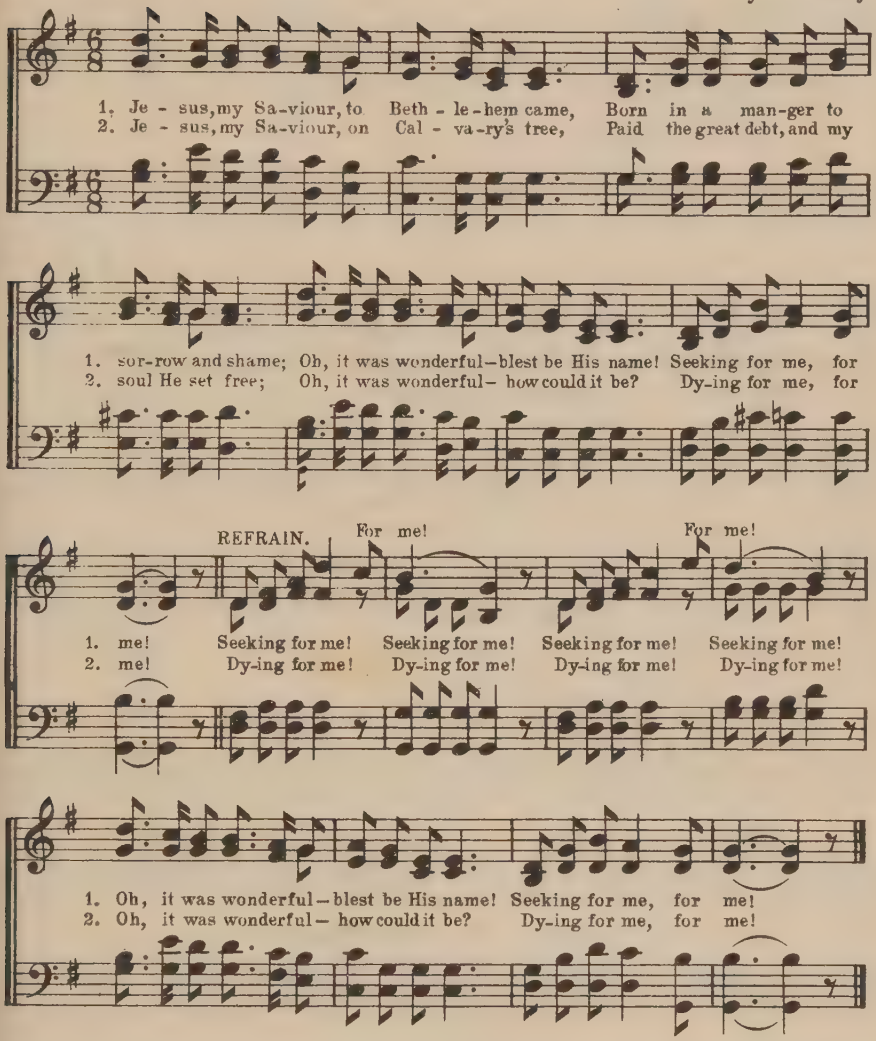
"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (I Tim. I. 15).

W. A. Williams.


1. There is a sto - ry sweet to hear, I love to tell it too:
2. It tells me God the Son came down From glo - ry's throne, to die,
3. It says He bore the Cross for me, And suf - fer'd in my place,
4. Oh won-drous love, so great, so vast, So boundless and so free!
1. It fills my heart with hope and cheer. 'Tis old, yet ev - er new.
2. That I might live and wear a crown, And reign with Him on high.
3. That I from sin might ran-somed be, And praise Him for His grace.
4. Lord, at Thy feet my - self I cast: My all I give to Thee!
REFRAIN.
'Tis old, yet ev - er new, 'Tis old, yet ev - er new,
'Tis old, 'tis old, yet ev - er new, 'Tis old, 'tis old, yet ev - er new,
I know, I feel 'tis true, 'Tis old, yet ev - er new.
I know, I know, I feel 'tis true, 'Tis old, yet ev - er new.

43. SEEKING FOR ME.

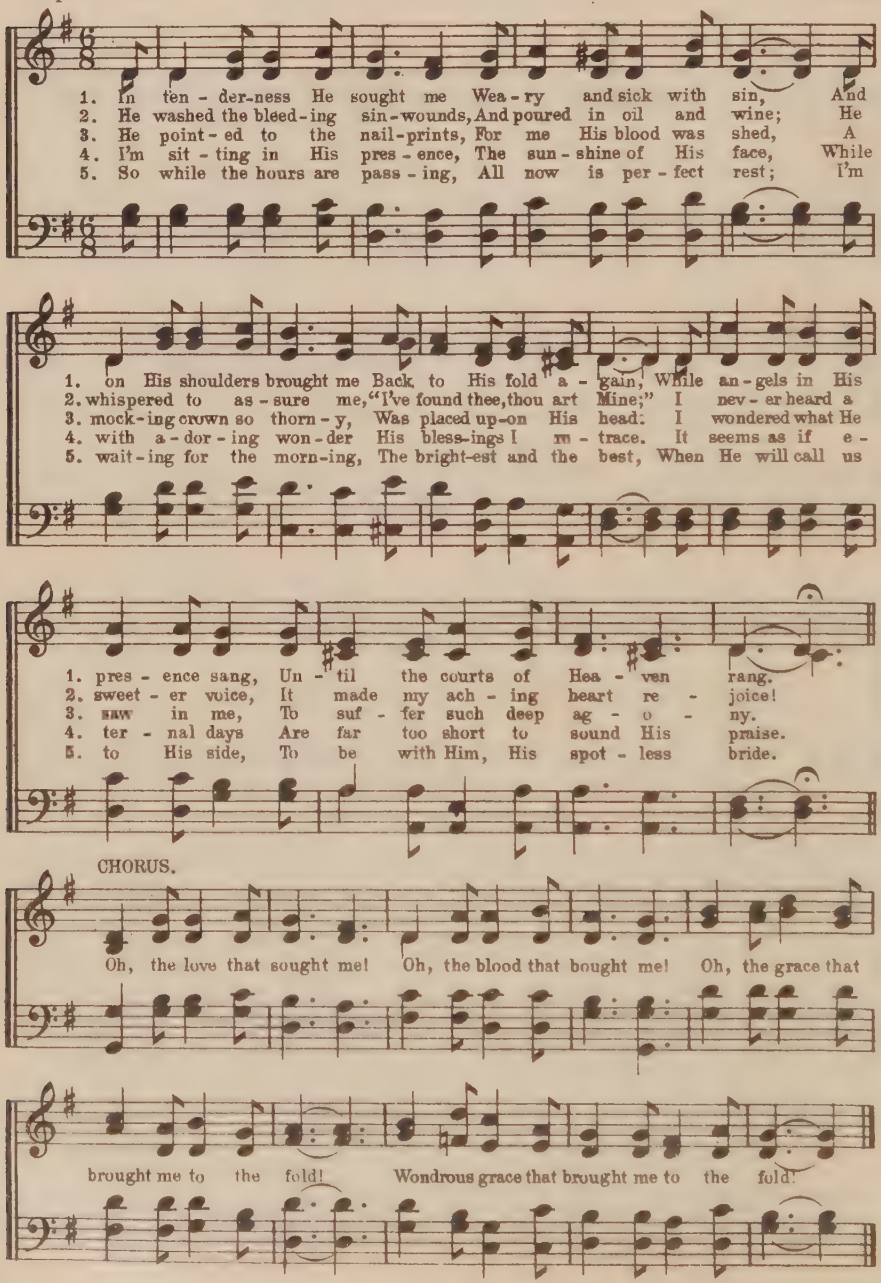
A. N. Arr. by E. E. Hasty.


1. Je - sus, my Sa-viour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sa-viour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
1. sor-row and shame; Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
2. soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful— how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
REFRAIN.
For me!
For me!
1. me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
2. me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
1. Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
2. Oh, it was wonderful— how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!

3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old
While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!
Calling for me! for me!
Calling for me! for me!
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!

4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me!
Coming for me! for me!
Coming for me! for me!
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

44. OH, THE LOVE THAT SOUGHT ME.

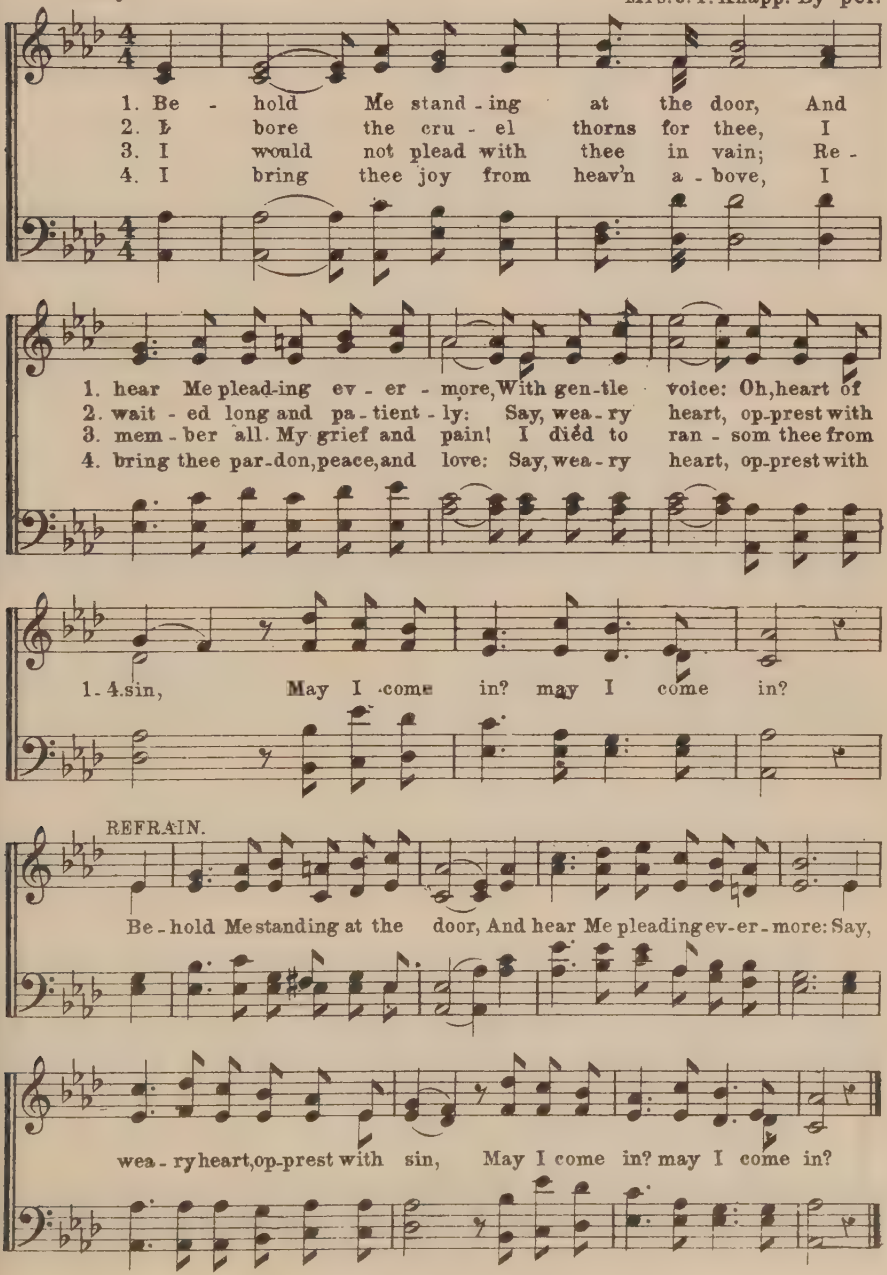
W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.

1. In ten - der-ness He sought me Wea - ry and sick with sin, And
2. He washed the bleed - ing sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
3. He point - ed to the nail-prints, For me His blood was shed, A
4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While
5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest; I'm
1. on His shoulders brought me Back to His fold a - gain, While an - gels in His
2. whispered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I nev - er heard a
3. mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I wondered what He
4. with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I m - trace. It seems as if e -
5. wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When He will call us
1. pres - ence sang, Un - til the courts of Hea - ven rang.
2. sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
3. saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
4. ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
5. to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.
CHORUS.
Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that
brought me to the fold! Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR.

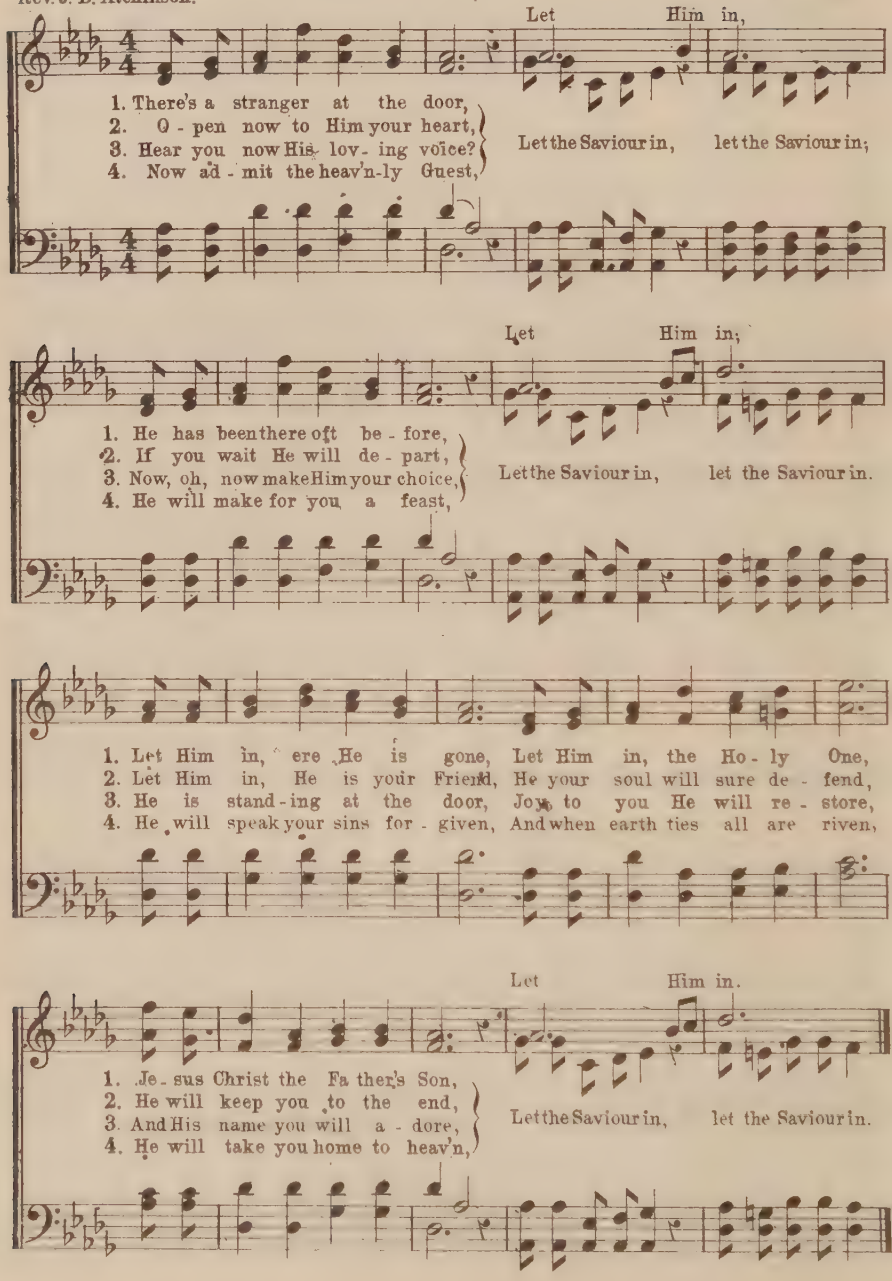
45.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." (Rev. iii. 20).

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. By per.


1. Be - hold Me stand - ing at the door, And
2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee, I
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re -
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a - bove, I
1. hear Me plead-ing ev - er - more, With gen-tle voice: Oh, heart of
2. wait - ed long and pa - tient - ly: Say, wea - ry heart, op-prest with
3. mem - ber all My grief and pain! I died to ran - som thee from
4. bring thee par-don, peace, and love: Say, wea - ry heart, op-prest with
1-4. sin, May I come in? may I come in?
REFRAIN.
Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading ev-er - more: Say,
wea - ry heart, op-prest with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

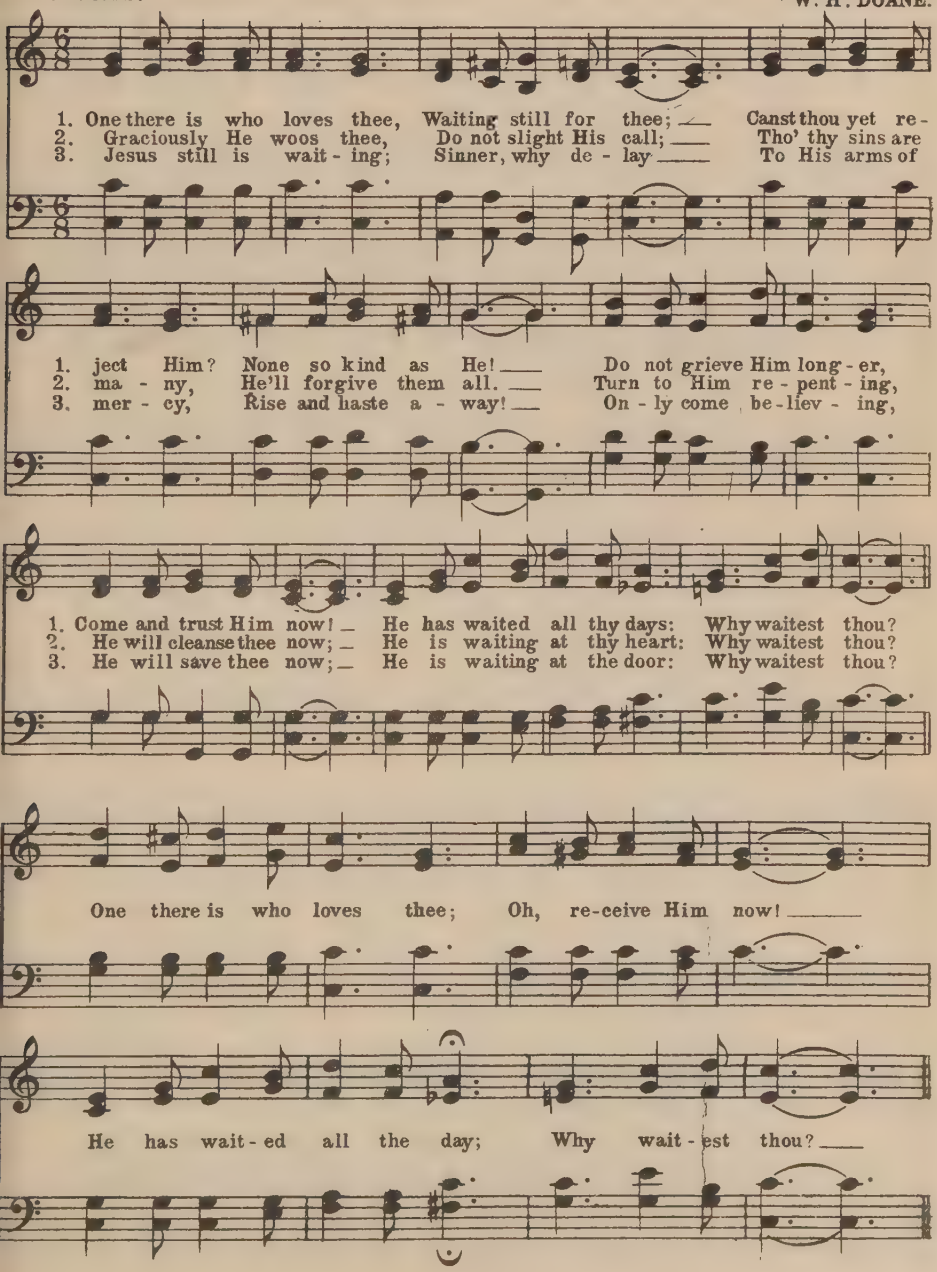
46. LET HIM IN.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

Let Him in,
1. There's a stranger at the door,
2. O - pen now to Him your heart,
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice?
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest,
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;
Let Him in;
1. He has been there oft be - fore,
2. If you wait He will de - part,
3. Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
4. He will make for you a feast,
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.
1. Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
2. Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
3. He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
4. He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,
Let Him in.
1. Je - sus Christ the Fa ther's Son,
2. He will keep you to the end,
3. And His name you will a - dore,
4. He will take you home to heav'n,
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

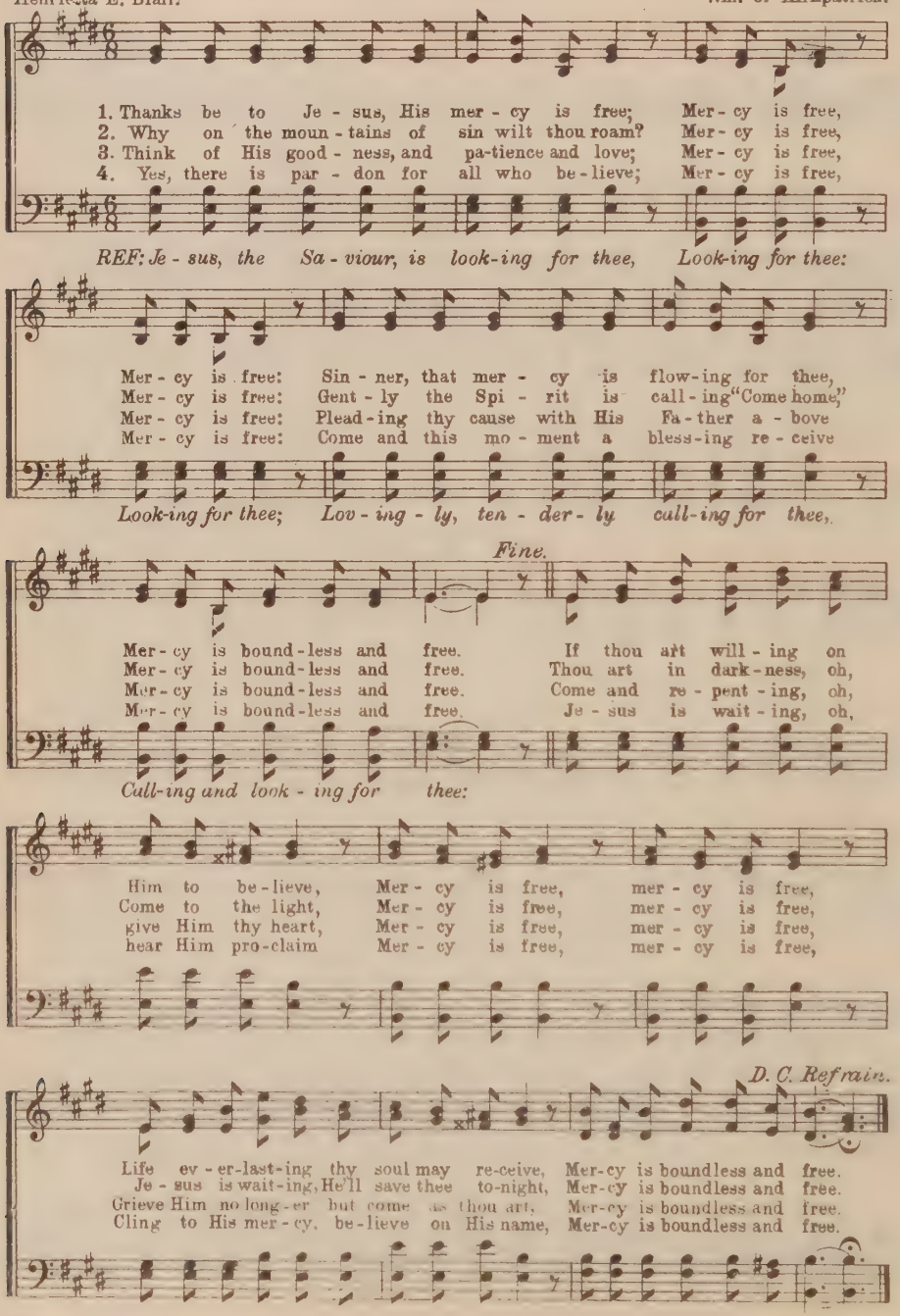
ONE THERE IS WHO LOVES THEE.

47.

H. C. AYRES. W. H. DOANE.


1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst thou yet re-
2. Graciously He woos thee, Do not slight His call; Tho' thy sins are
3. Jesus still is wait-ing; Sinner, why de-lay To His arms of
1. ject Him? None so kind as He! Do not grieve Him long-er,
2. ma-ny, He'll forgive them all. Turn to Him re-pent-ing,
3. mer-cy, Rise and haste a-way! On-ly come be-liev-ing,
1. Come and trust Him now! He has waited all thy days: Why waitest thou?
2. He will cleanse thee now; He is waiting at thy heart: Why waitest thou?
3. He will save thee now; He is waiting at the door: Why waitest thou?
One there is who loves thee; Oh, re-ceive Him now!
He has wait-ed all the day; Why wait-est thou?

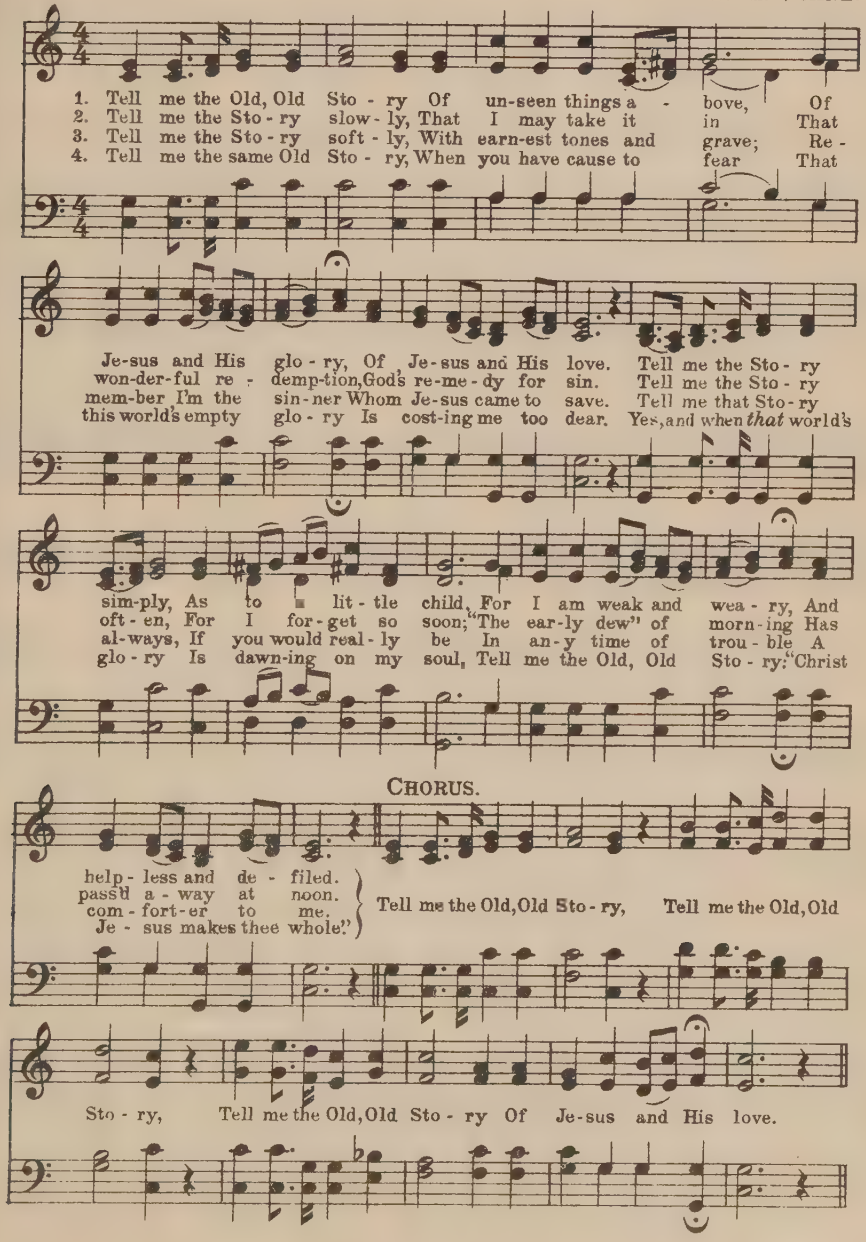
48. MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the moun - tains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of His good - ness, and pa-tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer - cy is free,
REF: Je - sus, the Sa - viour, is look-ing for thee, Look-ing for thee:
Mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow-ing for thee,
Mer - cy is free: Gent - ly the Spi - rit is call - ing "Come home,"
Mer - cy is free: Plead - ing thy cause with His Fa - ther a - bove
Mer - cy is free: Come and this mo - ment a bless - ing re - ceive
Look-ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call-ing for thee,
Fine.
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Thou art in dark - ness, oh,
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Come and re - pent - ing, oh,
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh,
Call-ing and look - ing for thee:
Him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free,
Come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free,
give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free,
hear Him pro-claim Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free,
D. C. Refrain.
Life ev - er-last-ing thy soul may re-ceive, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
Je - sus is wait-ing, He'll save thee to-night, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
Grieve Him no long - er but come as thou art, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
Cling to His mer - cy, be - lieve on His name, Mer-cy is boundless and free.

Tell me the Old, Old Story.

49. *"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."* Ephesians iii. 19.

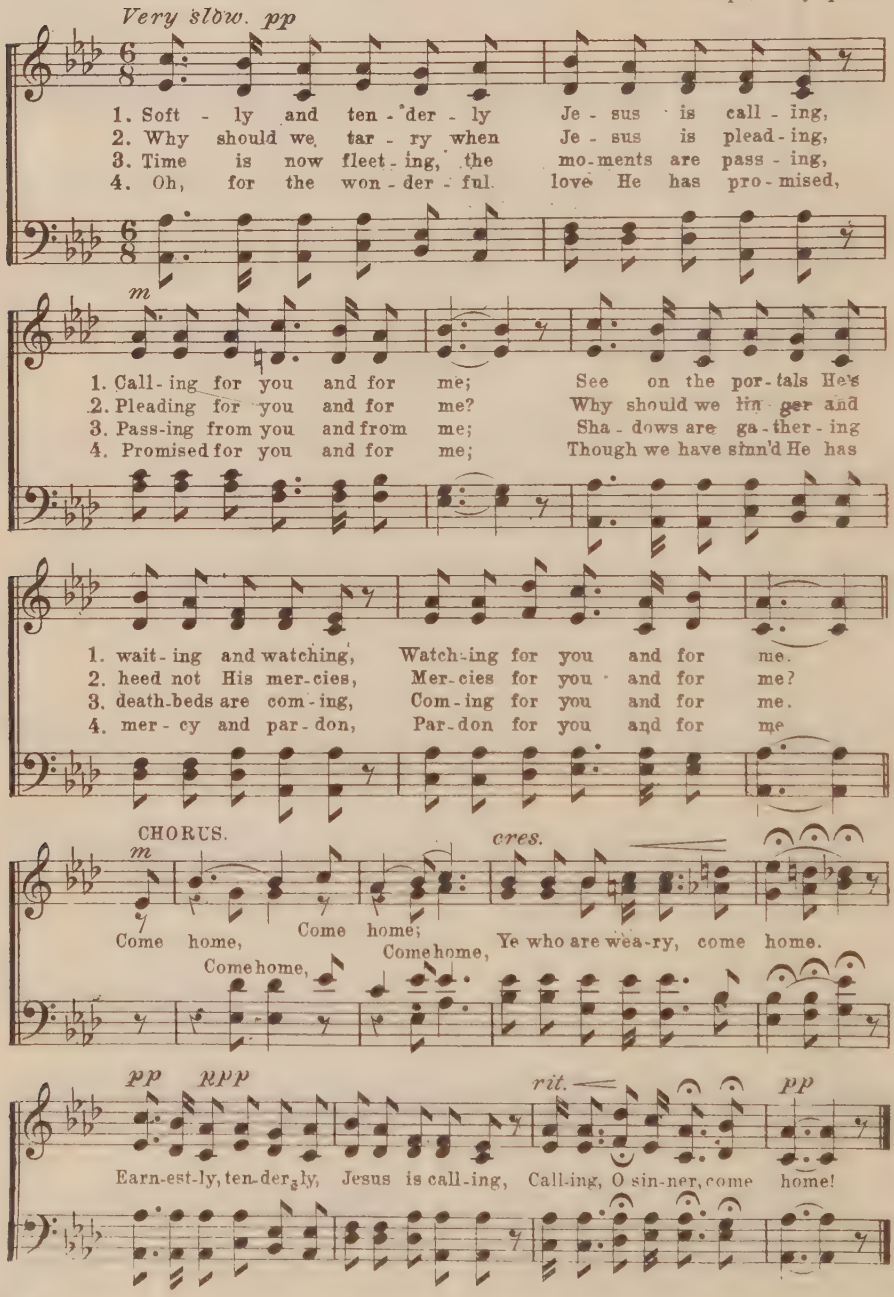
MISS HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in That
3. Tell me the Sto - ry soft - ly, With earn-est tones and grave; Re -
4. Tell me the same Old Sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That
Je-sus and His glo - ry, Of Je-sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
won-der-ful re - demp-tion, God's re-me-dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry
mem-ber I'm the sin-ner Whom Je-sus came to save. Tell me that Sto-ry
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when *that* world's
sim-ply, As to lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon; "The ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al-ways, If you would real - ly be In an - y time of trou - ble A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
pass'd a - way at noon.
com - fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."
Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je-sus and His love.

50. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

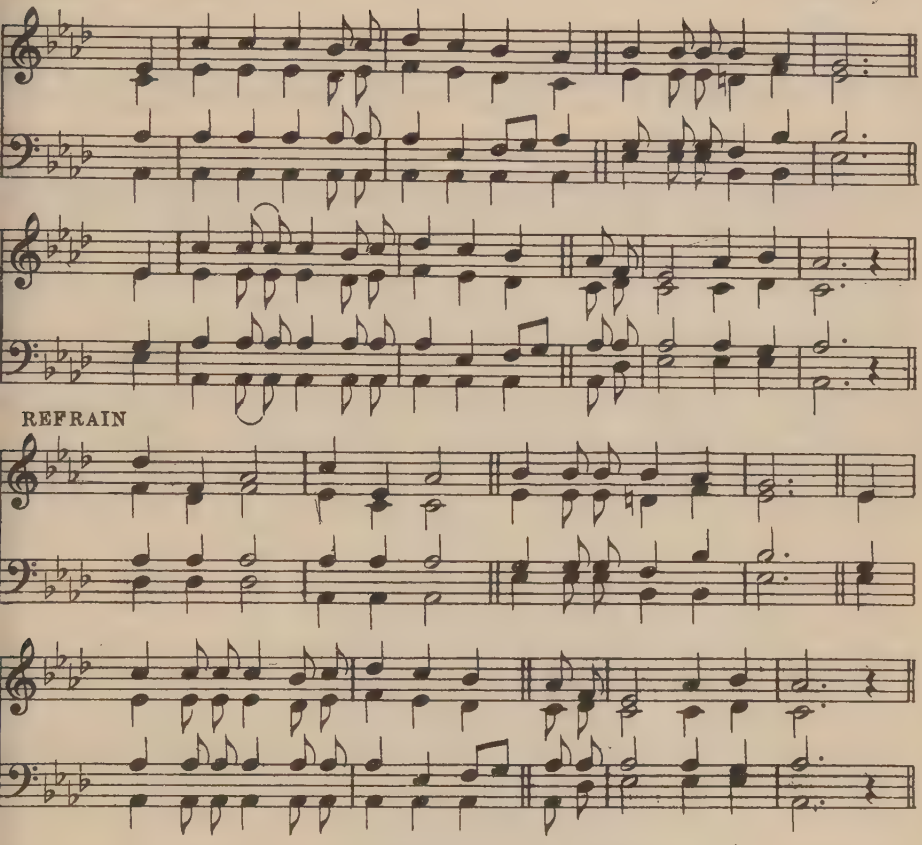
W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson. By per.


Very slow. pp
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has pro - mised,
m
1. Call - ing for you and for me; See on the por - tals He's
2. Pleading for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and
3. Pass - ing from you and from me; Sha - dows are ga - ther - ing
4. Promised for you and for me; Though we have sinn'd He has
1. wait - ing and watching, Watch - ing for you and for me.
2. heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
3. death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
4. mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me
CHORUS.
m
cres.
Come home, Come home;
Ye who are wea - ry, come home.
Come home,
Come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Jesus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

51. There is no love like the love of Jesus.

THE LOVE OF JESUS. T. E. PERKINS.



1. There is no love like the love of Jesus;
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the house of God
He has gather'd us all.

Jesus' love! precious love!
Boundless, and pure, and free;
Oh, turn to that love, weary wand'ring soul,
Jesus pleadeth for thee!

2. There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Fill'd with a tender love;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.

3. There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing so far away;
Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.

4. There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Tender and sweet its chime;
Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer time.

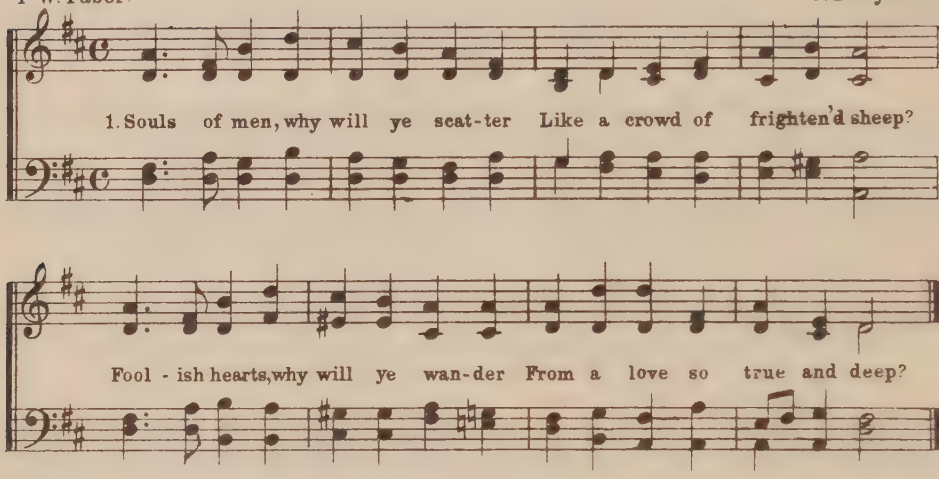
5. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus!
Then we shall never roam;
And we shall rest on His loving breast,
All the way to our heavenly home.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

52. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"ST. OSWALD."

F. W. Faber. J. B. Dykes.


1. Souls of men, why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?

2. Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

3. It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4. There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

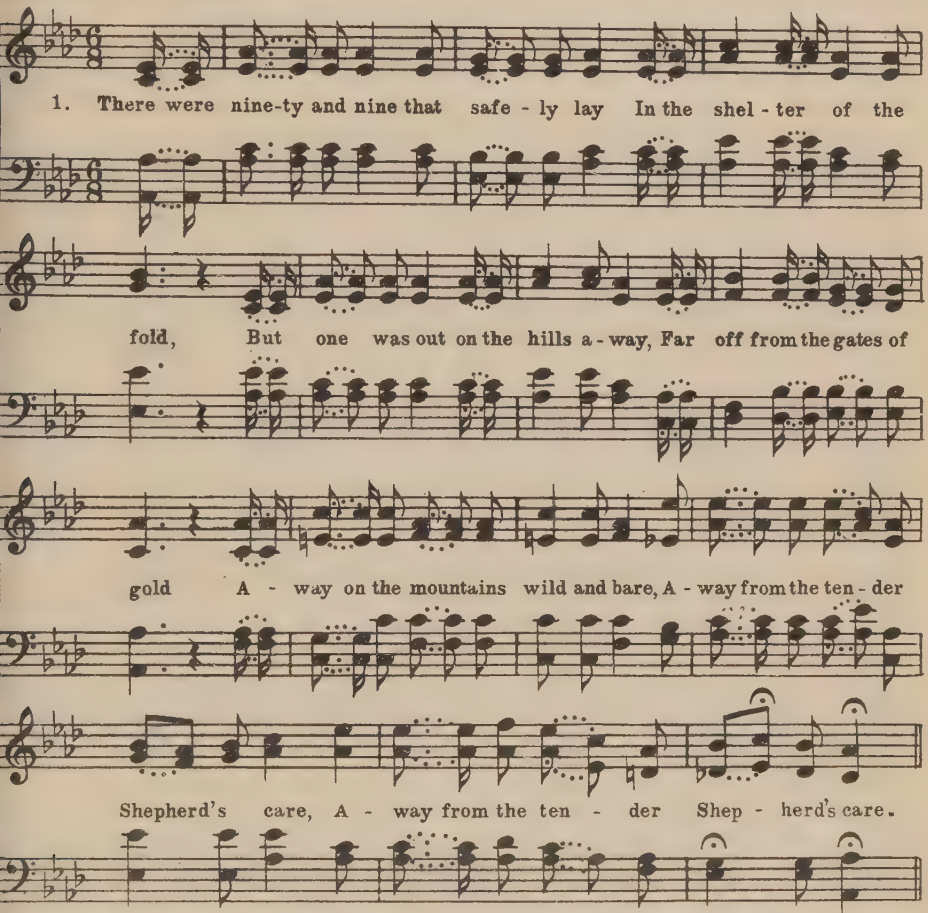
5. There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

6. Pining souls, come nearer Jesus,
And oh, come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

7. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord.

53. THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of
gold A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.

2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3. But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5. But all through the mountains thunder-riven
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

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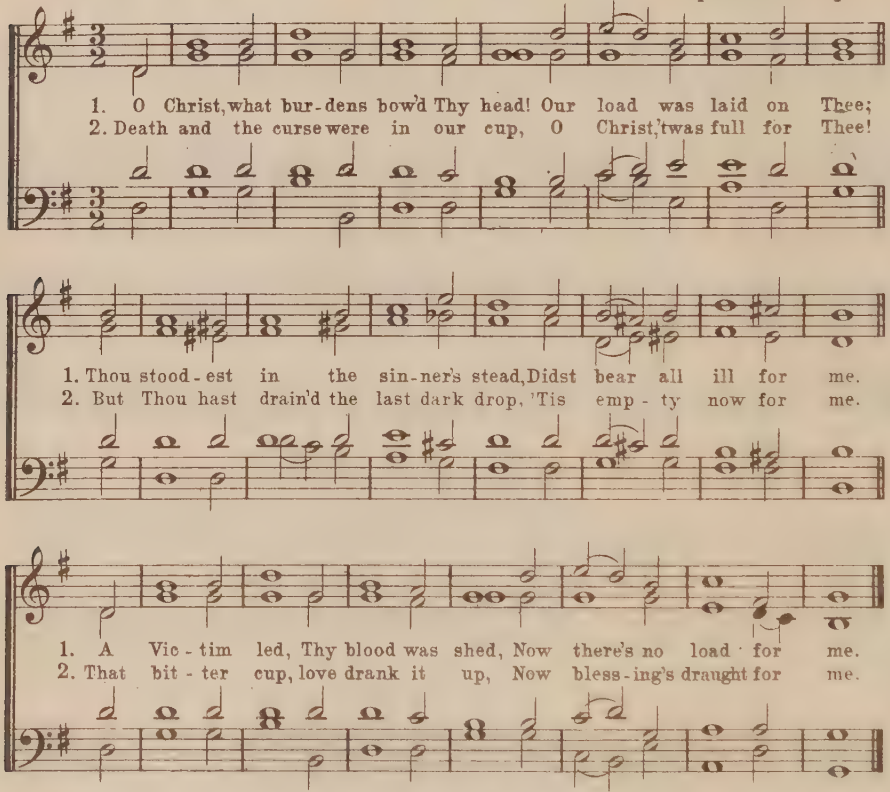
O CHRIST, WHAT BURDENS.

54.

"SPOHR."

A. R. Consin. Adapted from L. Spohr.

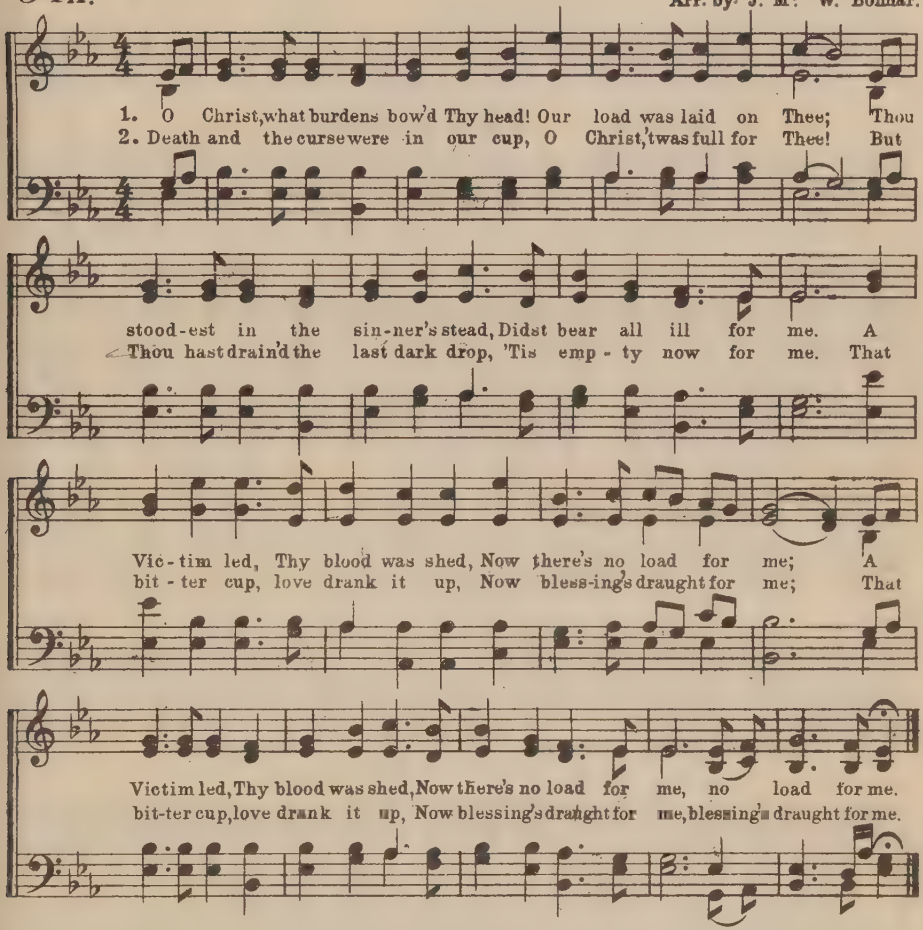

1. O Christ, what bur-dens bow'd Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
2. Death and the curse were in our cup, O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
1. Thou stood-est in the sin-ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.
2. But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop, 'Tis emp-ty now for me.
1. A Vic-tim led, Thy blood was shed, Now there's no load for me.
2. That bit-ter cup, love drank it up, Now bless-ing's draught for me.

3. The tempest's awful voice was heard,
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me:
Thy form was scarr'd, Thy visage marr'd;
Now cloudless peace for me.

4. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee:
Thou'rt ris'n—my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

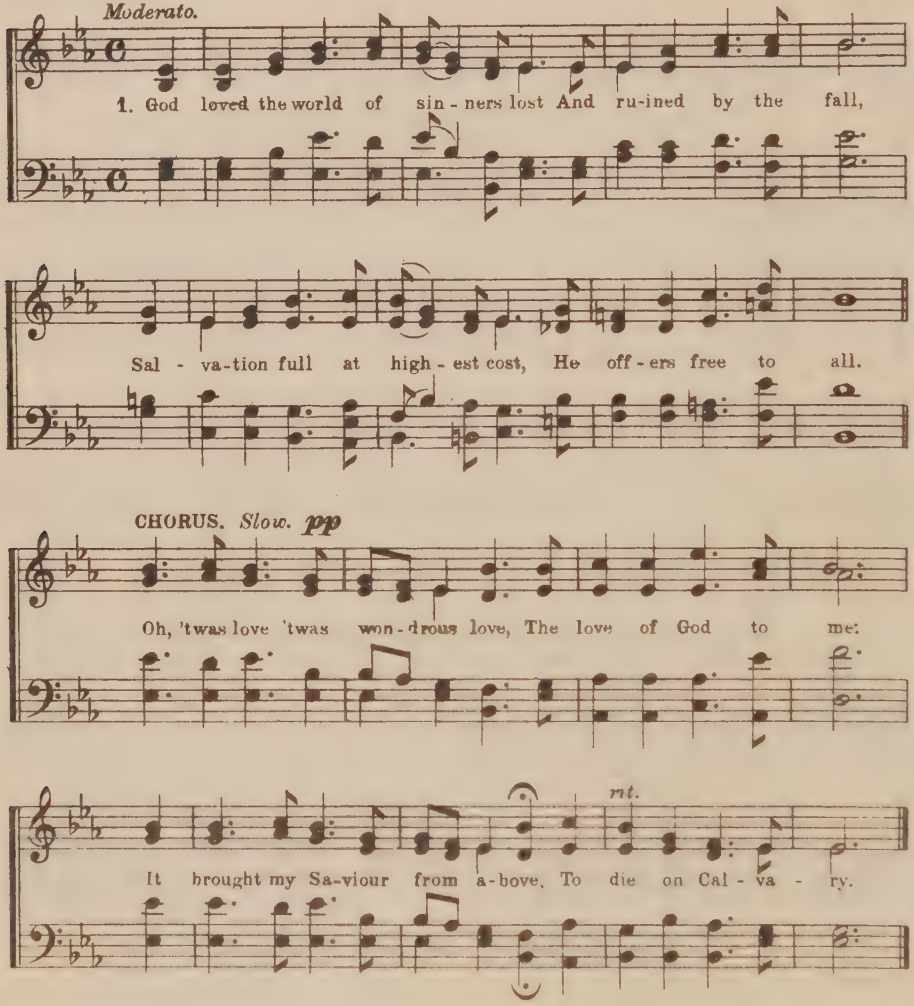
54A. *Alternative Tune for No. 54.*

Arr. by J. Mc. W. Bonnar.


1. O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou
2. Death and the curse were in our cup, O Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But
stood-est in the sin-ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A
Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop, 'Tis emp-ty now for me. That
Vic-tim led, Thy blood was shed, Now there's no load for me; A
bit-ter cup, love drank it up, Now bless-ing's draught for me; That
Victim led, Thy blood was shed, Now there's no load for me, no load for me.
bit-ter cup, love drank it up, Now blessing's draught for me, blessing's draught for me.

55. GOD LOVED THE WORLD.

Mrs. Stockton. W. G. Fischer.


Moderato.
1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru-ined by the fall,
Sal - va-tion full at high - est cost, He off - ers free to all.
CHORUS. Slow. pp
Oh, 'twas love 'twas won - drous love, The love of God to me:
It brought my Sa-viour from a-bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.
rit.

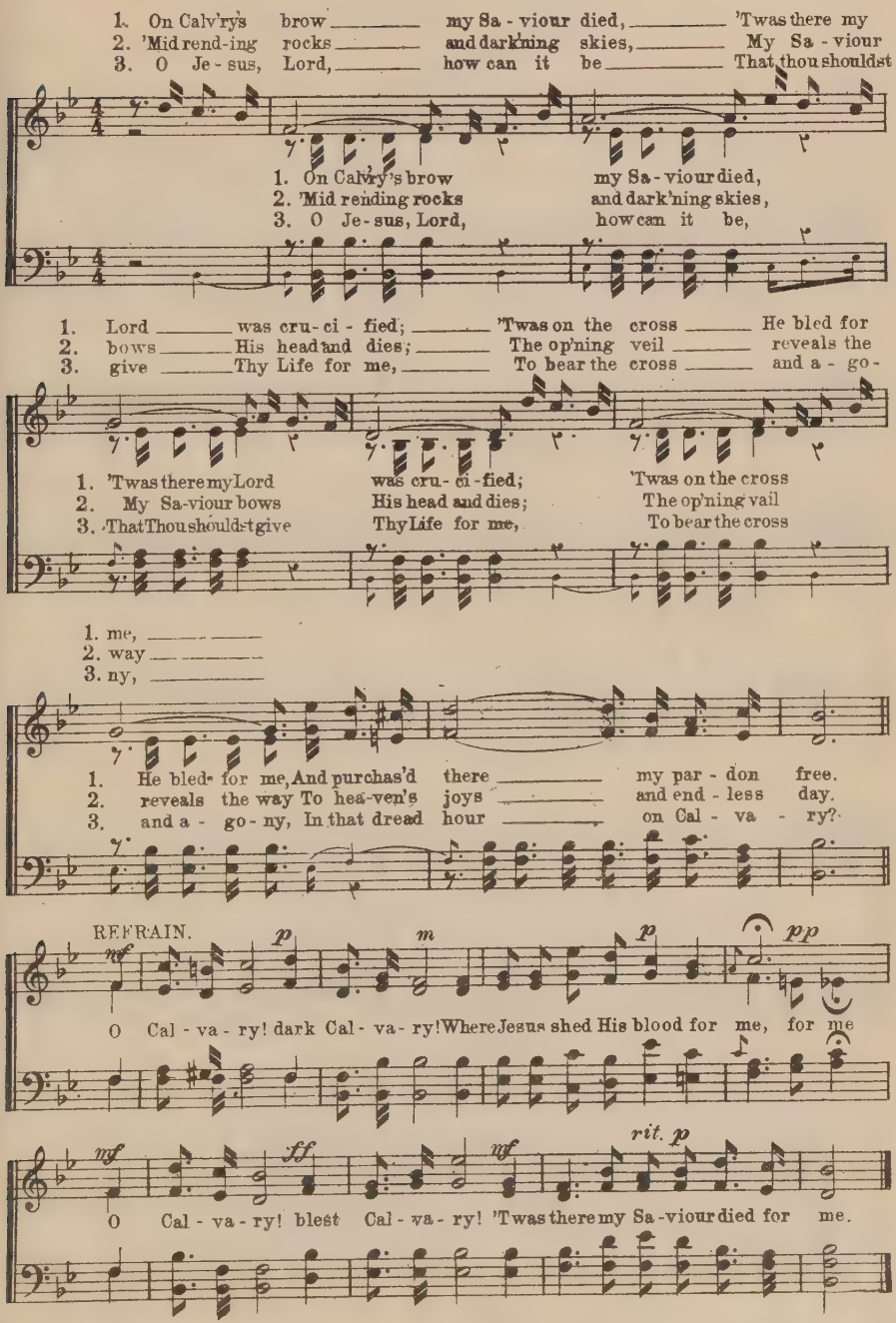
2. E'en now, by faith, I claim Him mine
The risen Son of God!
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing thro' the Blood.

3. Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Thro' faith in Christ alone.

4. Believing souls, rejoicing go!
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below,
Of endless rest in heaven.

5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour,
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

CALVARY.

56.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sa - viour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sa - viour
3. O Je - sus, Lord, how can it be That thou shouldst
1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sa - viour died,
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
3. O Je - sus, Lord, how can it be,
1. Lord was cru - ci - fied; 'Twas on the cross He bled for
2. bows His head and dies; The op'ning veil reveals the
3. give Thy Life for me, To bear the cross and a - go -
1. 'Twas there my Lord was cru - ci - fied; 'Twas on the cross
2. My Sa-viour bows His head and dies; The op'ning vail
3. That Thou shouldst give Thy Life for me, To bear the cross
1. me,
2. way
3. ny,
1. He bled for me, And purchas'd there my par - don free.
2. reveals the way To hea-ven's joys and end - less day.
3. and a - go - ny, In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry?
REFRAIN.
mf p m p pp
O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me
mf ff mf rit. p
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Sa-viour died for me.

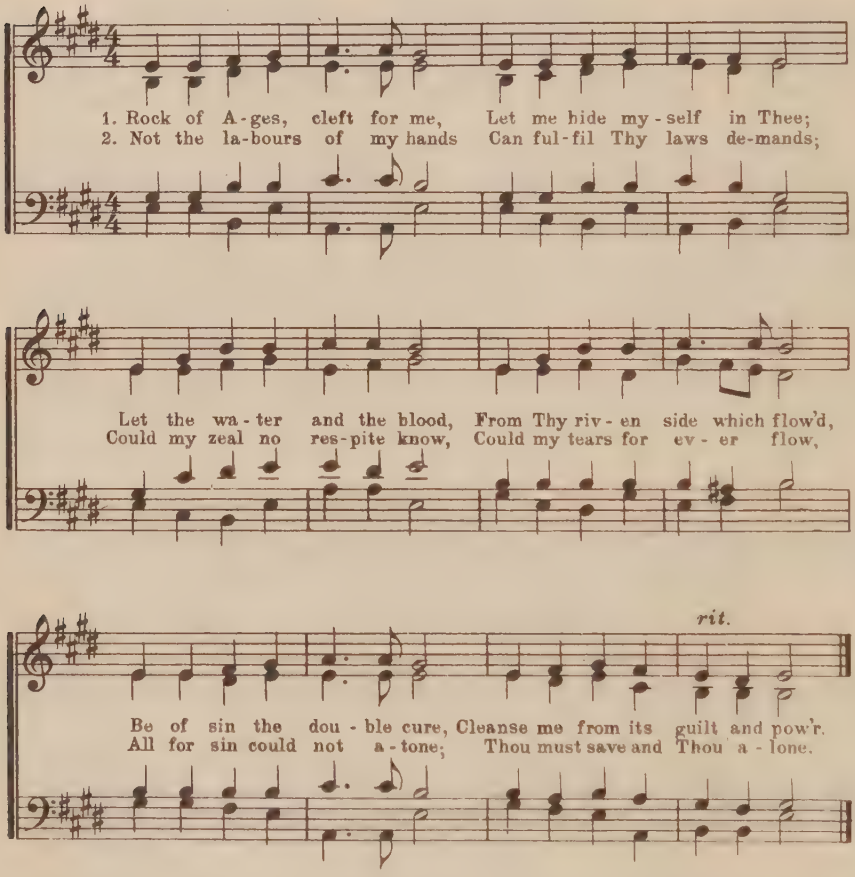
Rock of Ages!

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages" Isa. xxvi. 4 *(marg).*

57.

REDHEAD 76 Six 7s.

A. M. TOPLADY. R. REDHEAD.


1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la-bours of my hands Can ful-fil Thy laws de-mands;
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for ev-er flow,
rit.
Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save and Thou a-lone.

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling!
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

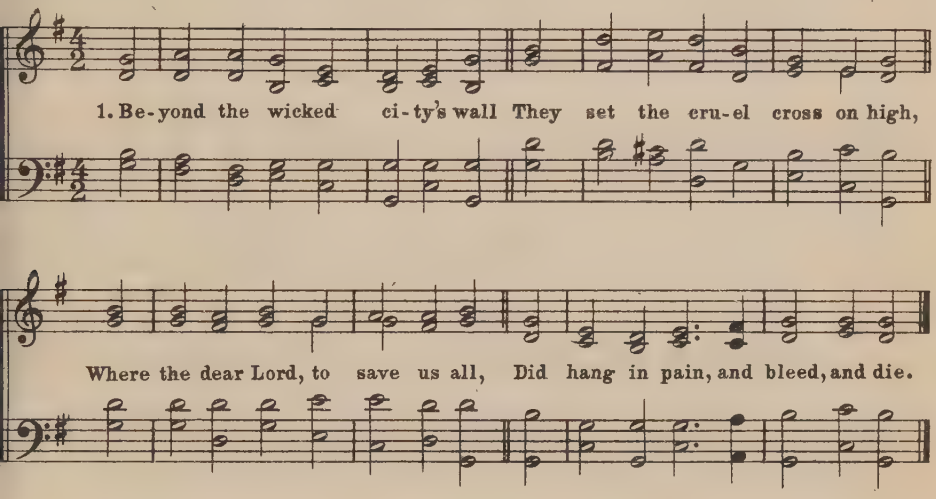
4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

58. THE CRUEL CROSS.

"SOLDAU"

C. F. Alexander.


1. Be-yond the wicked ci-ty's wall They set the cru-el cross on high,
Where the dear Lord, to save us all, Did hang in pain, and bleed, and die.

2. The Hands that touched the blind to sight,
That gave the sick man strength anew,
That raised the dead to life and light,
Were pierced and wounded through and through.

3. The Feet that walked the stormy sea,
That ever turned at sorrow's prayer,
By sharp nails fastened to the tree,
Hung torn and hurt and bleeding there.

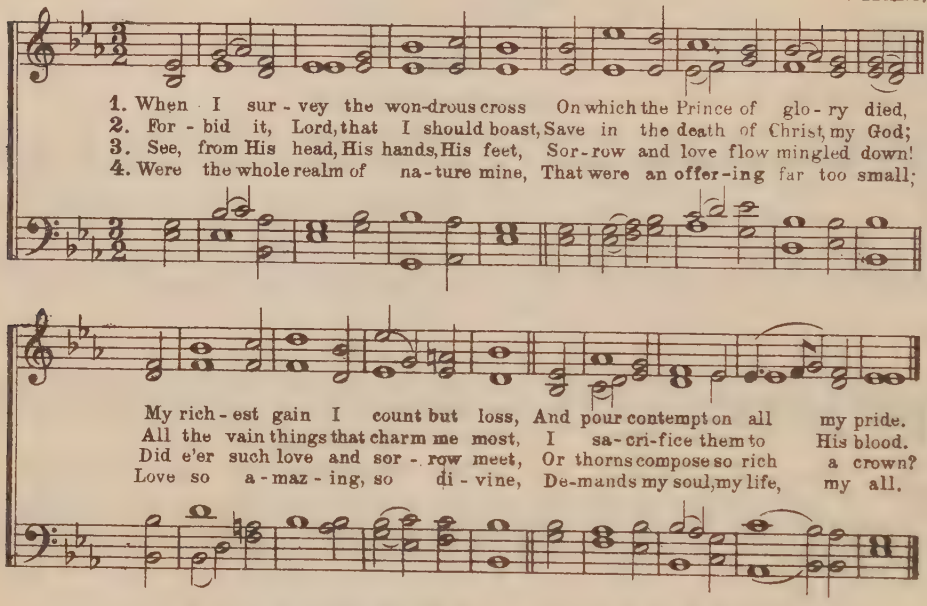
4. Since God's own Son must suffer thus
Our souls from Satan's grasp to win;
Since only He could ransom us,
Oh, what a fearful thing is sin!

5. How can we yield to Satan's power,
And let our sinful passions reign,
When hearing of that awful hour,
And thinking of our Saviour's pain?

6. Oh, by Thy griefs that dreadful day,
Dear Lord, and by Thy precious Blood,
Wash all our guilty stains away,
And change our hearts, and make us good.

59. THE WONDROUS CROSS.

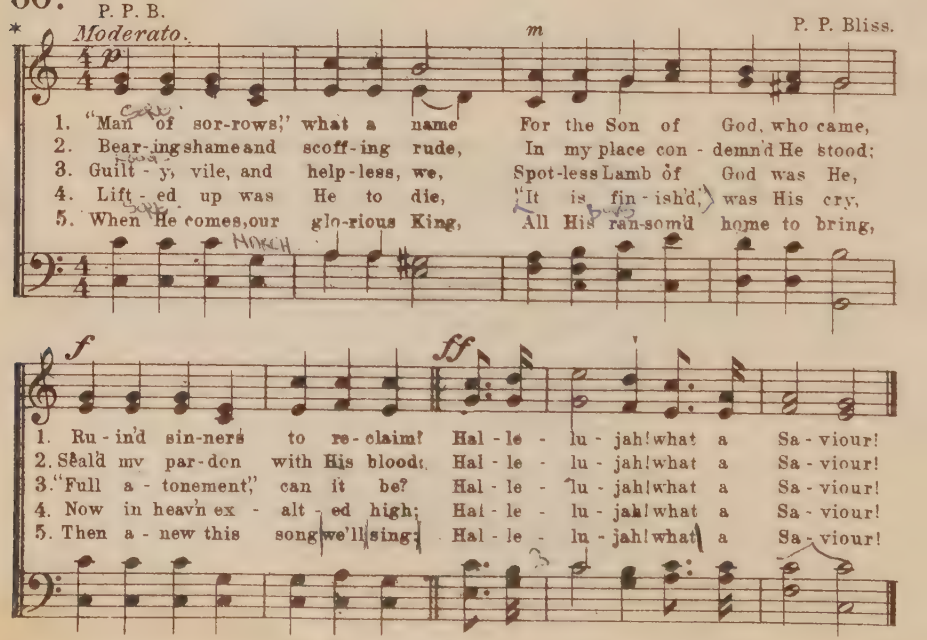
Isaac Watts. "ROCKINGHAM." E. Miller.


1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were an offer-ing far too small;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sa-cri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOUR!

60. P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.


Moderato.
1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con - demn'd He stood;
3. Guilt - y, vile, and help-less, we, Spot-less Lamb of God was He,
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ish'd," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-som'd home to bring,
1. Ru-in'd sin-ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
2. Seal'd my par-don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
3. "Full a - tonement," can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
4. Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
5. Then a - new this song we'll sing; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!

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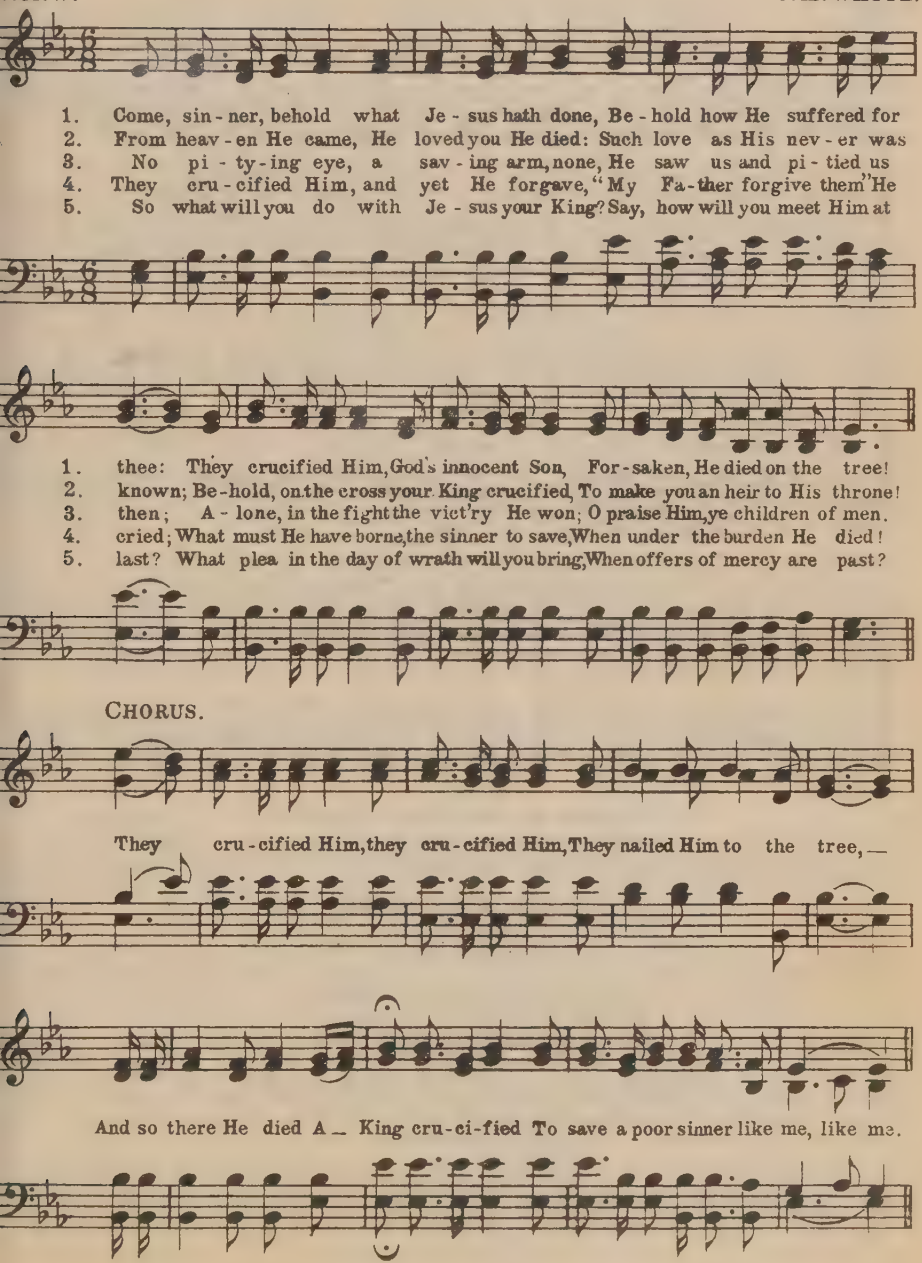
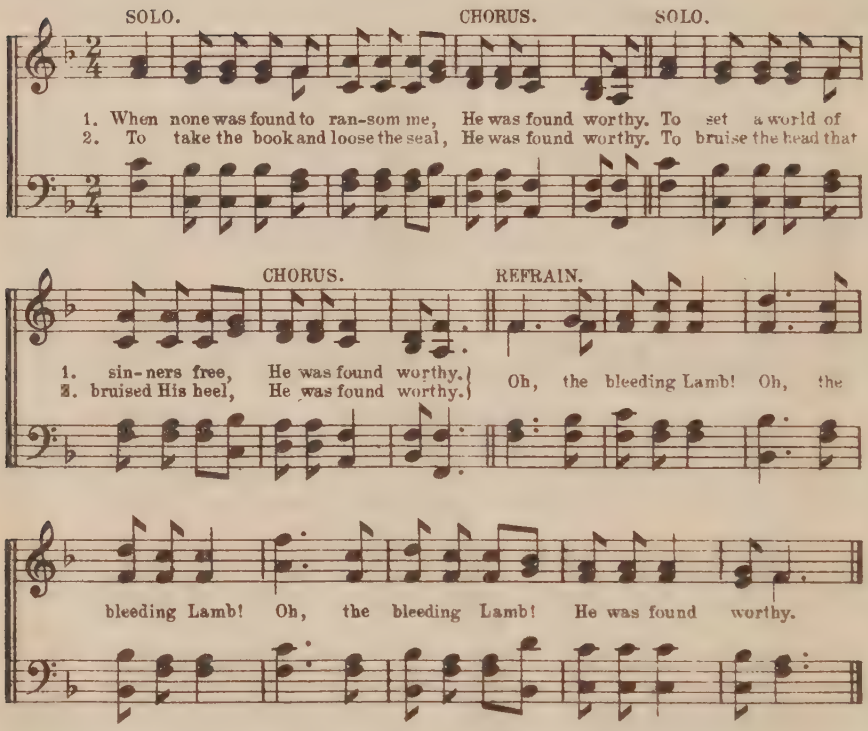
THEY CRUCIFIED HIM.

31.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. Come, sin-ner, behold what Je-sus hath done, Be-hold how He suffered for thee: They crucified Him, God's innocent Son, For-saken, He died on the tree!
2. From heav-en He came, He loved you He died: Such love as His nev-er was known; Be-hold, on the cross your King crucified, To make you an heir to His throne!
3. No pi-ty-ing eye, a sav-ing arm, none, He saw us and pi-tied us then; A-lone, in the fight the vict'ry He won; O praise Him, ye children of men.
4. They cru-cified Him, and yet He forgave, "My Fa-ther forgive them" He cried; What must He have borne, the sinner to save, When under the burden He died!
5. So what will you do with Je-sus your King? Say, how will you meet Him at last? What plea in the day of wrath will you bring, When offers of mercy are past?
CHORUS.
They cru-cified Him, they cru-cified Him, They nailed Him to the tree, —
And so there He died A — King cru-ci-fied To save a poor sinner like me, like me.

62. HE WAS FOUND WORTHY.


SOLO.
CHORUS.
SOLO.
1. When none was found to ran-som me, He was found worthy. To set a world of
2. To take the book and loose the seal, He was found worthy. To bruise the head that
CHORUS.
REFRAIN.
1. sin-ners free, He was found worthy.
2. bruised His heel, He was found worthy.
Oh, the bleeding Lamb! Oh, the
bleeding Lamb! Oh, the bleeding Lamb! He was found worthy.

3. To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God,
And save the rebels by His blood,
He was found worthy.

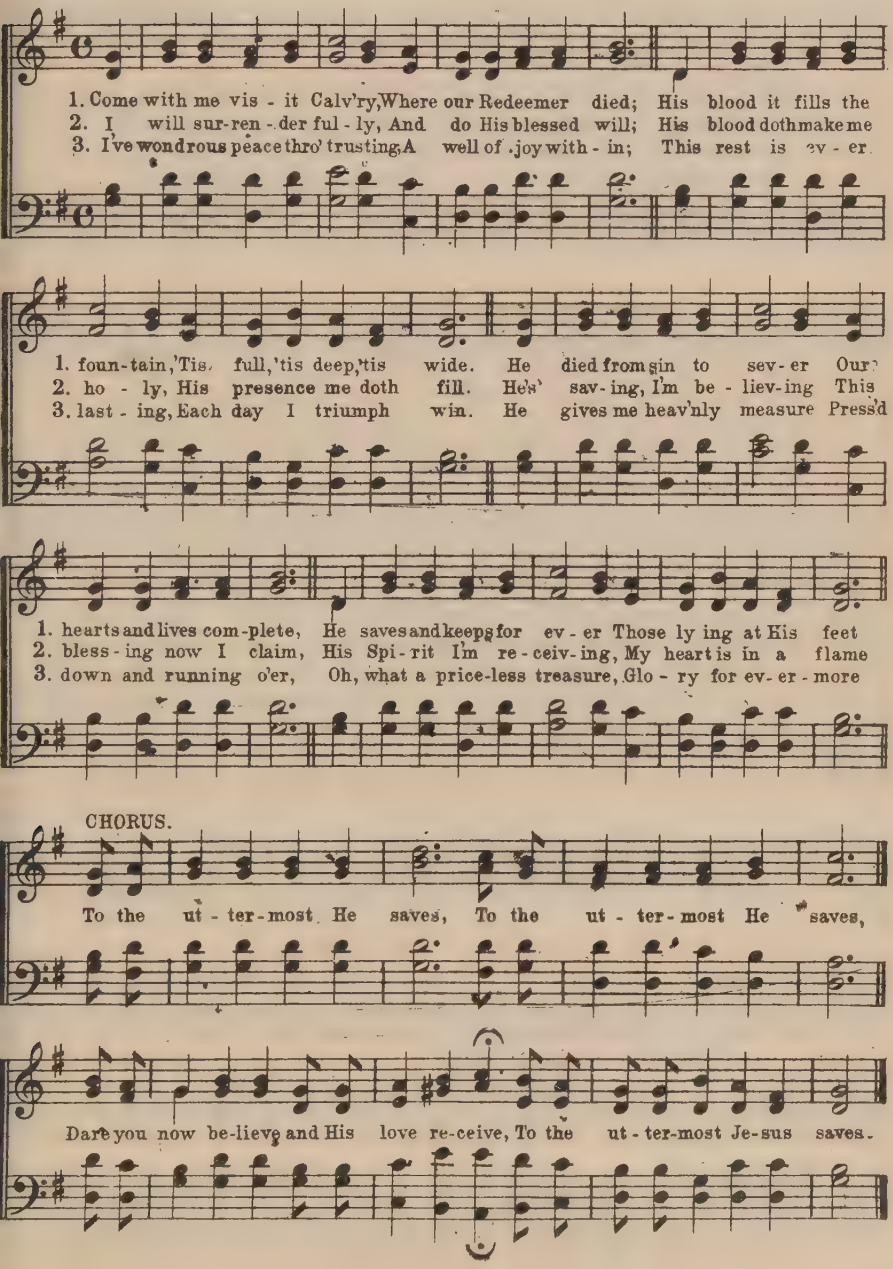
4. To open wide the gates of Heaven,
To Him all majesty is given;
He was found worthy.

5. To reign o'er all the ransomed race,
I've tasted of His saving grace;
He was found worthy.

6. His blood has washed me white as snow,
And all his fulness I shall know;
He was found worthy.

63. TO THE UTTERMOST HE SAVES.

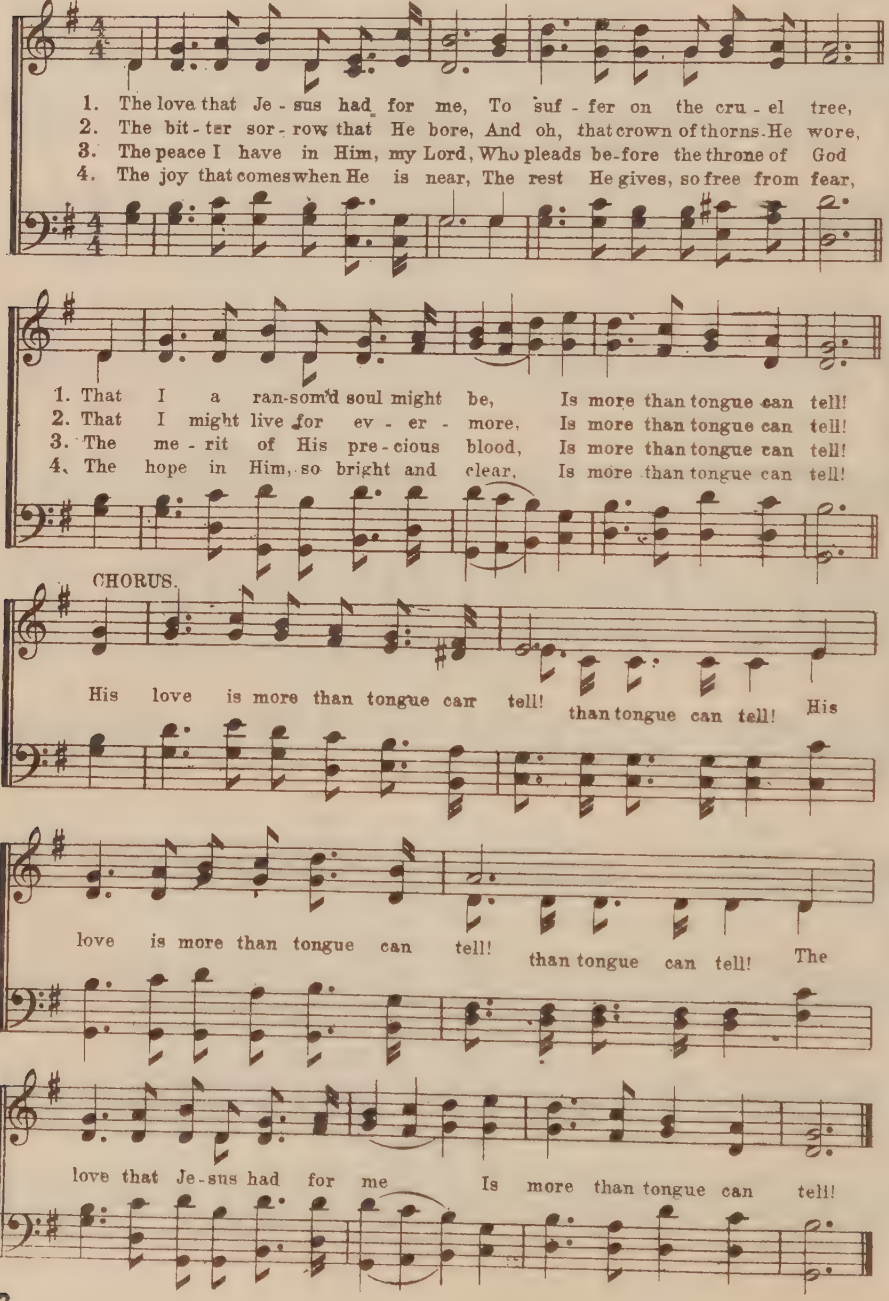
J. Lawley.


1. Come with me vis - it Calv'ry, Where our Redeemer died; His blood it fills the
2. I will sur-ren - der ful - ly, And do His blessed will; His blood doth make me
3. I've wondrous peace thro' trusting, A well of joy with - in; This rest is ev - er
1. foun-tain, 'Tis full, 'tis deep, 'tis wide. He died from sin to sev - er Our
2. ho - ly, His presence me doth fill. He's sav-ing, I'm be - liev-ing This
3. last - ing, Each day I triumph win. He gives me heav'nly measure Press'd
1. hearts and lives com-plete, He saves and keeps for ev - er Those ly ing at His feet
2. bless - ing now I claim, His Spi - rit I'm re - ceiv-ing, My heart is in a flame
3. down and running o'er, Oh, what a price-less treasure, Glo - ry for ev-er - more
CHORUS.
To the ut - ter-most He saves, To the ut - ter-most He saves,
Dare you now be-lieve and His love re-ceive, To the ut - ter-most Je-sus saves.

MORE THAN TONGUE CAN TELL.

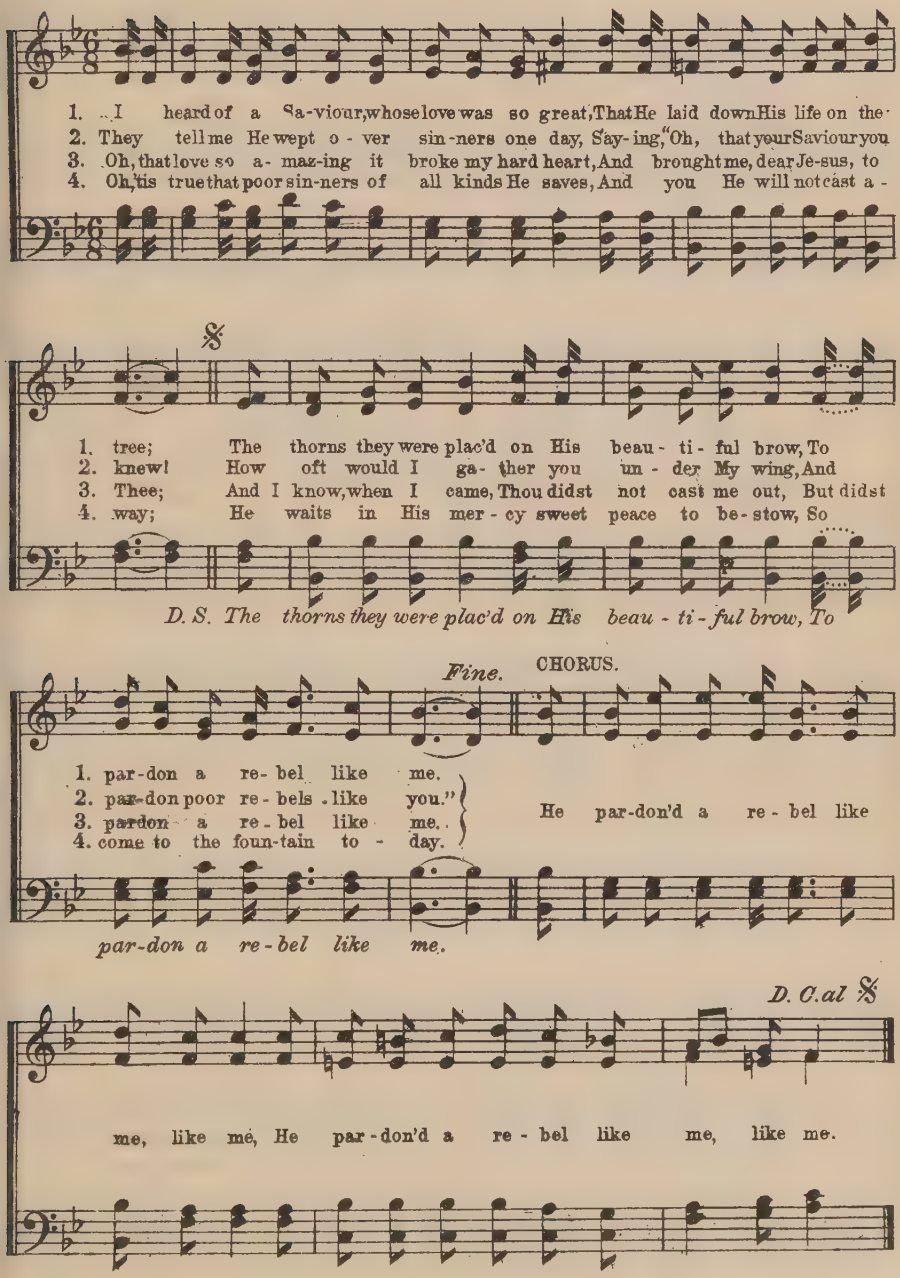
64.

J. E. H. *"Greater love hath no man than this"* (John xv. 13). J. E. Hall.


1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
2. The bit - ter sor - row that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be-fore the throne of God
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,
1. That I a ran-som'd soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell!
2. That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell!
3. The me - rit of His pre - cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell!
4. The hope in Him, so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell!
CHORUS.
His love is more than tongue can tell! than tongue can tell! His
love is more than tongue can tell! than tongue can tell! The
love that Je-sus had for me Is more than tongue can tell!

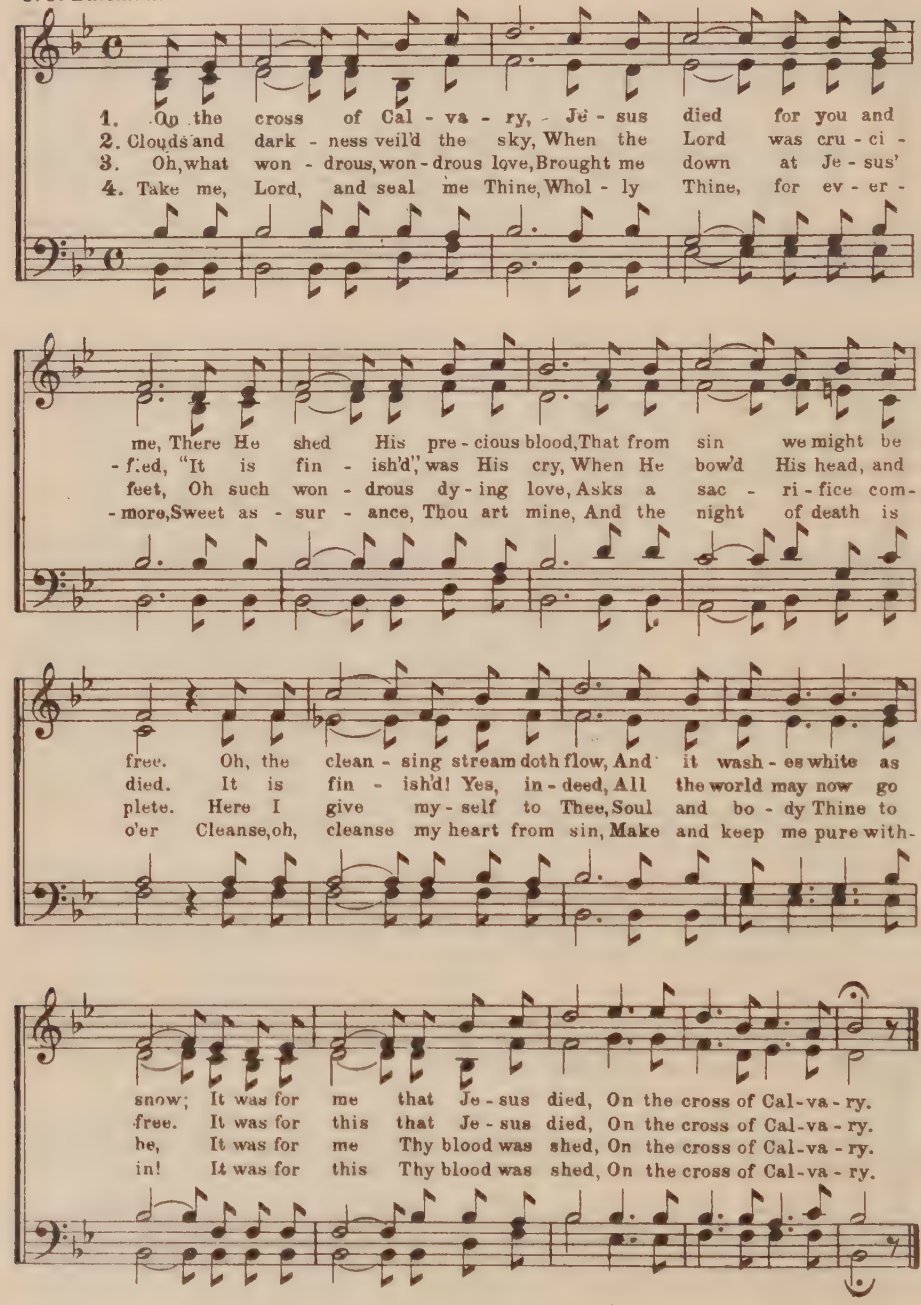
HE PARDONED A REBEL LIKE ME.

65.

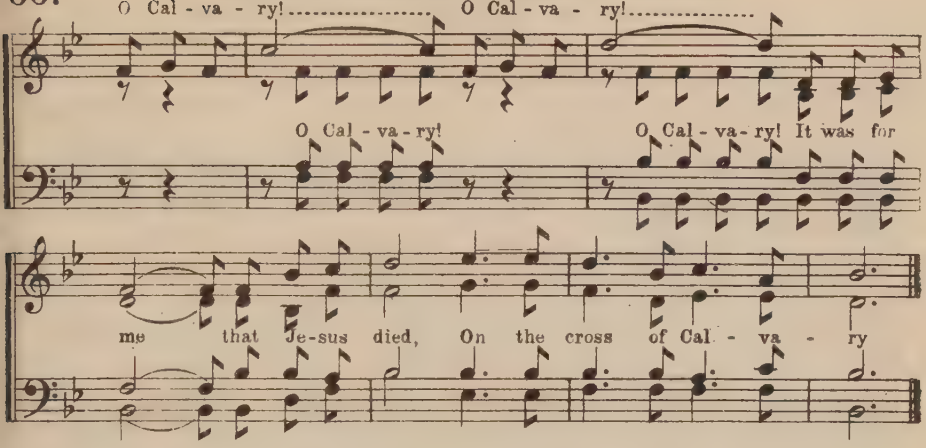

1. I heard of a Sa-viour, whose love was so great, That He laid down His life on the
2. They tell me He wept o-ver sin-ners one day, Say-ing, "Oh, that your Saviour you
3. Oh, that love so a-maz-ing it broke my hard heart, And brought me, dear Je-sus, to
4. Oh, 'tis true that poor sin-ners of all kinds He saves, And you He will not cast a-
1. tree; The thorns they were plac'd on His beau-ti-ful brow, To
2. knew! How oft would I ga-ther you un-der My wing, And
3. Thee; And I know, when I came, Thou didst not cast me out, But didst
4. way; He waits in His mer-cy sweet peace to be-stow, So
D. S. The thorns they were plac'd on His beau-ti-ful brow, To
Fine.
CHORUS.
1. par-don a re-bel like me.
2. par-don poor re-bels like you."
3. pardon a re-bel like me.
4. come to the foun-tain to-day.
He par-don'd a re-bel like
par-don a re-bel like me.
D. C. al 𝄋
me, like me, He par-don'd a re-bel like me, like me.

66. ON THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

J. C. Bateman.

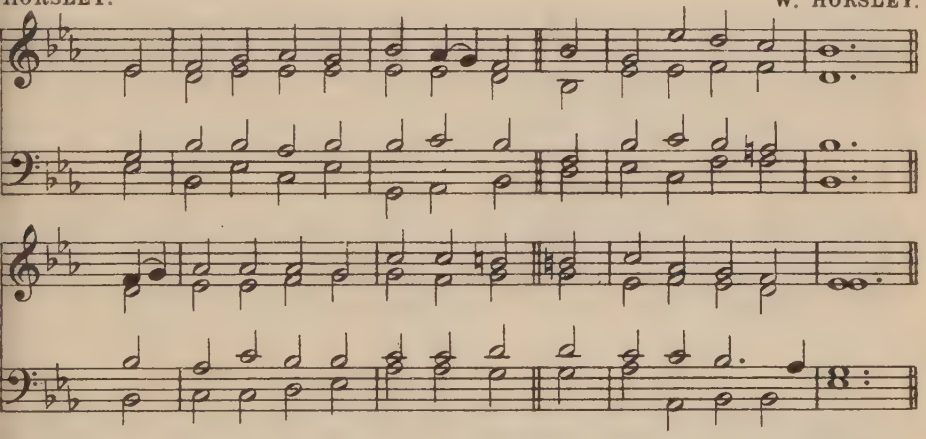

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, - Je - sus died for you and
2. Clouds and dark - ness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru - ci -
3. Oh, what won - drous, won - drous love, Brought me down at Je - sus'
4. Take me, Lord, and seal me Thine, Whol - ly Thine, for ev - er -
me, There He shed His pre - cious blood, That from sin we might be
- fied, "It is fin - ish'd," was His cry, When He bow'd His head, and
feet, Oh such won - drous dy - ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice com-
- more, Sweet as - sur - ance, Thou art mine, And the night of death is
free. Oh, the clean - sing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as
died. It is fin - ish'd! Yes, in - deed, All the world may now go
plete. Here I give my - self to Thee, Soul and bo - dy Thine to
o'er Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with-
snow; It was for me that Je - sus died, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
free. It was for this that Je - sus died, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
be, It was for me Thy blood was shed, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
in! It was for this Thy blood was shed, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

66. ON THE CROSS OF CALVARY—*continued.*



67. THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

HORSLEY. W. HORSLEY.



1. There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3. He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

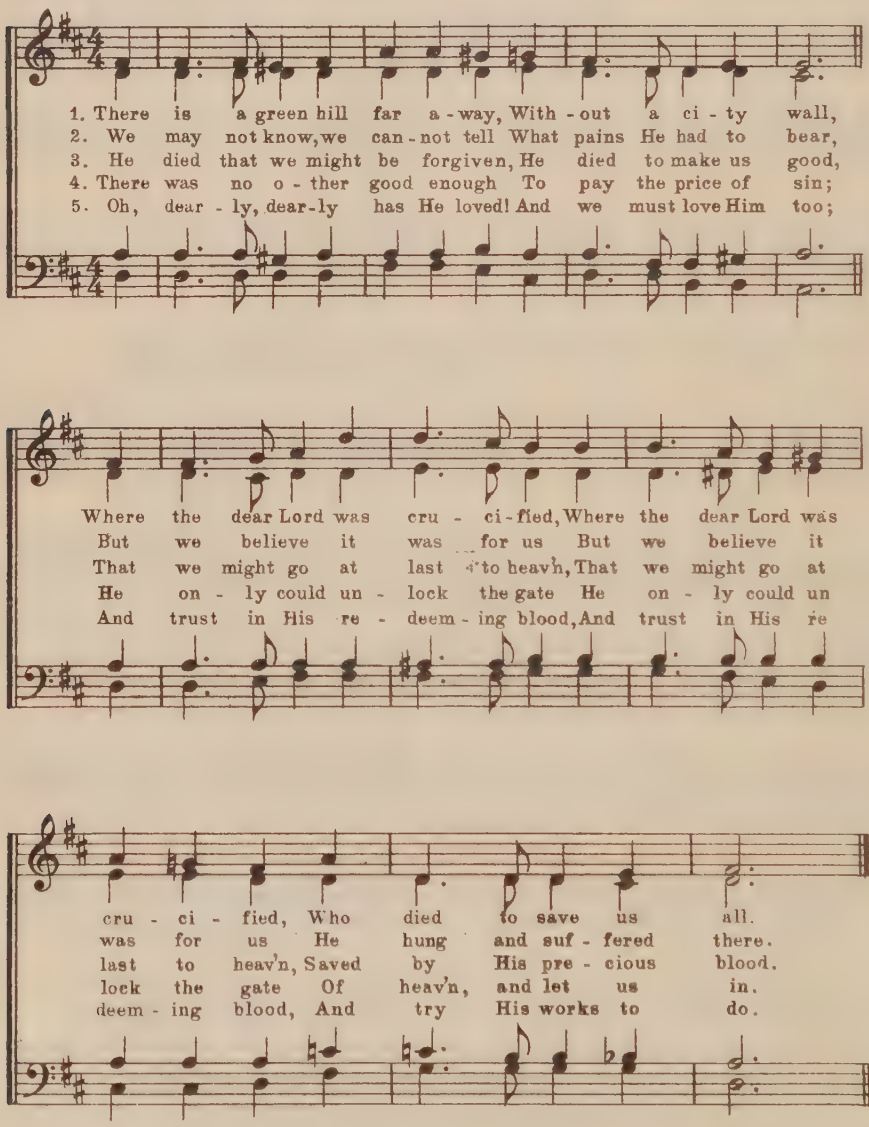
4. There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5. Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

"Rest."

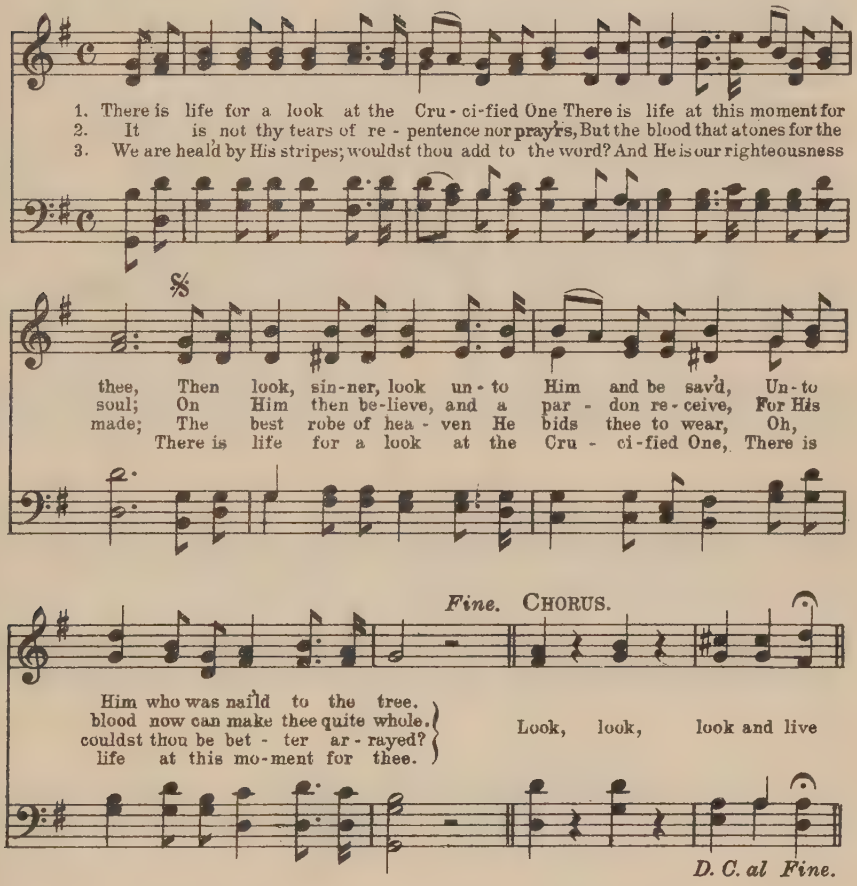
67A. Copyright: By permission of the Psalms and Hymns Trust.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. By per. F. C. MAKER.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
4. There was no o - ther good enough To pay the price of sin;
5. Oh, dear - ly, dear-ly has He loved! And we must love Him too;
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Where the dear Lord was
But we believe it was for us But we believe it
That we might go at last to heav'n, That we might go at
He on - ly could un - lock the gate He on - ly could un
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And trust in His re
cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

There is life for a look.

68.

ASA M. HULL. F. G. TAYLOR.

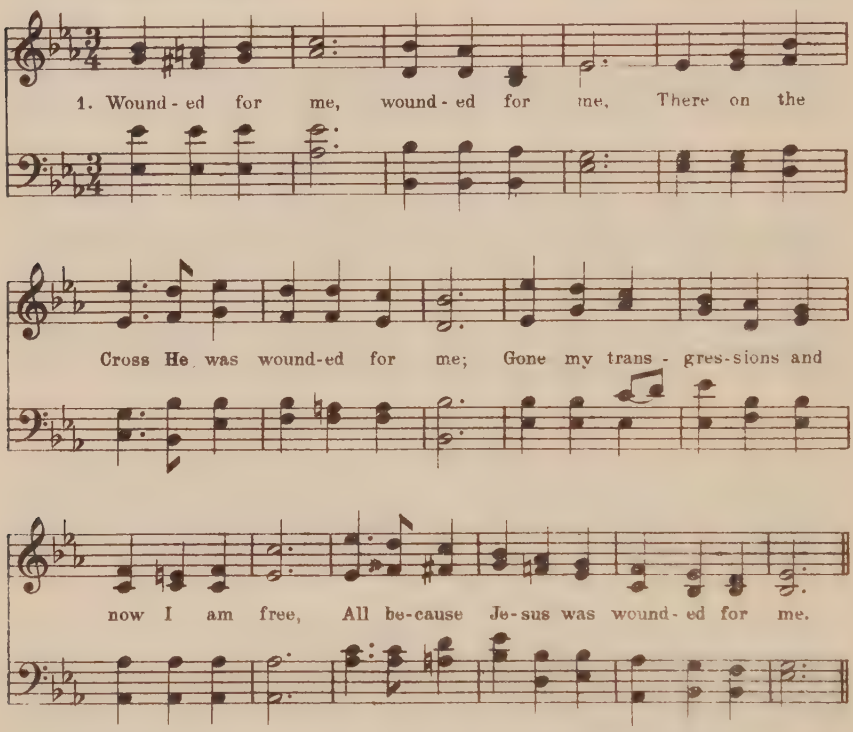

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci-fied One There is life at this moment for
2. It is not thy tears of re - pentence nor prayʼrs, But the blood that atones for the
3. We are healʼd by His stripes; wouldst thou add to the word? And He is our righteousness
thee, Then look, sin-ner, look un - to Him and be savʼd, Un-to
soul; On Him then be-lieve, and a par - don re - ceive, For His
made; The best robe of hea - ven He bids thee to wear, Oh,
There is life for a look at the Cru - ci-fied One, There is
Fine. CHORUS.
Him who was nailʼd to the tree.
blood now can make thee quite whole.
couldst thou be bet - ter ar - rayed?
life at this mo-ment for thee.
Look, look, look and live
D. C. al Fine.

4. Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

5. But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives:
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

69. Wounded for me.

Mrs G. WATKIN ROBERTS. W. G. OVENS, arranged.


1. Wound - ed for me, wound - ed for me, There on the
Cross He was wound-ed for me; Gone my trans - gres-sions and
now I am free, All be-cause Je-sus was wound - ed for me.

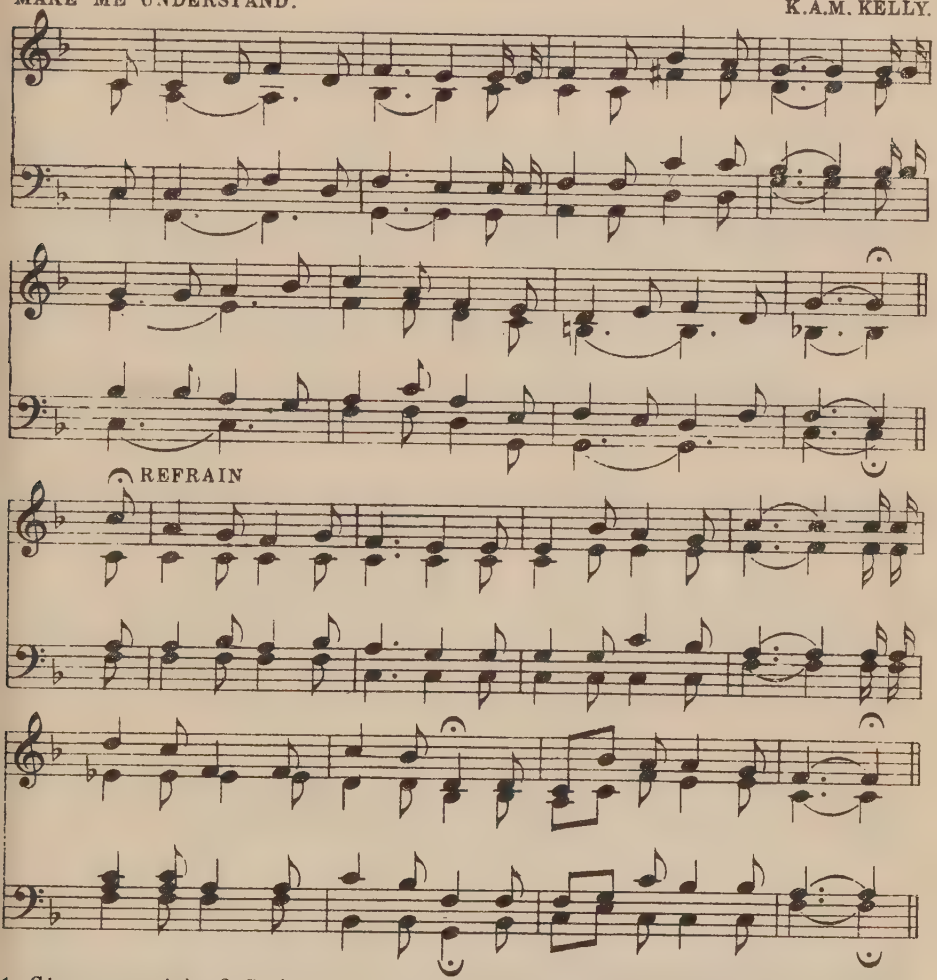
2. Risen for me, risen for me,
Up from the grave He has risen for me;
Now evermore from death's sting I am free,
All because Jesus has risen for me.

3. Living for me, living for me,
There on the Throne He is living for me;
Saved to the uttermost now I shall be,
All because Jesus is living for me.

4. Coming for me, coming for me,
One day to earth He is coming for me;
Then with what joy His dear face I shall see,
Oh, how I praise Him – He's coming for me.

70. GIVE ME A SIGHT O SAVIOUR.

MAKE ME UNDERSTAND. K.A.M. KELLY.



1. Give me a sight, O Saviour,
Of Thy wondrous love to me,
Of the love that brought Thee down to earth,
To die on Calvary.

Oh, make me understand it,
Help me to take it in,
What it meant to Thee, the Holy One,
To bear away my sin.

2. Was it the nails, O Saviour,
That bound Thee to the tree?
Nay, 'twas Thine everlasting love,
Thy love for me, for me.

3. Oh, wonder of all wonders,
That thro' Thy death for me,
My open sins, my secret sins,
Can all forgiven be.

4. Then melt my heart, O Saviour,
Bend me, yea, break me down,
Until I own Thee Conqueror,
And Lord and Sov'reign crown.

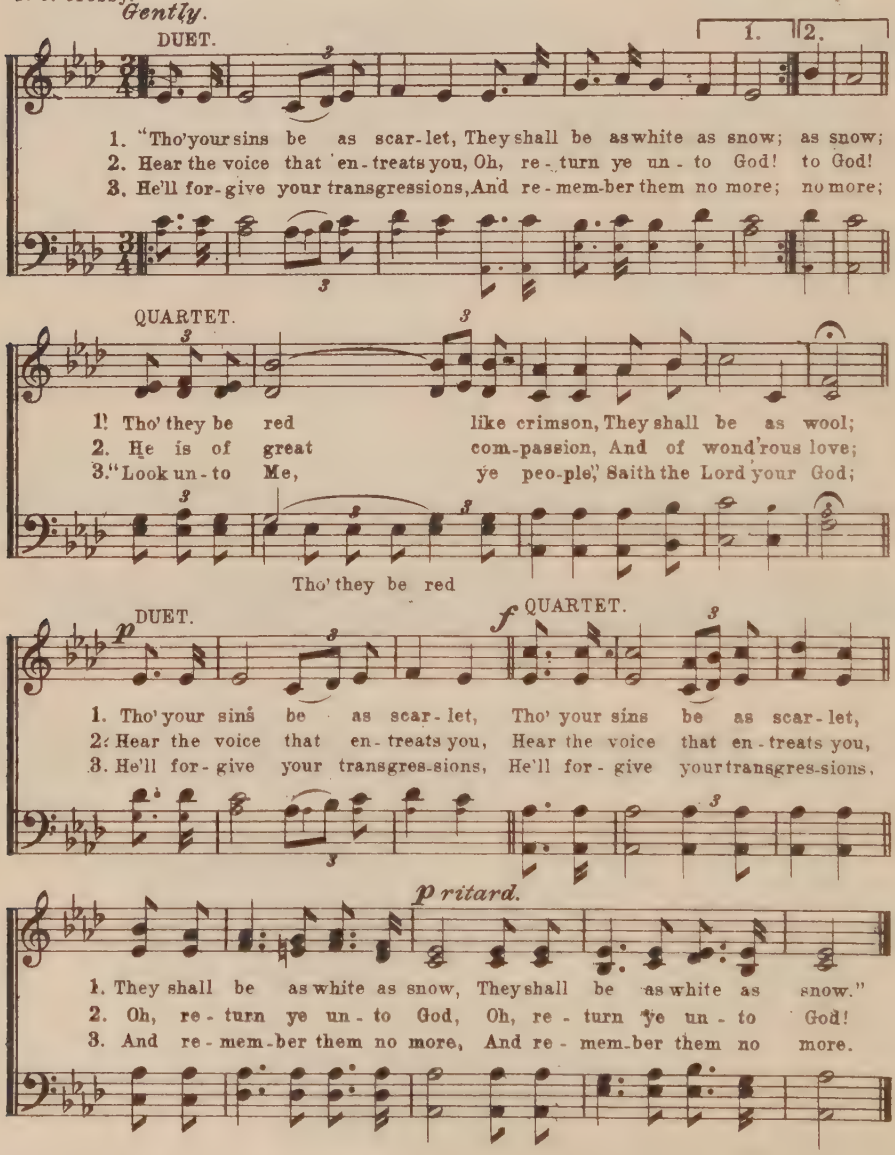
By permission. National Young Life Campaign.

THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

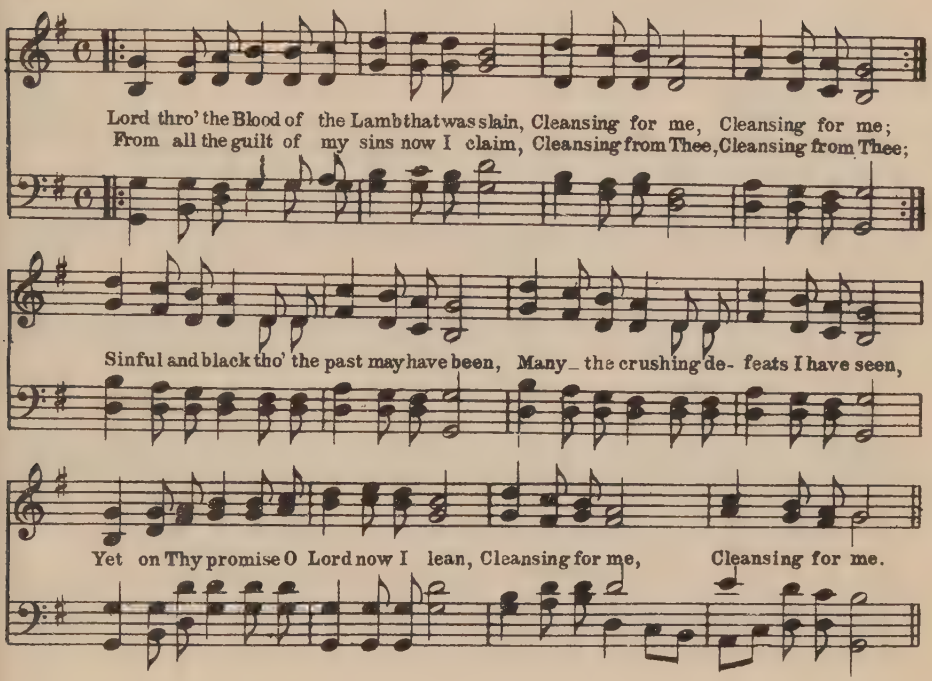
"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool" (Isaiah I. 18).

71.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane. By per.


Gently.
DUET.
1. 2.
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
1. Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool;
2. He is of great com-passion, And of wond'rous love;
3. "Look un-to Me, ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red
p DUET.
f QUARTET.
1. Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
3. He'll for-give your transgres-sions, He'll for-give your transgres-sions,
p ritard.
1. They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
2. Oh, re-turn ye un-to God, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
3. And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

72. CLEANSING FOR ME.


Lord thro' the Blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me;
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim, Cleansing from Thee, Cleansing from Thee;
Sinful and black tho' the past may have been, Many the crushing de- feats I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise O Lord now I lean, Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me.

2. From all the sins over which I have wept,
   Cleansing for me.
   Far, far away, by the Blood-current swept.
   Cleansing for me.
   Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
   And as I come Thou dost now me receive,
   That over sin I may never more grieve,
   Cleansing for me.

3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,
   Cleansing for me.
   From all the fears that would point me to doom,
   Cleansing for me.
   Jesus, although I may not understand,
   In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
   And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,
   Cleansed by Thee.

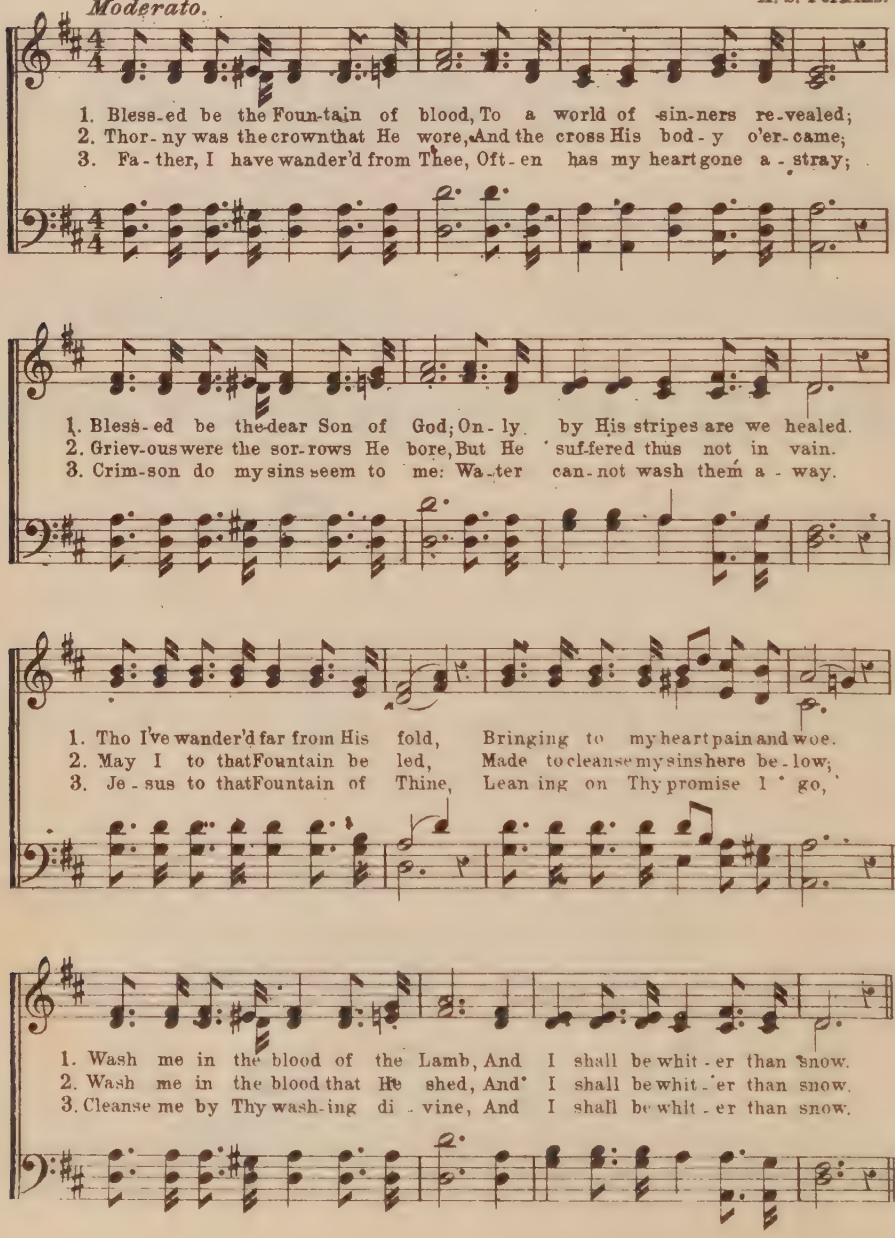
4. From all the care of what men think or say
   Cleansing for me.
   From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
   Cleansing for me.
   Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
   That all may know that to Thee I belong;
   When I am tempted let this be my song—
   Cleansing for me.

BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.

73.

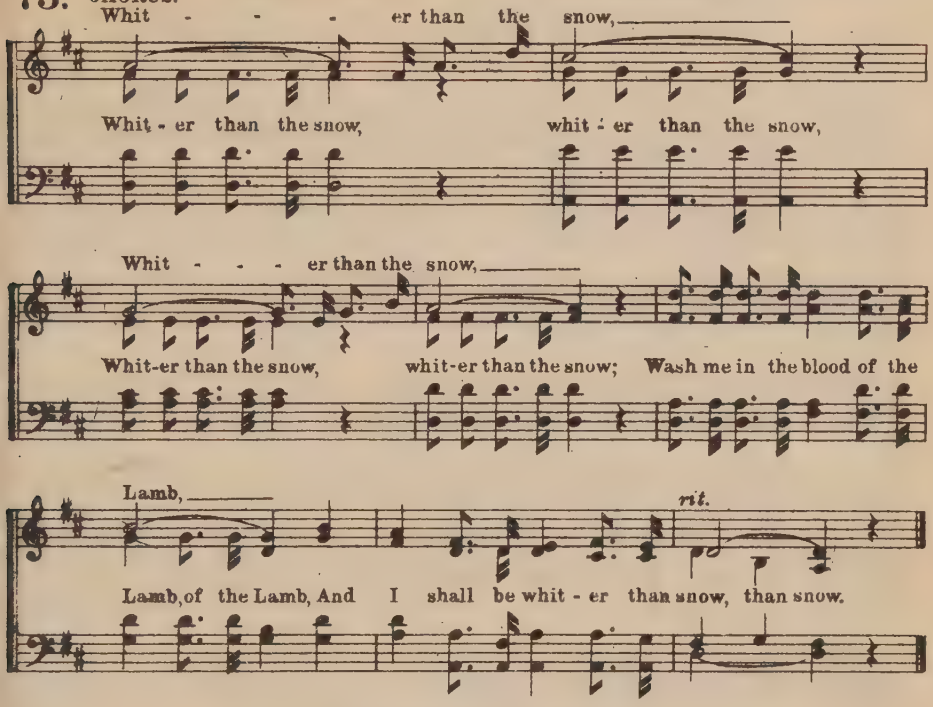
E. R. Latta. H. S. Perkins.

Moderato.


1. Bless-ed be the Foun-tain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thor-ny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wander'd from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
1. Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by His stripes are we healed.
2. Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suffered thus not in vain.
3. Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.
1. Tho I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe.
2. May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
3. Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go,
1. Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
2. Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
3. Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

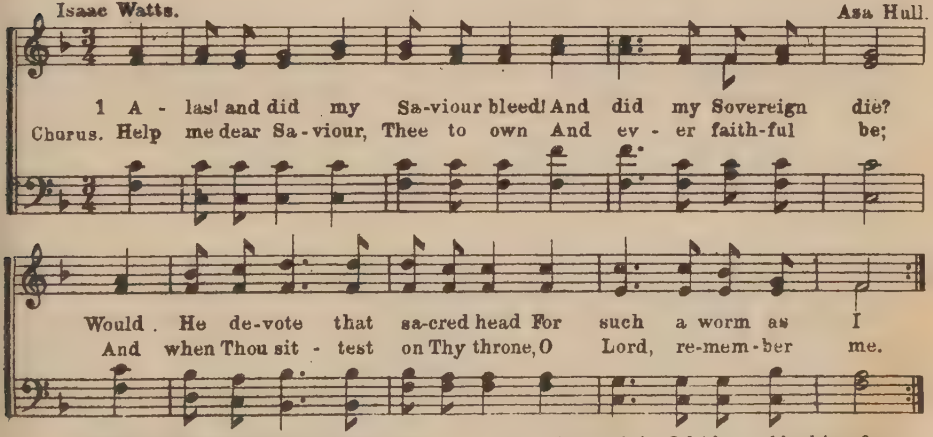
73. BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN. *continued.*

CHORUS.


Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,
Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the
Lamb,
rit.
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.

74. REMEMBER ME!

Isaac Watts. Asa Hull.


1 A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed! And did my Sovereign die?
Chorus. Help me dear Sa - viour, Thee to own And ev - er faith-ful be;
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

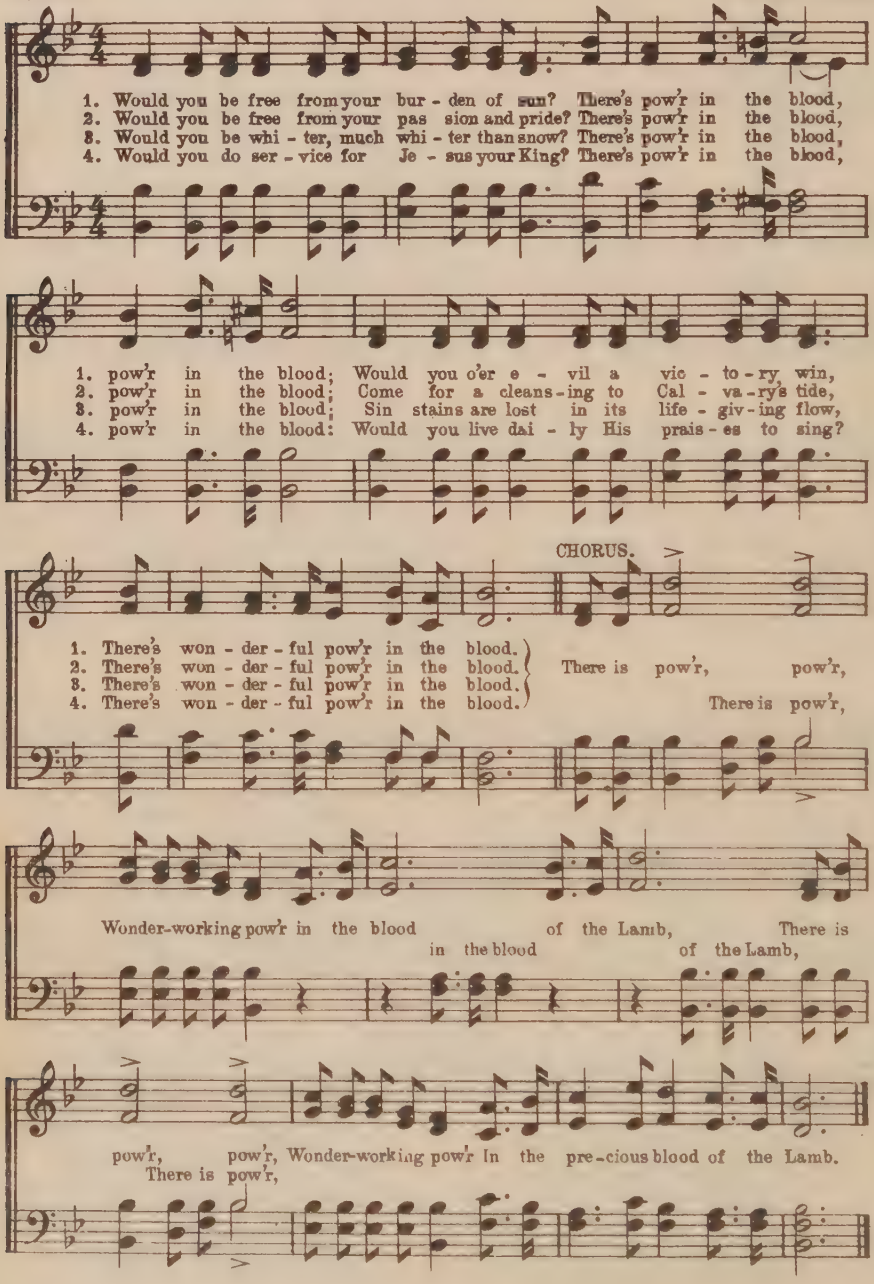
2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

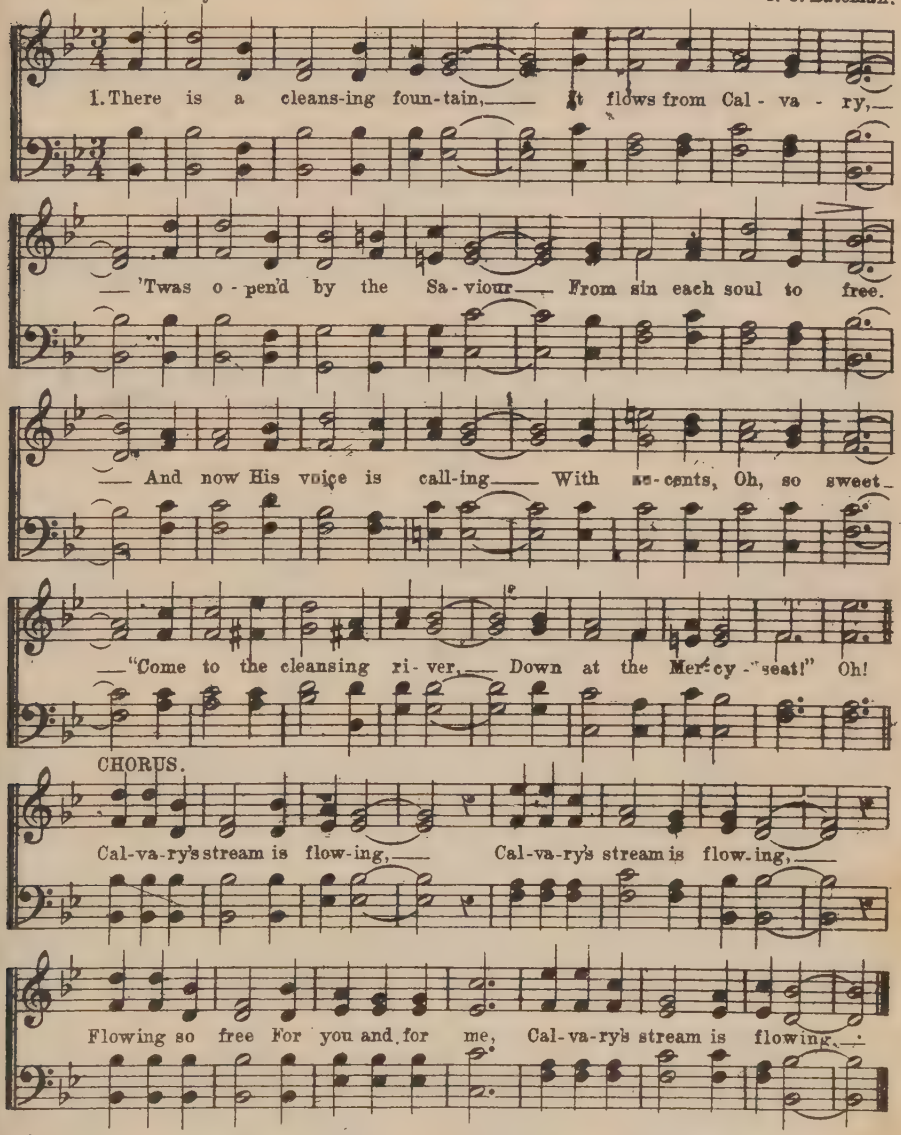
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

75. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sun? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whi - ter, much whi - ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do ser - vice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
1. pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
2. pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
3. pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
4. pow'r in the blood: Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?
CHORUS.
1. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.
2. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.
3. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.
4. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.
There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

76. CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

Words and Music by J. C. Bateman.

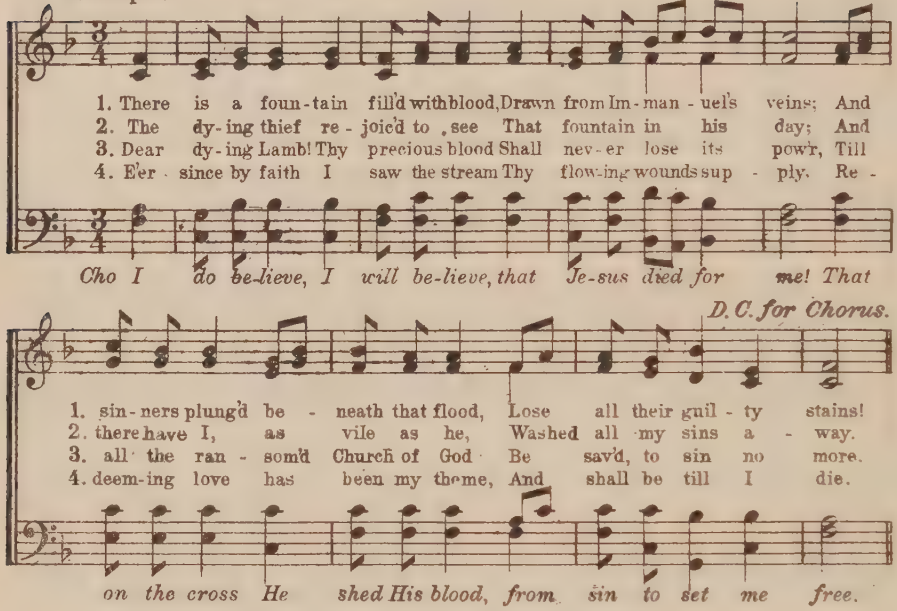

1. There is a cleans-ing foun-tain, — It flows from Cal - va - ry, —
— 'Twas o - pen'd by the Sa - viour — From sin each soul to free.
— And now His voice is call-ing — With ac-cents, Oh, so sweet —
— "Come to the cleansing ri - ver, — Down at the Mer-cy - seat!" Oh!
CHORUS.
Cal-va-ry's stream is flow-ing, — Cal-va-ry's stream is flow-ing, —
Flowing so free For you and for me, Cal-va-ry's stream is flowing.

2. Though worn and heavy laden,
And burdened with your sin,
There's virtue in the river;
O will you enter in?
There's healing in its waters,
There's cleansing in its stream;
Then look away to Calvary
Where mercy's light does beam.

3. This stream of life eternal
For you is flowing free;
O bow yourself for cleansing,
And gain your liberty.
Then Christ shall be your Saviour,
And out of you shall flow
A life of peace and heaven,
God's Paradise below.

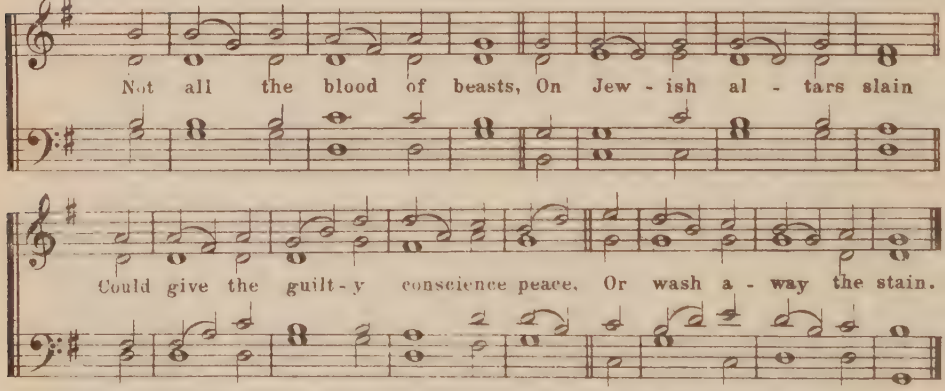
77. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. Cowper. C. M.


1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And
2. The dy-ing thief re-joic'd to see That fountain in his day; And
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply. Re-
Cho I do be-lieve, I will be-lieve, that Je-sus died for me! That
D.C. for Chorus.
1. sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains!
2. there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a-way.
3. all the ran-som'd Church of God Be sav'd, to sin no more.
4. deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
on the cross He shed His blood, from sin to set me free.

78. THE ATONING LAMB.

Isaac Watts. "DENNIS" From Nägeli.



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

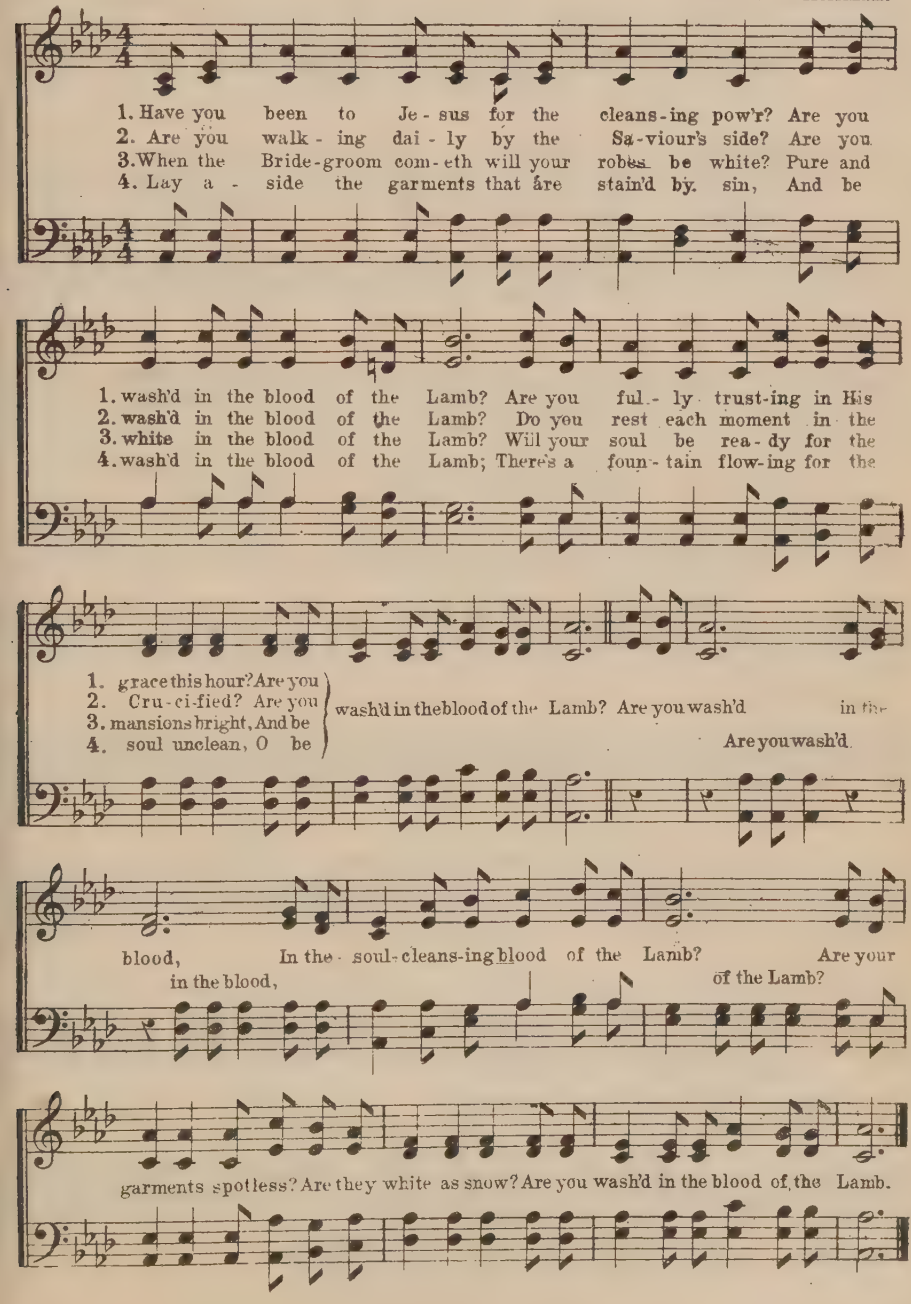
3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

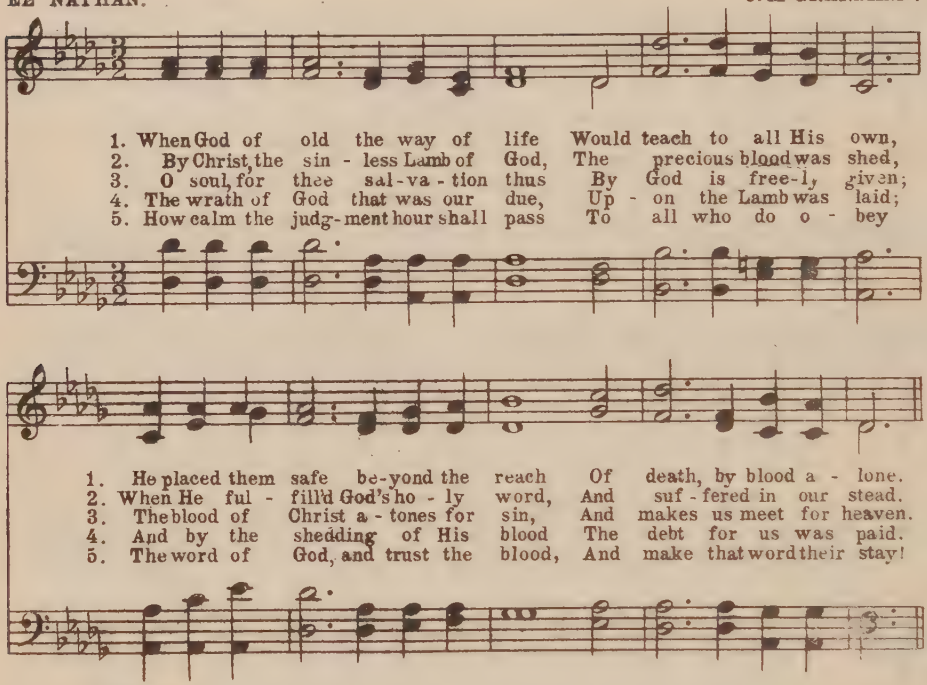
79. ARE YOU WASH'D IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sa-viour's side? Are you
3. When the Bride-groom com - eth will your robes be white? Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd by sin, And be
1. wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
2. wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
3. white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the
4. wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun - tain flow-ing for the
1. grace this hour? Are you
2. Cru - ci - fied? Are you
3. mansions bright, And be
4. soul unclean, O be
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
Are you wash'd
blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
in the blood, of the Lamb?
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

80. I WILL PASS OVER YOU.

EL NATHAN. J. McGRANAHAN.


1. When God of old the way of life Would teach to all His own,
2. By Christ, the sin - less Lamb of God, The precious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal-va - tion thus By God is free-ly given;
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm the judg-ment hour shall pass To all who do o - bey
1. He placed them safe be-yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
2. When He ful - filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
3. The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heaven.
4. And by the shedding of His blood The debt for us was paid.
5. The word of God, and trust the blood, And make that word their stay!
CHORUS.
It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for ev - er true;
It is His word, God's precious word,
'When I the Lord shall see the blood, I will pass o-ver you'.
'When I the Lord shall see the blood,

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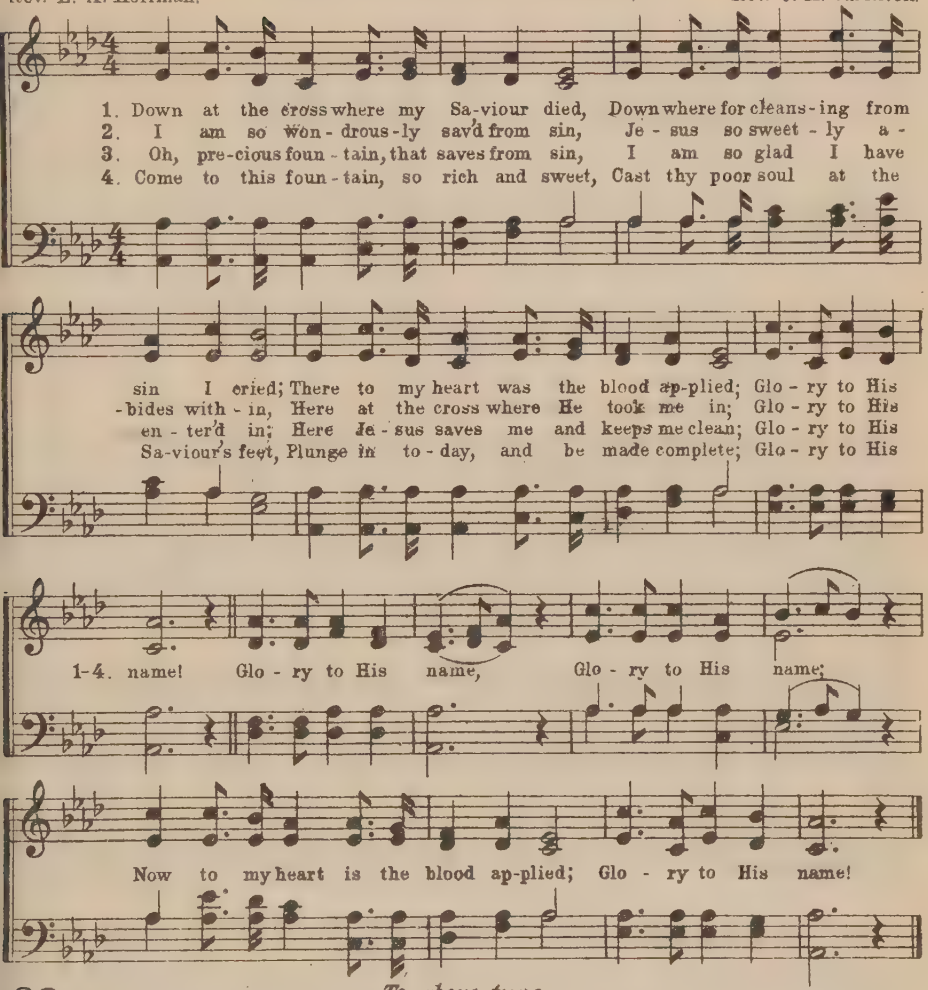
81. GLORY TO HIS NAME!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sa-viour died, Down where for cleans-ing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
-bides with-in, Here at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-ter'd in; Here Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
Sa-viour's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His
1-4. name! Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;
Now to my heart is the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name!

82.

To above tune.

1. Look to the Saviour on Calvary's tree—
See how He suffered for thee and me;
Hark, while He lovingly calls to thee,
Look, and thou shalt live!

Look, and thou shalt live!
Look to the cross where He died for thee:
Look, and thou shalt live!

2. Hast thou a sin-burdened soul to save?
Life everlasting wouldst thou have?
Jesus Himself a ransom gave:
Look, and thou shalt live!

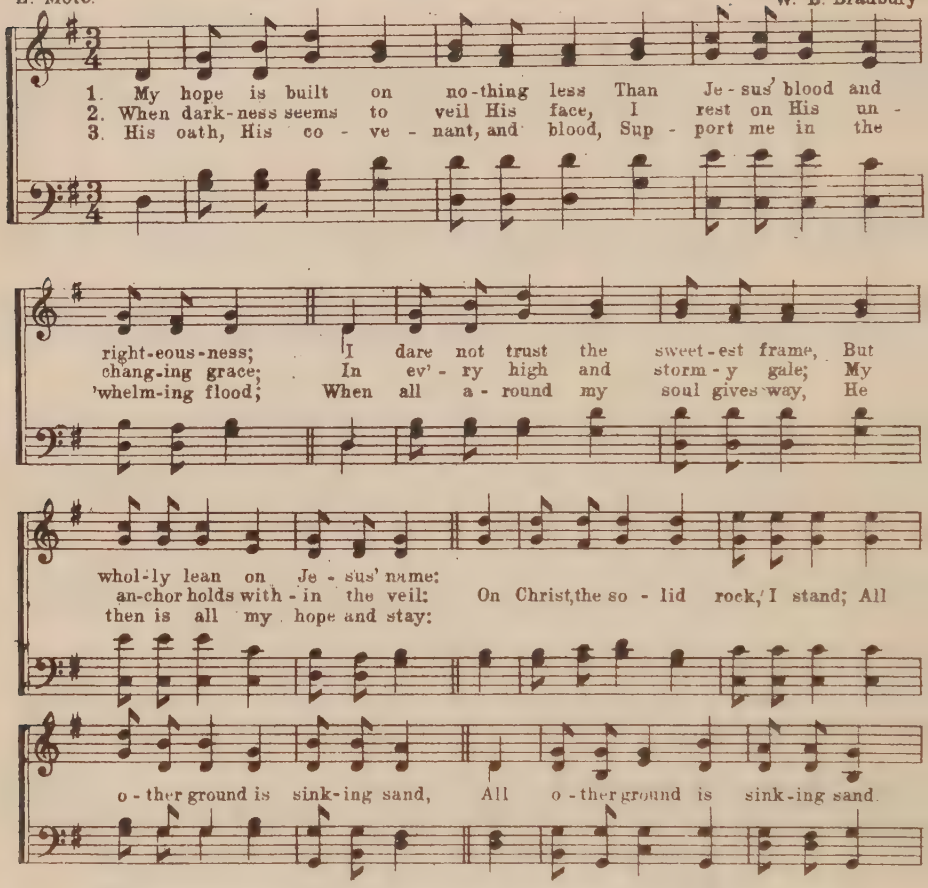
3. Look to the Saviour who rose from the tomb;
Come now to Him, while there yet is room;
His shining face will dispel thy gloom:
Look, and thou shalt live!

4. Jesus on high lives to intercede;
He knows the weary sinner's need;
Surely thy footsteps He will lead:
Look, and thou shalt live!

F. T. W.

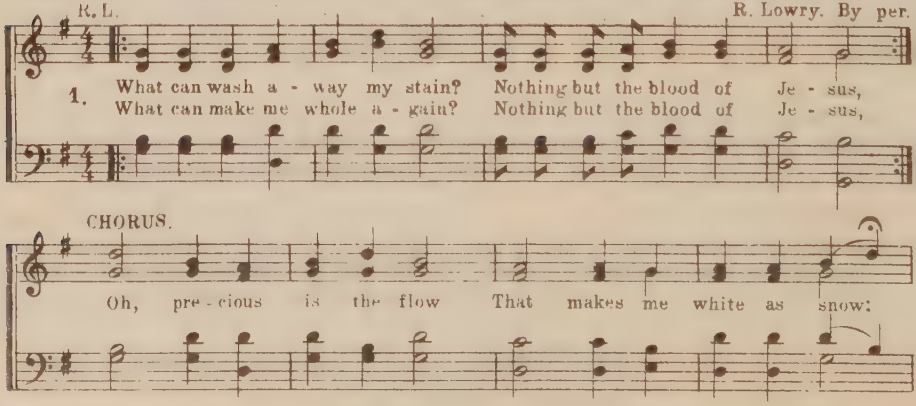
83. THE SOLID ROCK.

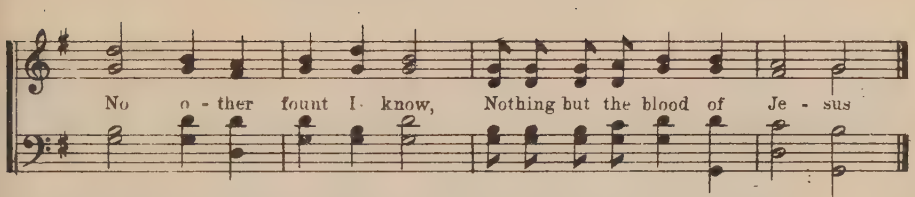
E. Mote. W. B. Bradbury


1. My hope is built on no-thing less Than Je-sus' blood and
2. When dark-ness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un-
3. His oath, His co-ve-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the
right-eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But
chang-ing grace; In ev'-ry high and storm-y gale; My
'whelm-ing flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He
whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name:
an-chor holds with-in the veil: On Christ, the so-lid rock, I stand; All
then is all my hope and stay:
o-ther ground is sink-ing sand, All o-ther ground is sink-ing sand.

84. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L. R. Lowry. By per.


1. What can wash a-way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus,
What can make me whole a-gain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus,
CHORUS.
Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow:

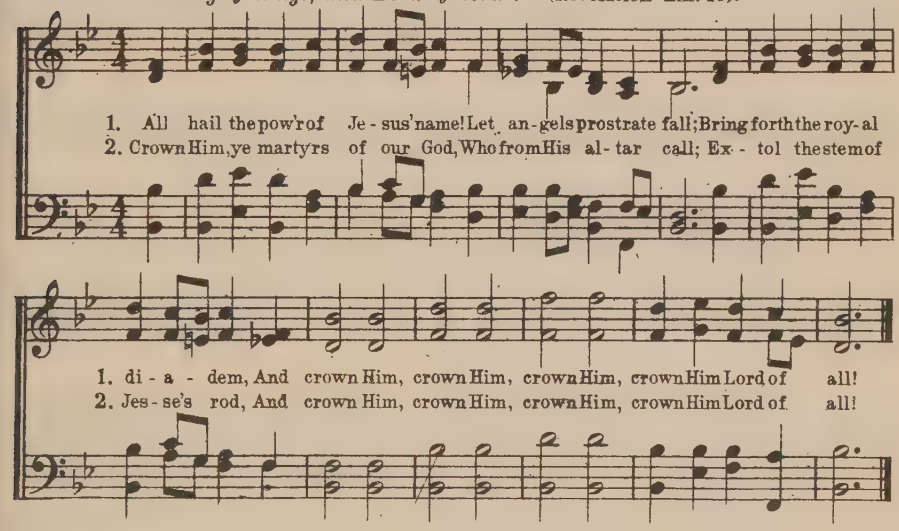


2. For my cleansing this I see,
For my pardon this my plea.
3. Nothing can for sin atone,
Nought of good that I have done.
4. This is all my hope and peace
He is all my righteousness.
5. Now by this I overcome:
Now by this I'll reach my home:

85. ALL HAIL THE POWER!

Edward Perronet. W. Shrubsole.

"*King of kings, and Lord of lords.*" (Revelation xix. 16).


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
2. Crown Him, ye mart'yrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of
1. di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!
2. Jes - se's rod, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

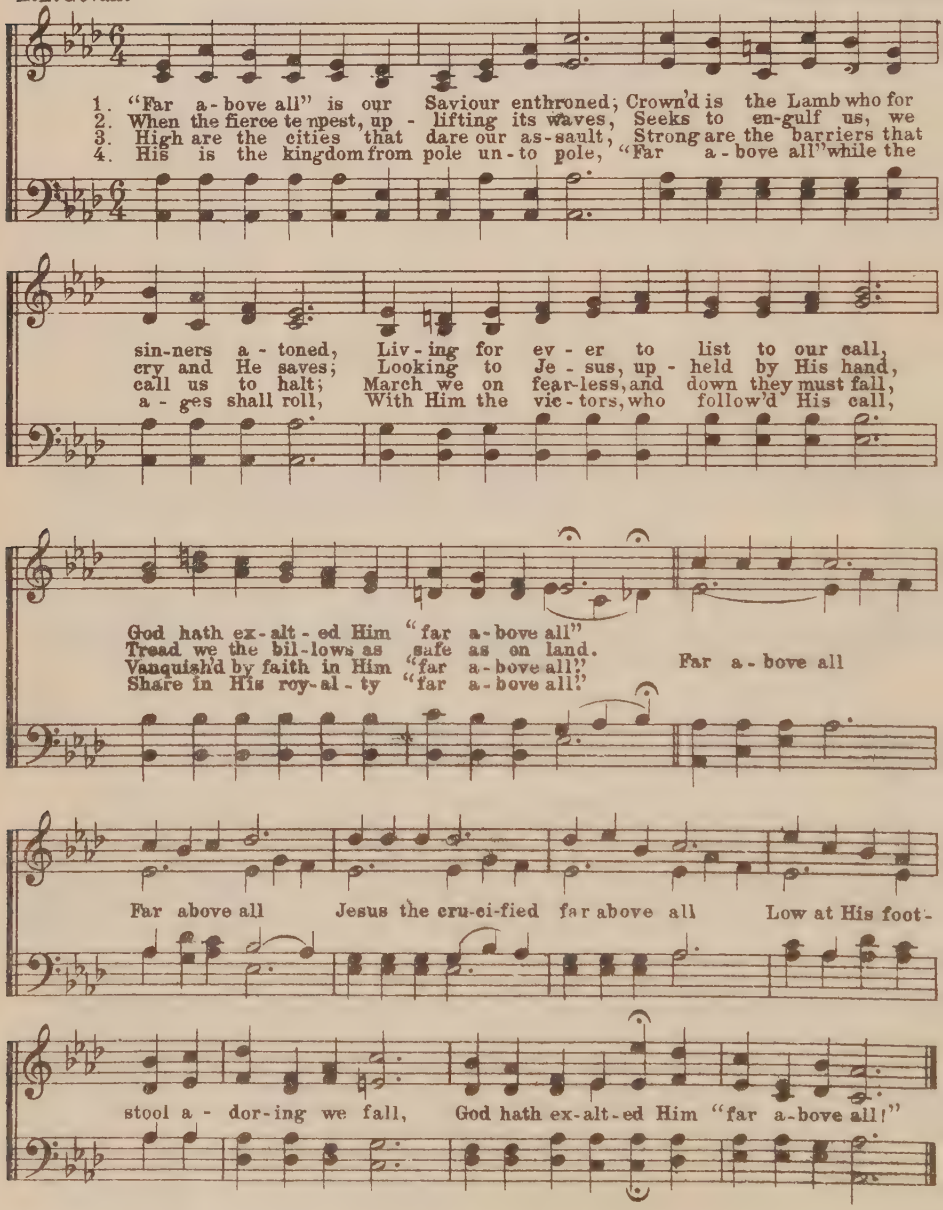
3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

"FAR ABOVE ALL."

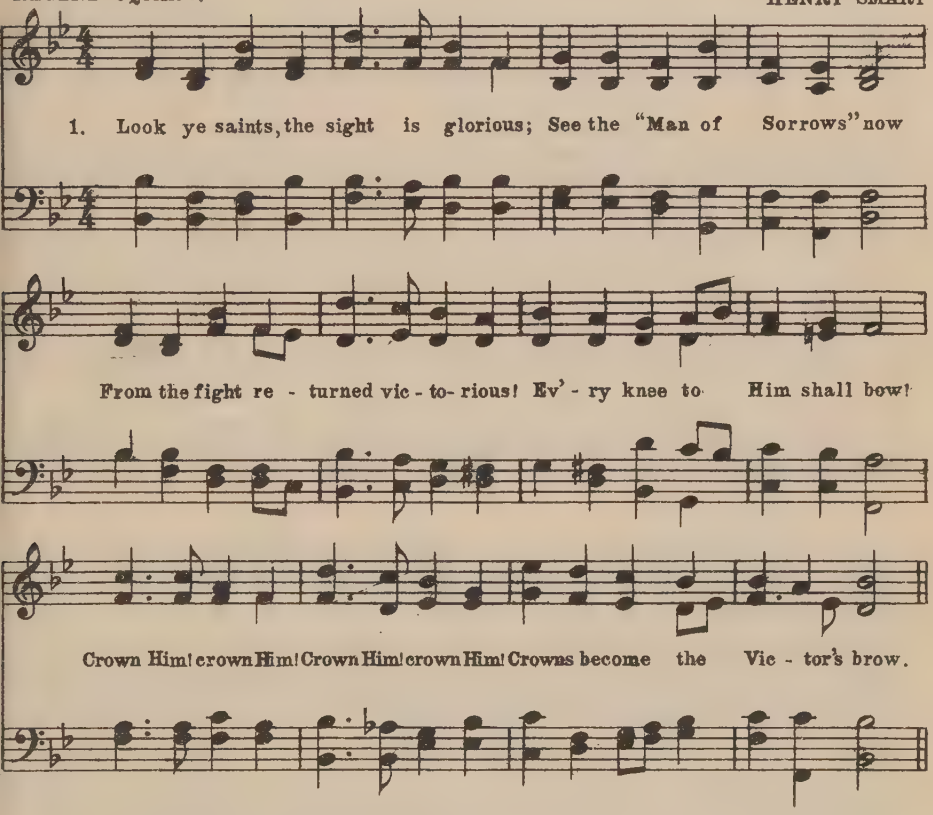
86.

H. E. Govan. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. "Far a-bove all" is our Saviour enthroned; Crown'd is the Lamb who for
2. When the fierce te mpest, up - lifting its waves, Seeks to en-gulf us, we
3. High are the cities that dare our as-sault, Strong are the barriers that
4. His is the kingdom from pole un-to pole, "Far a-bove all" while the
sin-ners a-toned; Liv-ing for ev-er to list to our call,
cry and He saves; Looking to Je-sus, up-held by His hand,
call us to halt; March we on fear-less, and down they must fall,
a-ges shall roll, With Him the vic-tors, who follow'd His call,
God hath ex-alt-ed Him "far a-bove all"
Tread we the bil-lows as safe as on land.
Vanquish'd by faith in Him "far a-bove all"
Share in His roy-al-ty "far a-bove all"
Far a-bove all
Far above all Jesus the cru-ci-fied far above all Low at His foot-
stool a-dor-ing we fall, God hath ex-alt-ed Him "far a-bove all!"

87. LOOK, YE SAINTS!

REGENT SQUARE. HENRY SMART


1. Look ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the "Man of Sorrows" now
From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious! Ev' - ry knee to Him shall bow!
Crown Him! crown Him! Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow.

2. Crown the Saviour! Angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings!
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of Kings!

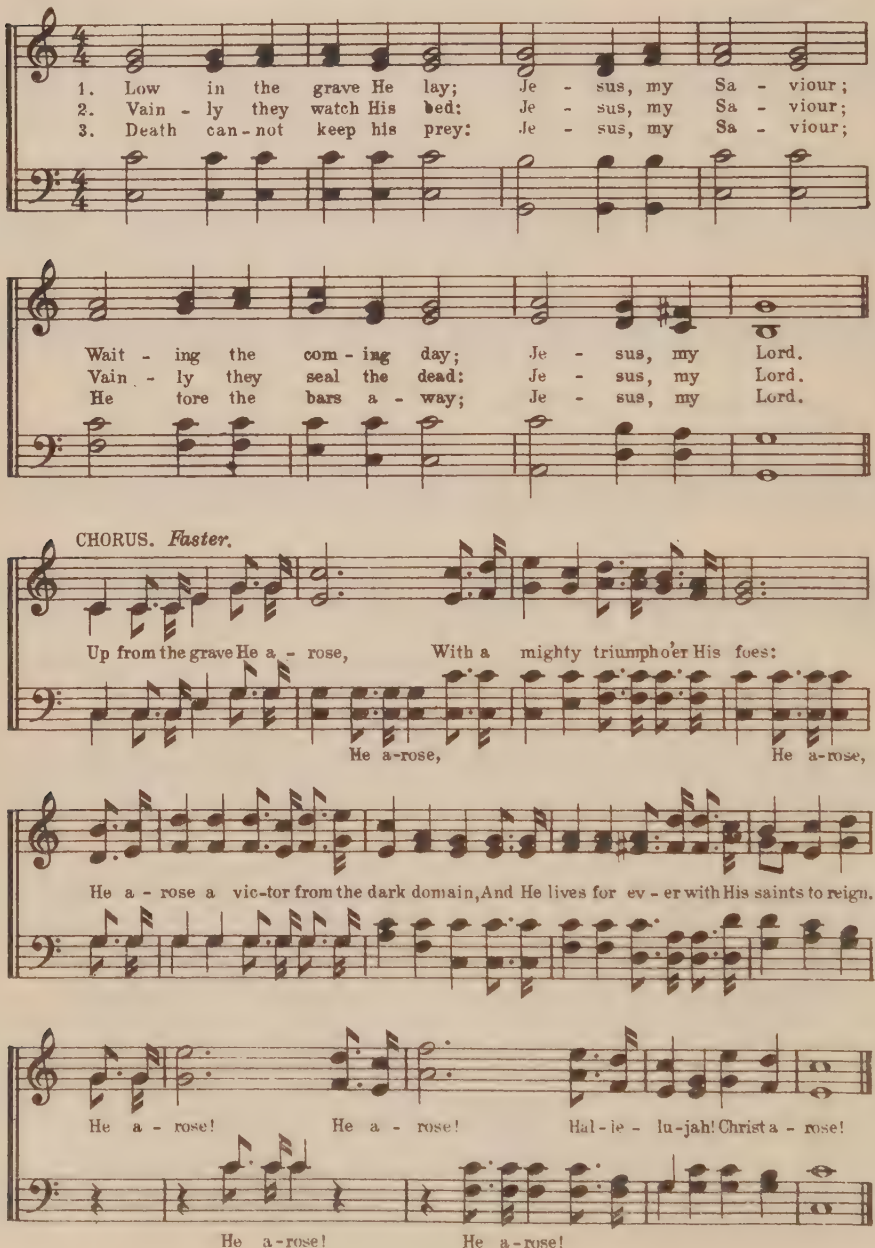
3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4. Hark those bursts of acclamation!
Hark those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

T KELLY.

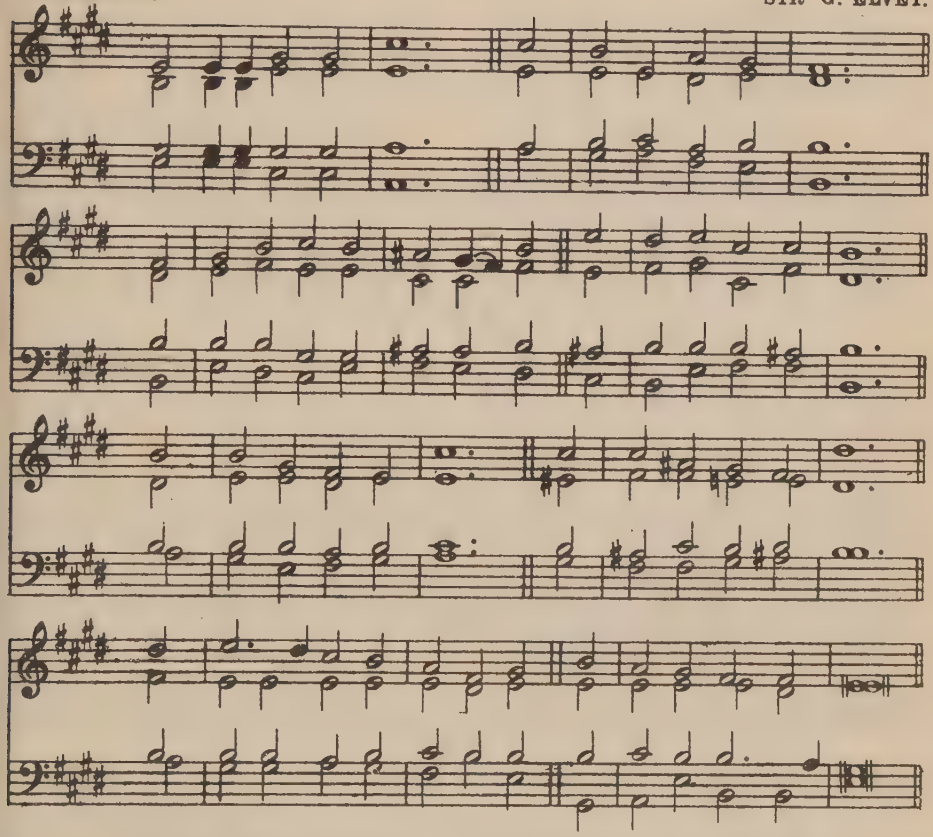
88. CHRIST AROSE.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Low in the grave He lay; Je - sus, my Sa - viour;
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed: Je - sus, my Sa - viour;
3. Death can - not keep his prey: Je - sus, my Sa - viour;
Wait - ing the com - ing day; Je - sus, my Lord.
Vain - ly they seal the dead: Je - sus, my Lord.
He tore the bars a - way; Je - sus, my Lord.
CHORUS. Faster.
Up from the grave He a - rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His foes:
He a-rose, He a-rose,
He a - rose a vic-tor from the dark domain, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign.
He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

89. "CROWN HIM . . . THE LAMB."

DIADEMATA. SIR G. ELVEY.



1. Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2. Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,
His wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

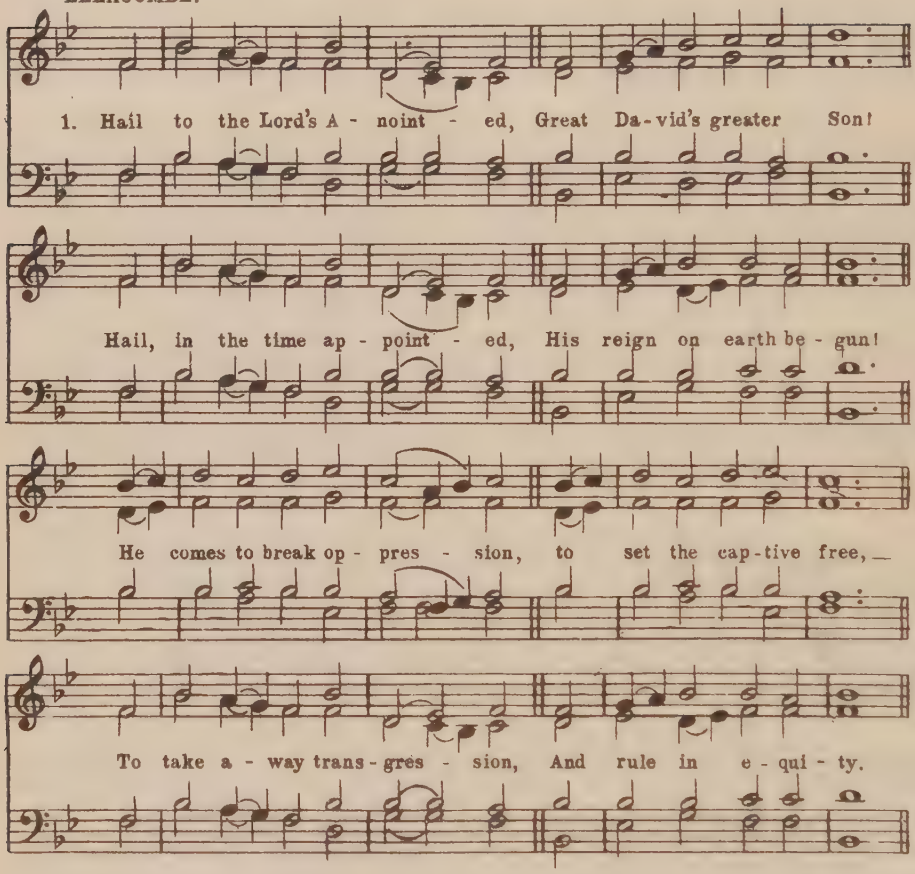
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorb'd in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4. Crown Him the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

M. BRIDGES.

THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

90. ELLACOMBE.


1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da-vid's greater Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, to set the cap-tive free,
To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

2. He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3. Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

4. O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

91.

(To Tune 90.)

1. The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who now can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called to Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3. A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

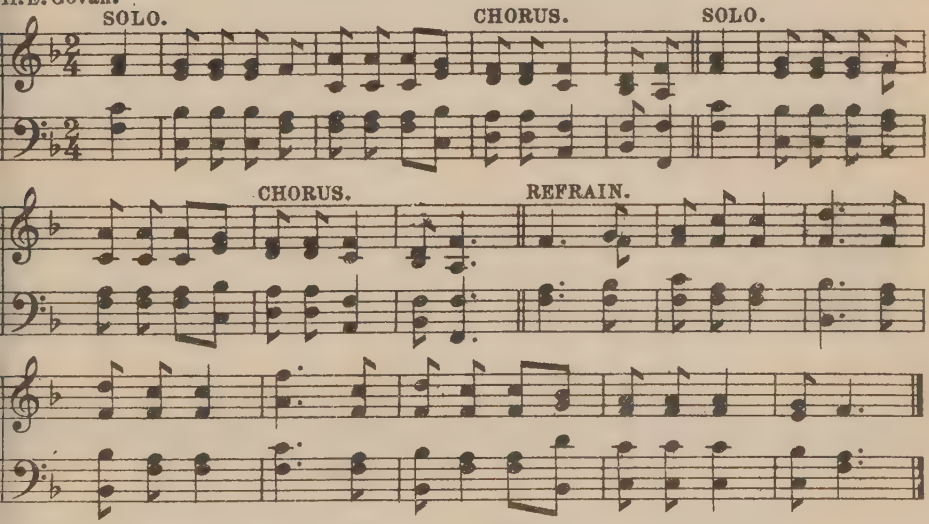
4. A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

BISHOP HEBER.

92.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

H. E. Govan.



1. No more athirst for fleeting joys,—
We would see Jesus,
In Him is bliss that never cloys,—
We would see Jesus.

Lord, we humbly pray,
Take the veil away!
Touch our hearts to-day! —
We would see Jesus.

2. The sight surpasses mortal ken,
Nor e'er was told by tongue or pen.

3. Blest Spirit, now Thine aid extend,
Disclose Him near as nearest friend.

4. Our hearts unveil, anoint our eyes
Till all self's glory fades and dies.

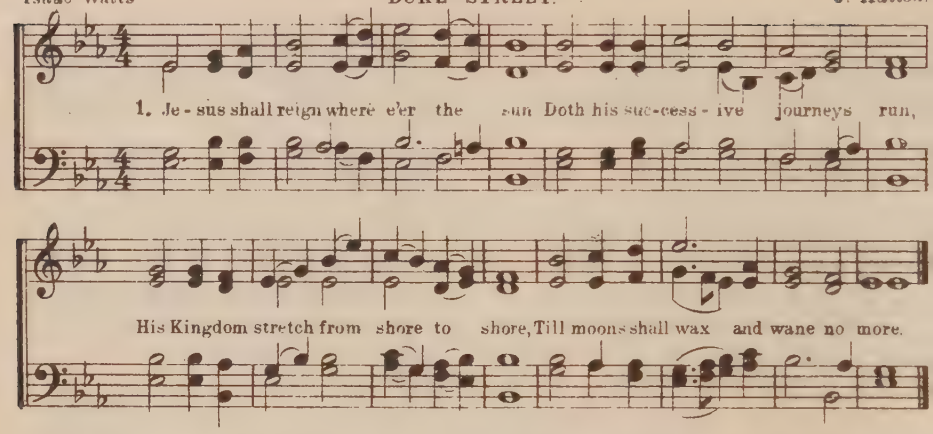
5. More marred than any man's, His face,
Yet none so crowned with truth and grace.

6. The Prince exalted to the throne,
His passion past, His triumph won.

7. Still more and more be this our quest,
Till welcomed home among the blest,
There to see Jesus.

93. JESUS SHALL REIGN.

Isaac Watts "DUKE STREET." J. Hatton.


1. Je - sus shall reign where e'er the sun Doth his suc-cess - ive journeys run,
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

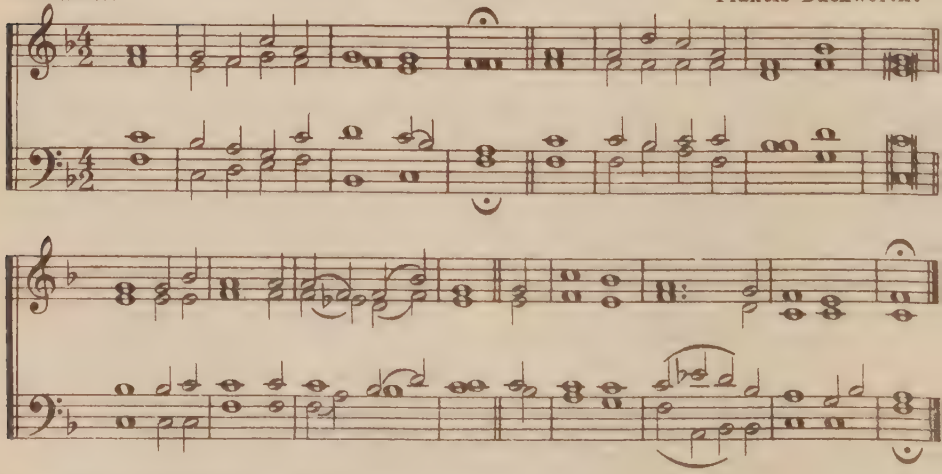
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long "Amen."

93.A

"RIMINGTON."

Dr. Watts. Francis Duckworth.



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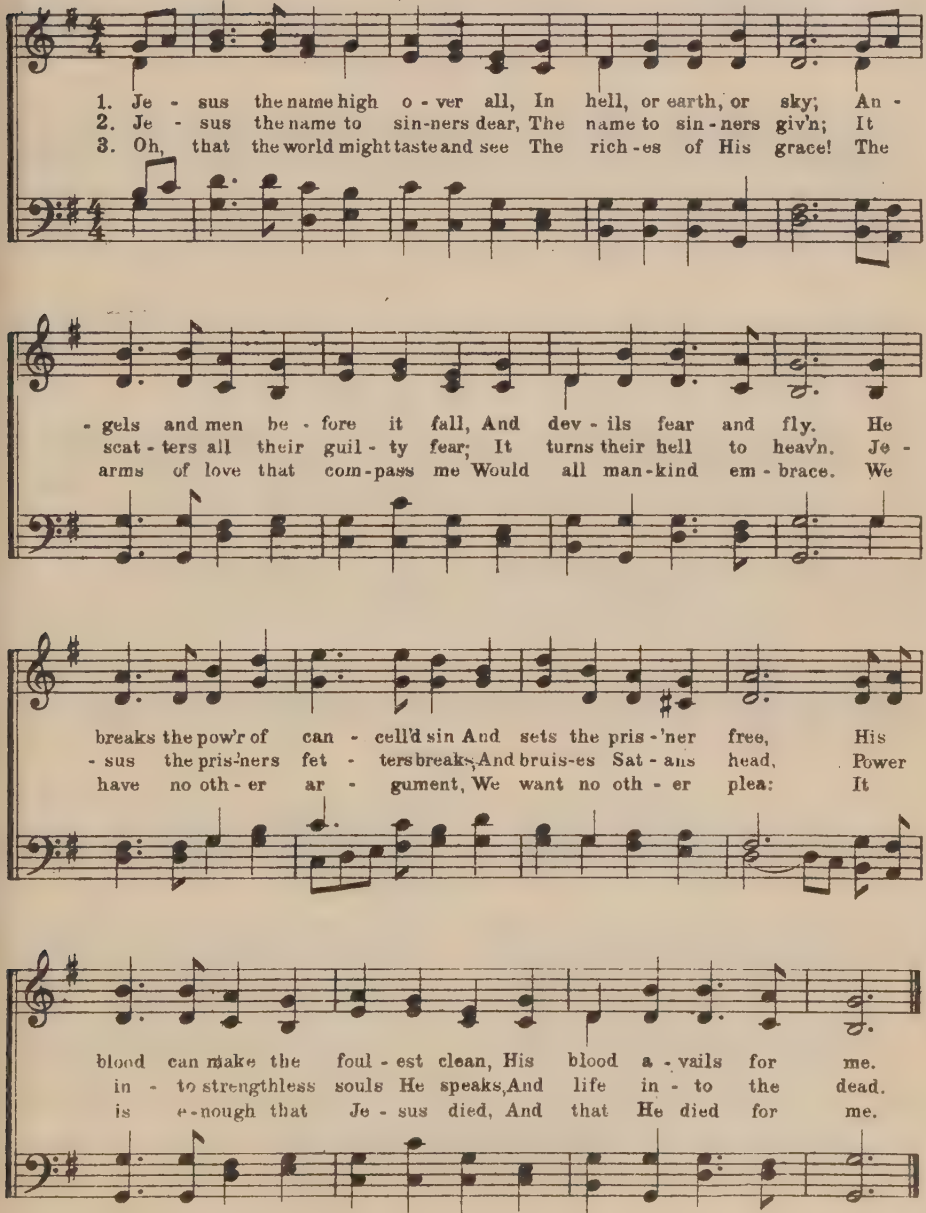
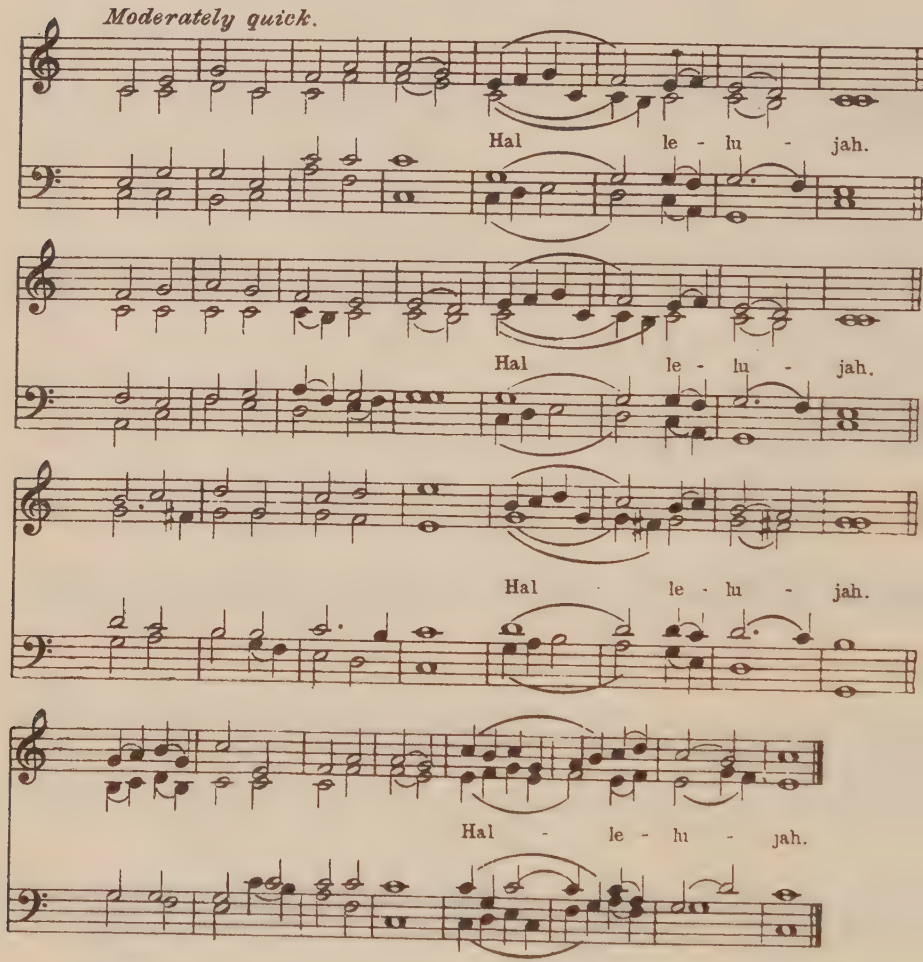
94. THE NAME HIGH OVER ALL.

C. Wesley.

Scottish Air.
Arr. by J. Mc. W. Bonnar.


1. Je - sus the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky; An -
2. Je - sus the name to sin-ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n; It
3. Oh, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of His grace! The
- gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly. He
scat - ters all their guil - ty fear; It turns their hell to heav'n. Je -
arms of love that com-pass me Would all man-kind em - brace. We
breaks the pow'r of can - cell'd sin And sets the pris - 'ner free, His
- sus the pris-ners fet - ters breaks, And bruis-es Sat - ans head, Power
have no oth - er ar - gument, We want no oth - er plea: It
blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vails for me.
in - to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
is e-nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.

95. CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.



1. "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joy and triumph high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2. Love's redeeming work is done:
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting;
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

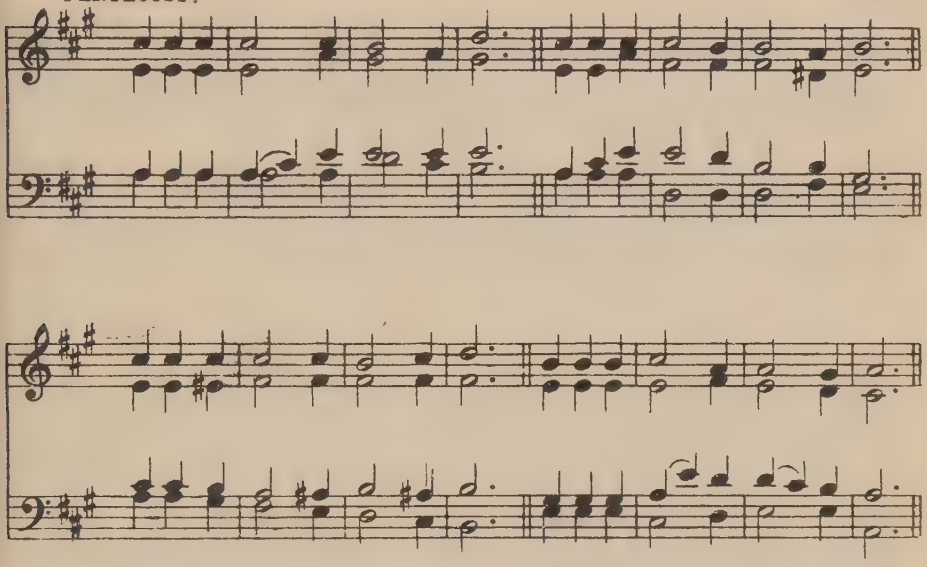
5. King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, Thy power to prove
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. WESLEY.

THE SON OF GOD IS COME TO SAVE.

96.

PENTECOST. W. BOYD



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1. The Son of God is come to save:
From highest heaven the Light has shone:
O Life, that overcomes the grave!
O Love, that bids our fears begone.

2. He bears away our load of guilt,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
For us the precious blood is spilt,
That washes white our darkest stain.

3. The ransom of our souls is paid;
'Tis finished, conflict stern and sore!
The reign of sin and death is stayed,
And Christ is King for evermore.

4. O Life, that overcomes the grave!
O Love, that bids our fears begone!
The Son of God is come to save;
Through deepest dark the Light has shone.

5. His grace and love are still the same,
Victorious on the Father's throne;
And every soul that pleads His name,
He gladly welcomes as His own.

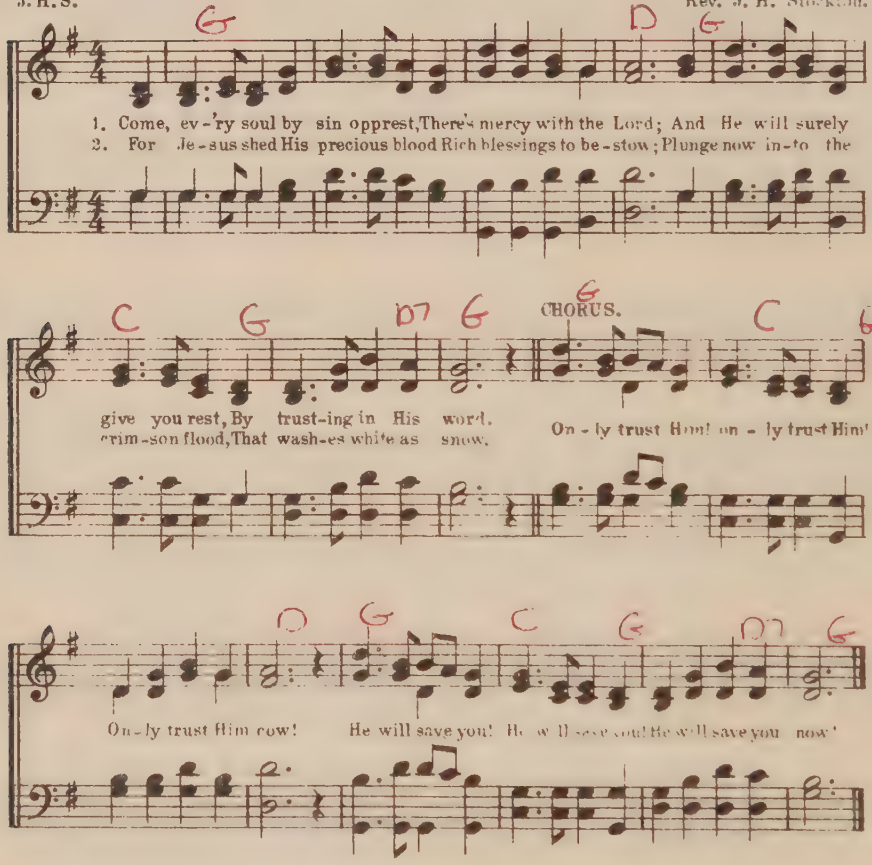
6. None other hope or help have we,
Behold, we come with all our sin;
O Christ, from darkening skies we flee,
Thy wounded hand will take us in.

7. O Love, that bids our fears begone!
O Life, that overcomes the grave!
Within our hearts the Light has shone;
The Son of God is come to save.

W. J. GOVAN.

97. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



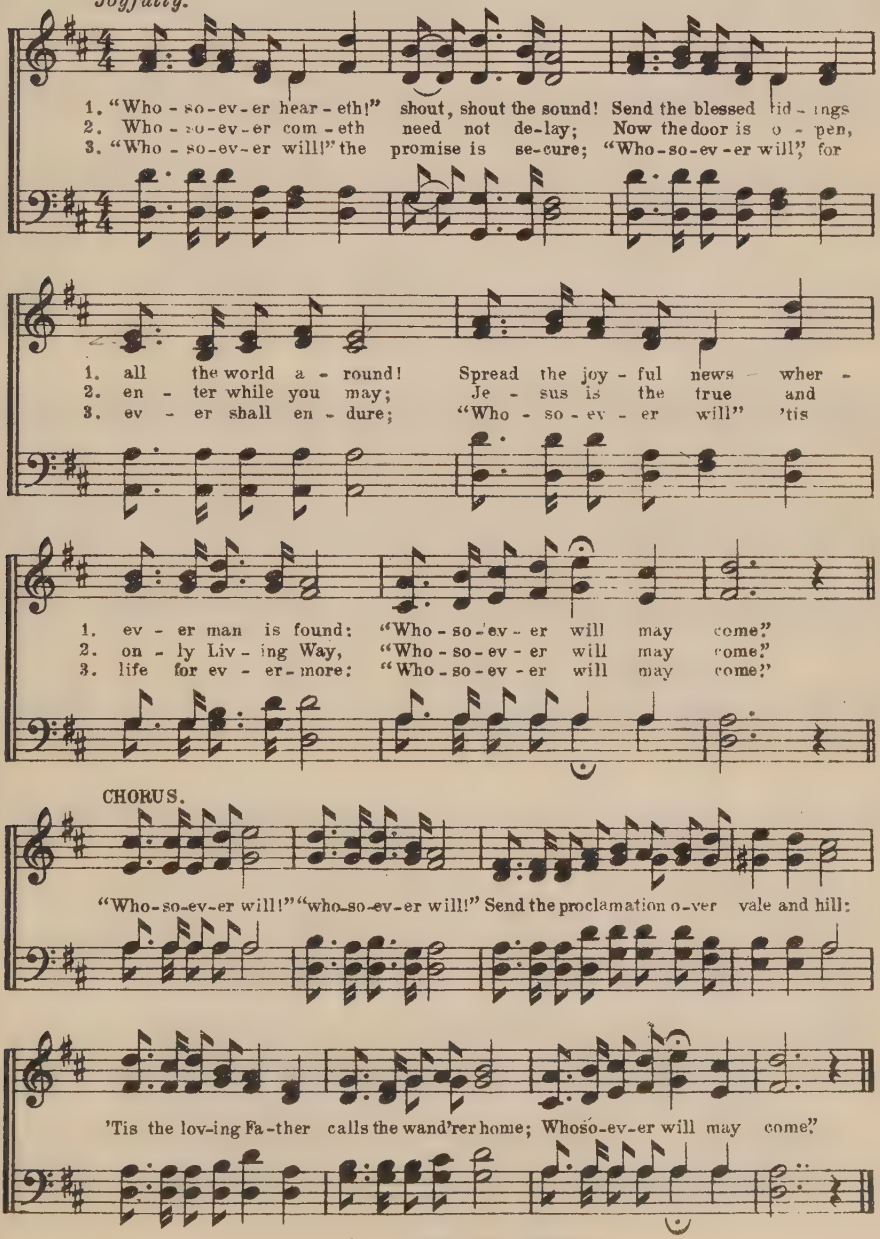
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

98. "WHOSOEVER WILL."

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Joyfully.


1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth!" shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tid - ings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay; Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will!" the promise is se - cure; "Who - so - ev - er will," for
1. all the world a - round! Spread the joy - ful news wher -
2. en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true and
3. ev - er shall en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will" 'tis
1. ev - er man is found: "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
2. on - ly Liv - ing Way, "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
3. life for ev - er - more: "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
CHORUS.
"Who-so-ev-er will!" "who-so-ev-er will!" Send the proclamation o-ver vale and hill:
'Tis the lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home; Whoso-ev-er will may come."

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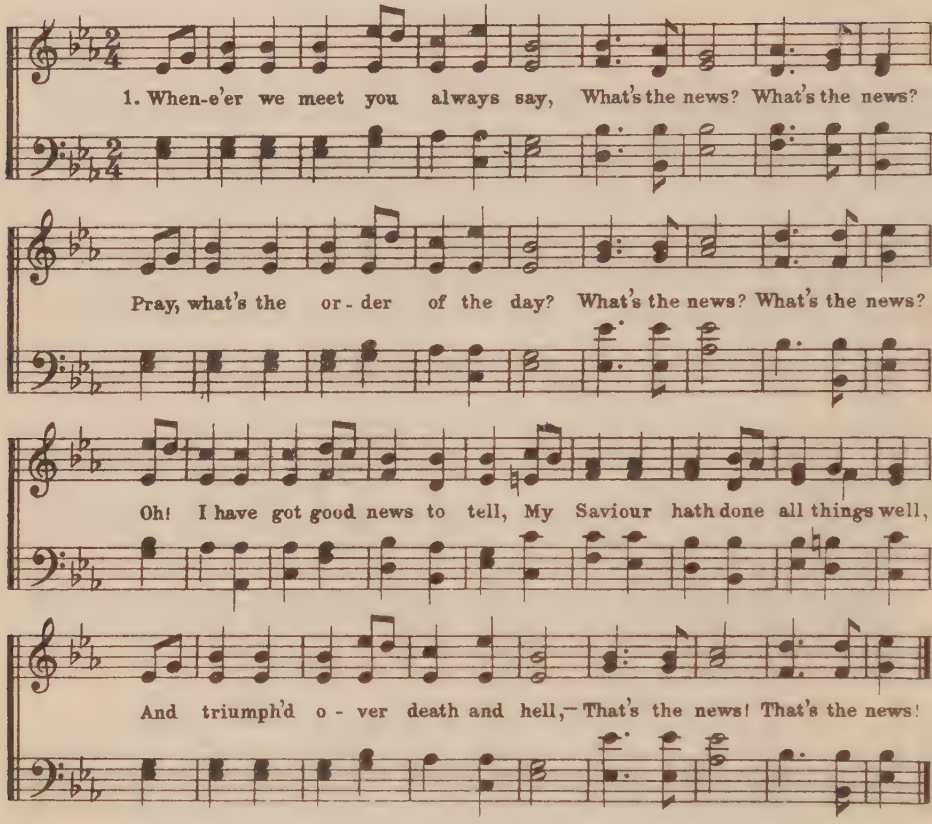
99. WHAT'S THE NEWS?


1. When-e'er we meet you always say, What's the news? What's the news?
Pray, what's the or - der of the day? What's the news? What's the news?
Oh! I have got good news to tell, My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumph'd o - ver death and hell,— That's the news! That's the news!

2. The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news!
For us He bowed His sacred head,
For us His precious blood was shed,
And now He's risen from the dead.
That's the news!

3. The Lord has pardon'd all my sin,
That's the news!
I feel the witness now within,
That's the news!
And since He took my guilt away
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news!

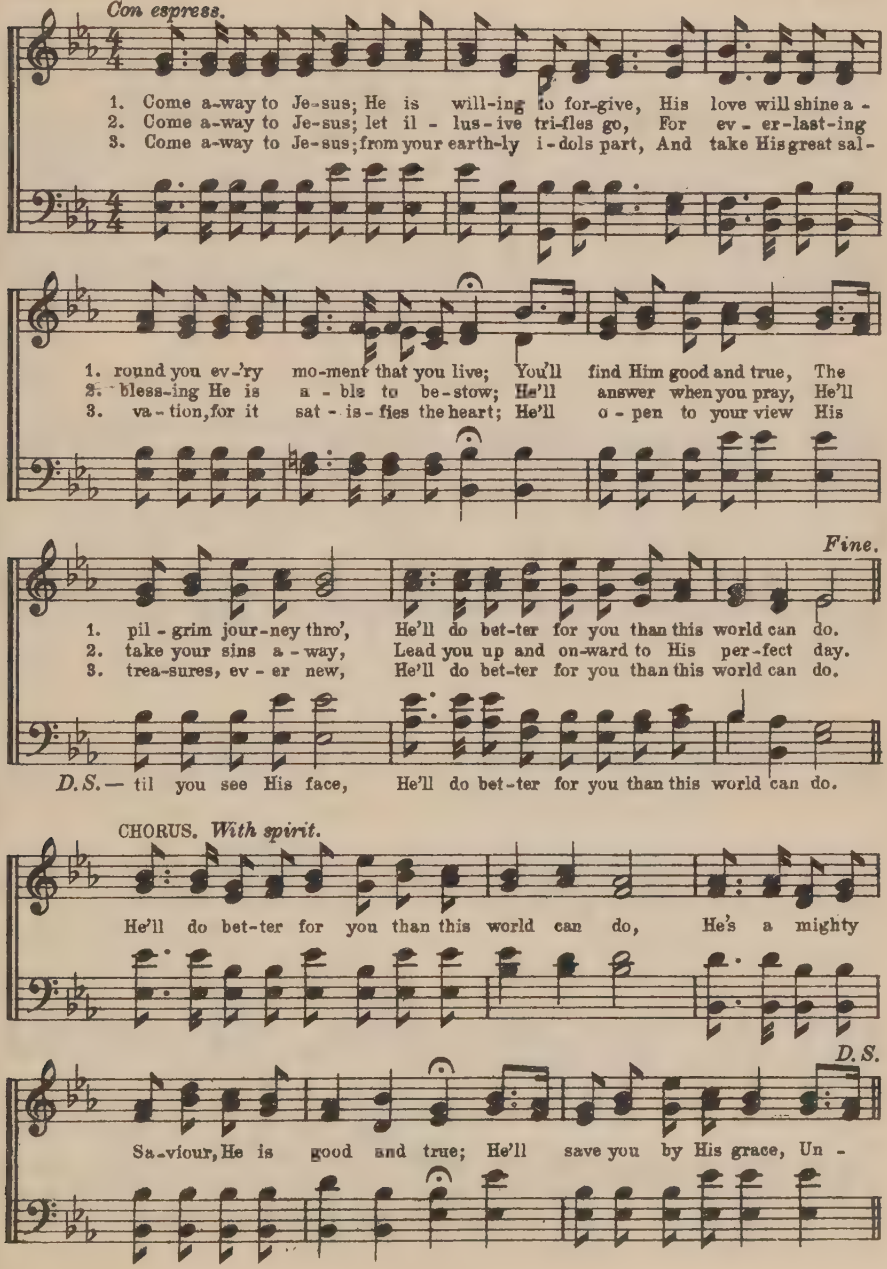
4. And Jesus Christ can save you too,
That's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew,
That's the news!
This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A ready pardon you'll receive.
That's the news!

5. And then if anyone should say—
"What's the news?"
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray,
That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land.
That's the news!

Alternative Tune No. 22

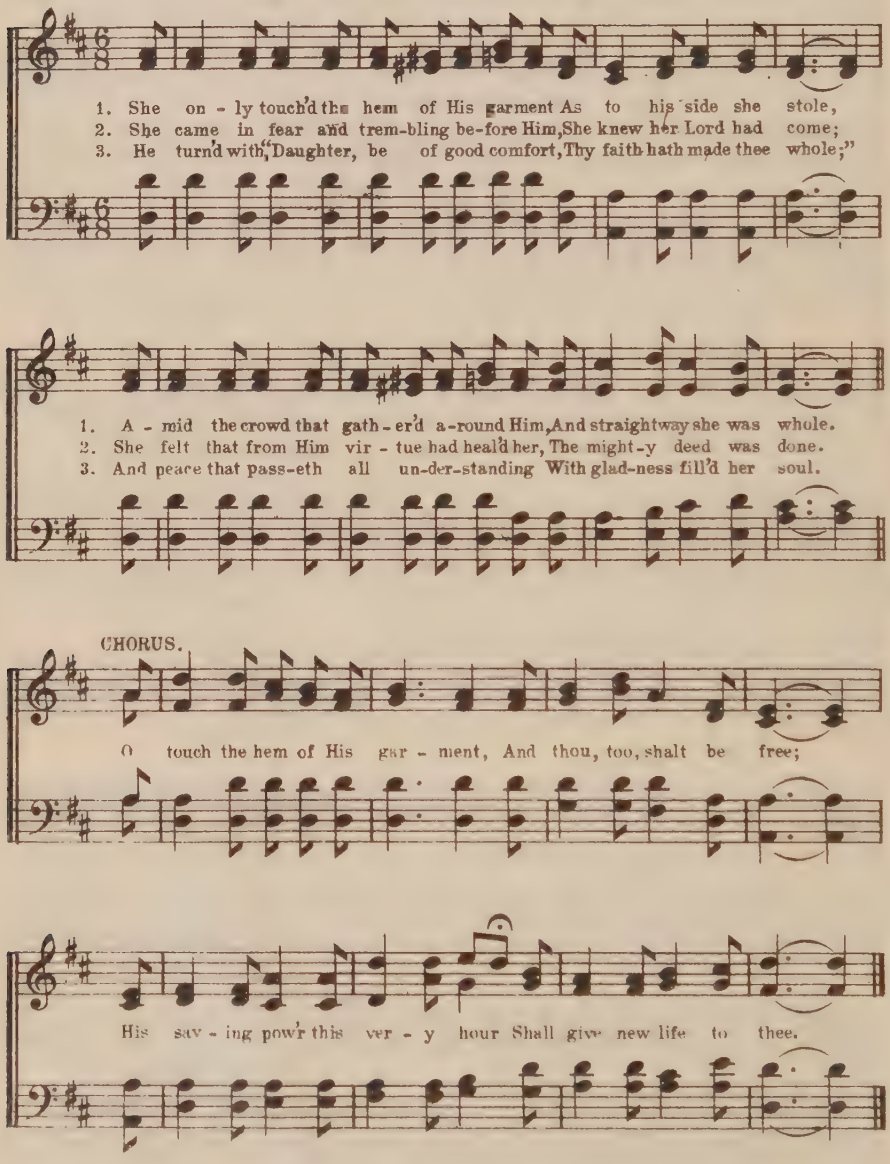
100. HE'LL DO BETTER FOR YOU.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Swener.

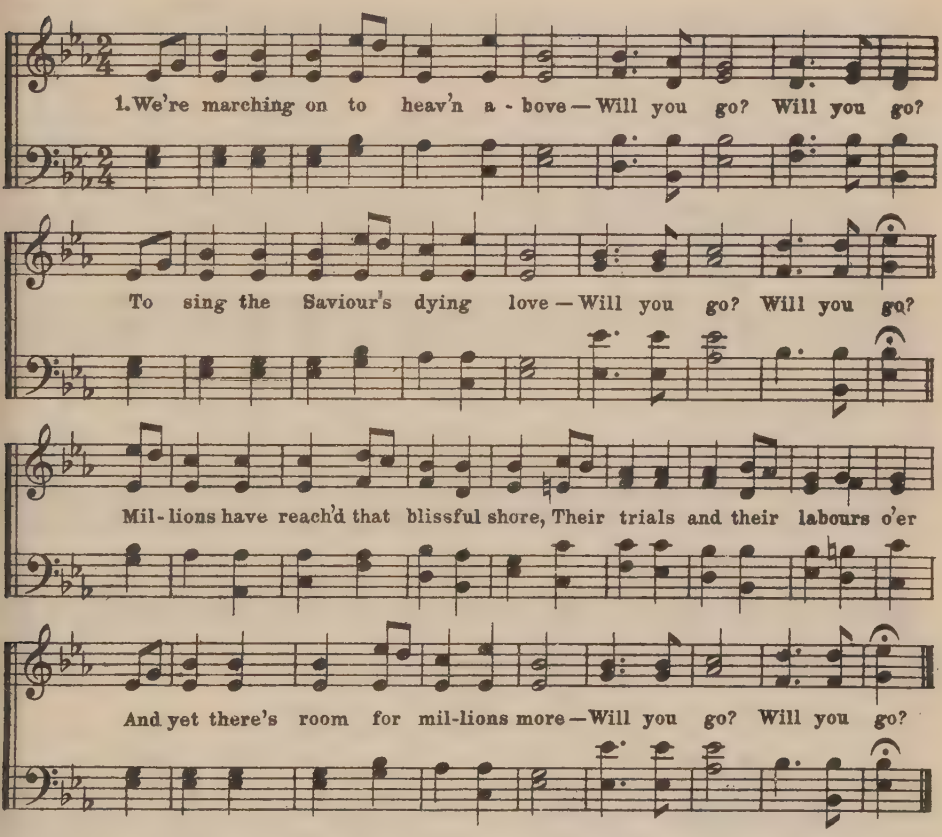

Con espress.
1. Come a-way to Je-sus; He is will-ing to for-give, His love will shine a-
2. Come a-way to Je-sus; let il-lus-ive tri-fles go, For ev-er-last-ing
3. Come a-way to Je-sus; from your earth-ly i-dols part, And take His great sal-
1. round you ev-'ry mo-ment that you live; You'll find Him good and true, The
2. bless-ing He is a-ble to be-stow; He'll answer when you pray, He'll
3. va-tion, for it sat-is-fies the heart; He'll o-pen to your view His
Fine.
1. pil-grim jour-ney thro', He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do.
2. take your sins a-way, Lead you up and on-ward to His per-fect day.
3. trea-sures, ev-er new, He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do.
D.S.— til you see His face, He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do.
CHORUS. With spirit.
He'll do bet-ter for you than this world can do, He's a mighty
D.S.
Sa-viour, He is good and true; He'll save you by His grace, Un-

101. THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

G. F. R. G. F. Root.


1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His garment As to his side she stole,
2. She came in fear and trem-bling be-fore Him, She knew her Lord had come;
3. He turn'd with "Daughter, be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole;"
1. A - mid the crowd that gath - er'd a-round Him, And straightway she was whole.
2. She felt that from Him vir - tue had heal'd her, The might-y deed was done.
3. And peace that pass-eth all un-der-standing With glad-ness fill'd her soul.
CHORUS.
O touch the hem of His gar - ment, And thou, too, shalt be free;
His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

102. HEAVENWARD BOUND.


1. We're marching on to heav'n a - bove — Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love — Will you go? Will you go?
Mil-lions have reach'd that blissful shore, Their trials and their labours o'er
And yet there's room for mil-lions more — Will you go? Will you go?

2. The way to heaven is strait, but plain,
Will you come?
Repent, believe, be born again —
Will you come?
Christ offers pardon free to all
Who will accept His loving call,
And at His feet repentant fall —
Will you come?

3. How blessed 'tis to serve Him here!
Praise the Lord!
Redeemed from every doubt and fear,
Praise the Lord!
Though tribulation cross our way,
Affliction or adversity,
Yet Jesus saves us every day,
Praise the Lord!

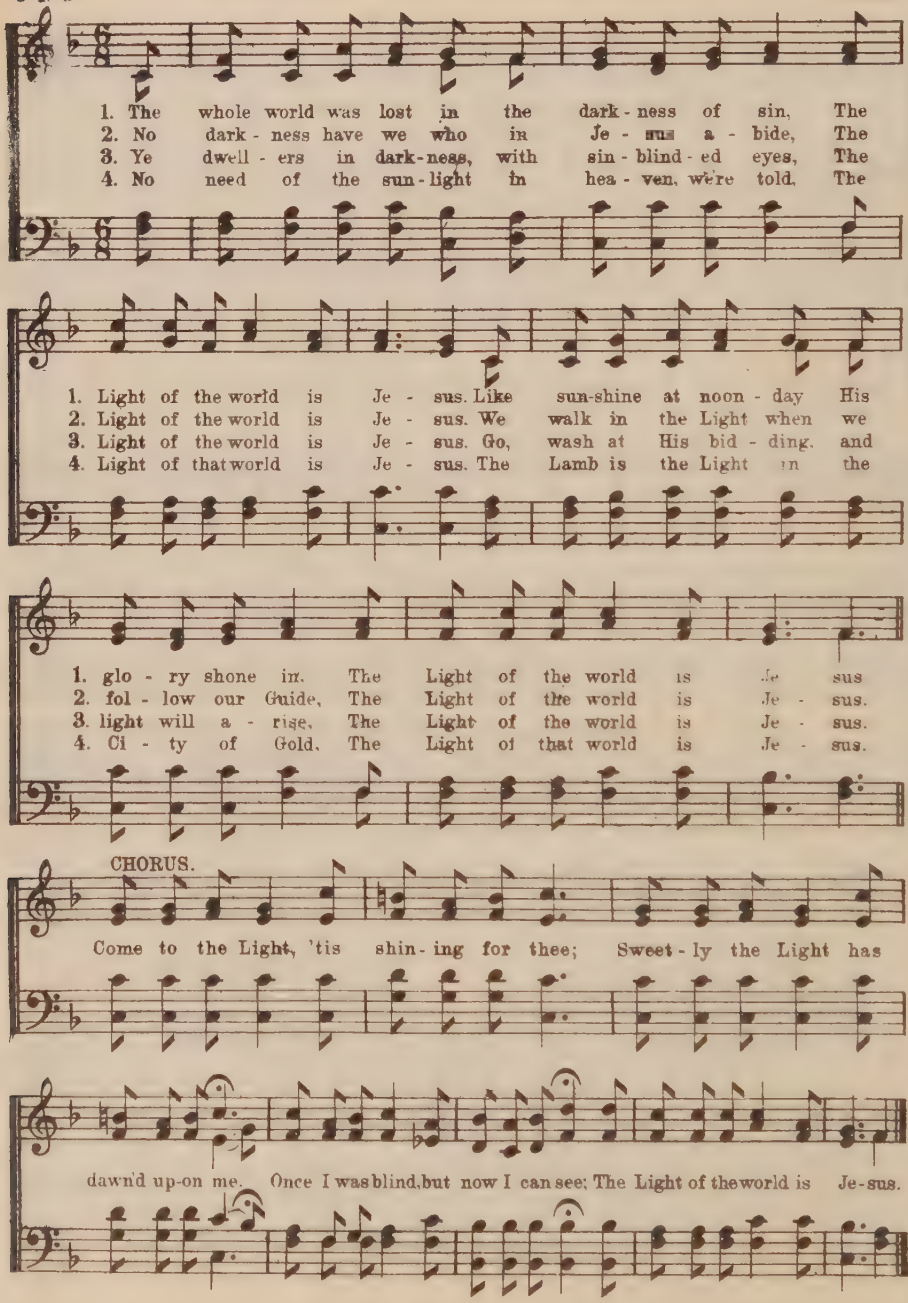
4. And when our day of fighting's o'er,
Home at last!
We'll praise Him on the other shore,
Home at last!
We'll join again in songs of praise,
With those who see the Master's face,
And ever sing redeeming grace,
Home at last!

103. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"I am come a Light into the world"—*John* xii. 46.

P P B

P. P. Bliss.

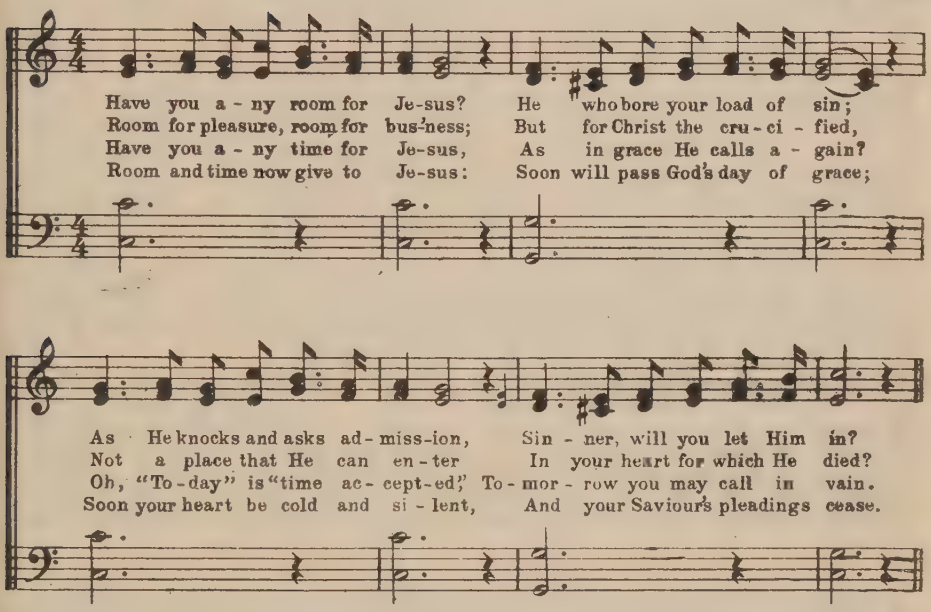

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin, The
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness, with sin-blind-ed eyes, The
4. No need of the sun-light in hea-ven, we're told, The
1. Light of the world is Je-sus. Like sun-shine at noon-day His
2. Light of the world is Je-sus. We walk in the Light when we
3. Light of the world is Je-sus. Go, wash at His bid-ding, and
4. Light of that world is Je-sus. The Lamb is the Light in the
1. glo-ry shone in. The Light of the world is Je-sus
2. fol-low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
3. light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
4. Ci-ty of Gold, The Light of that world is Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has
dawn'd up-on me. Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je-sus.

Have you any room for Jesus.

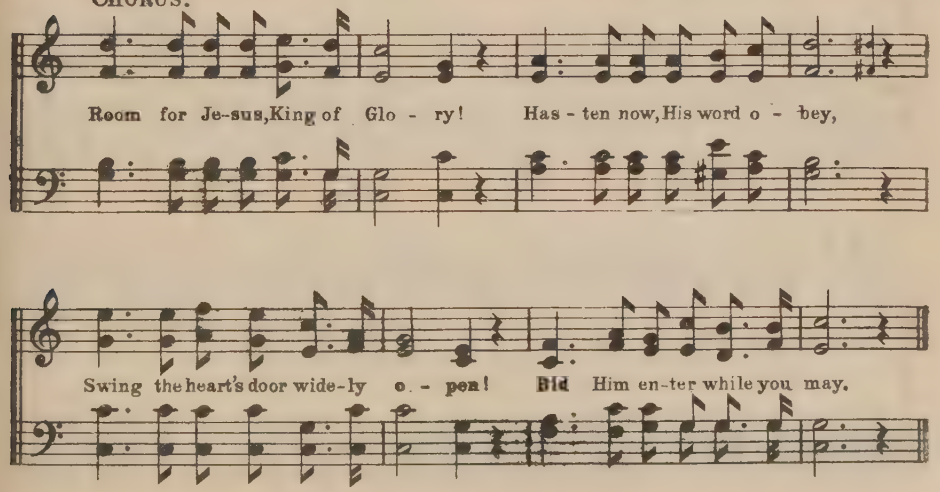
104.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock." Rev. iii. 20.

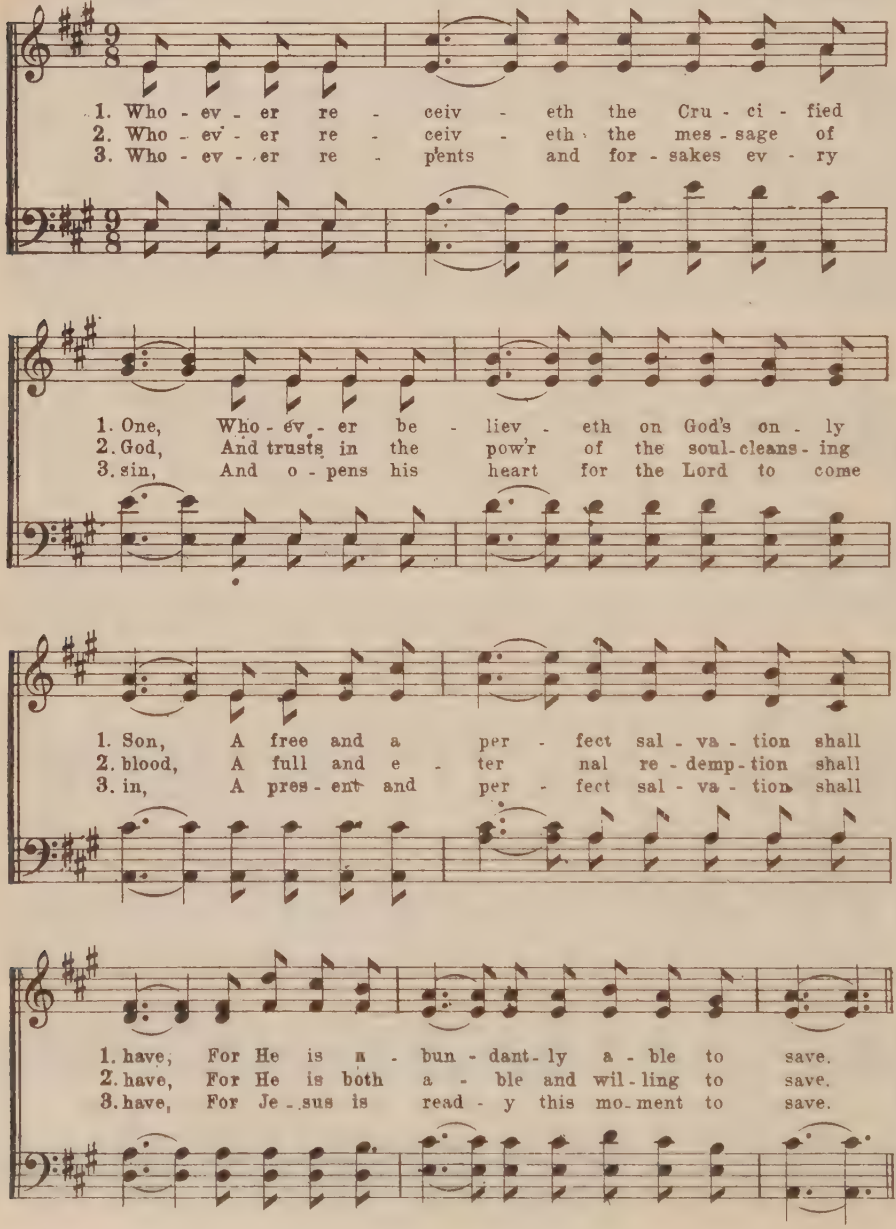
D.W. Whittle. C. C. Williams.


Have you a - ny room for Je-sus? He who bore your load of sin;
Room for pleasure, room for bus-iness; But for Christ the cru - ci - fied,
Have you a - ny time for Je-sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
Room and time now give to Je-sus: Soon will pass God's day of grace;
As He knocks and asks ad - miss-ion, Sin - ner, will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter In your heart for which He died?
Oh, "To-day" is "time ac - cept-ed;" To - mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon your heart be cold and si - lent, And your Saviour's pleadings cease.

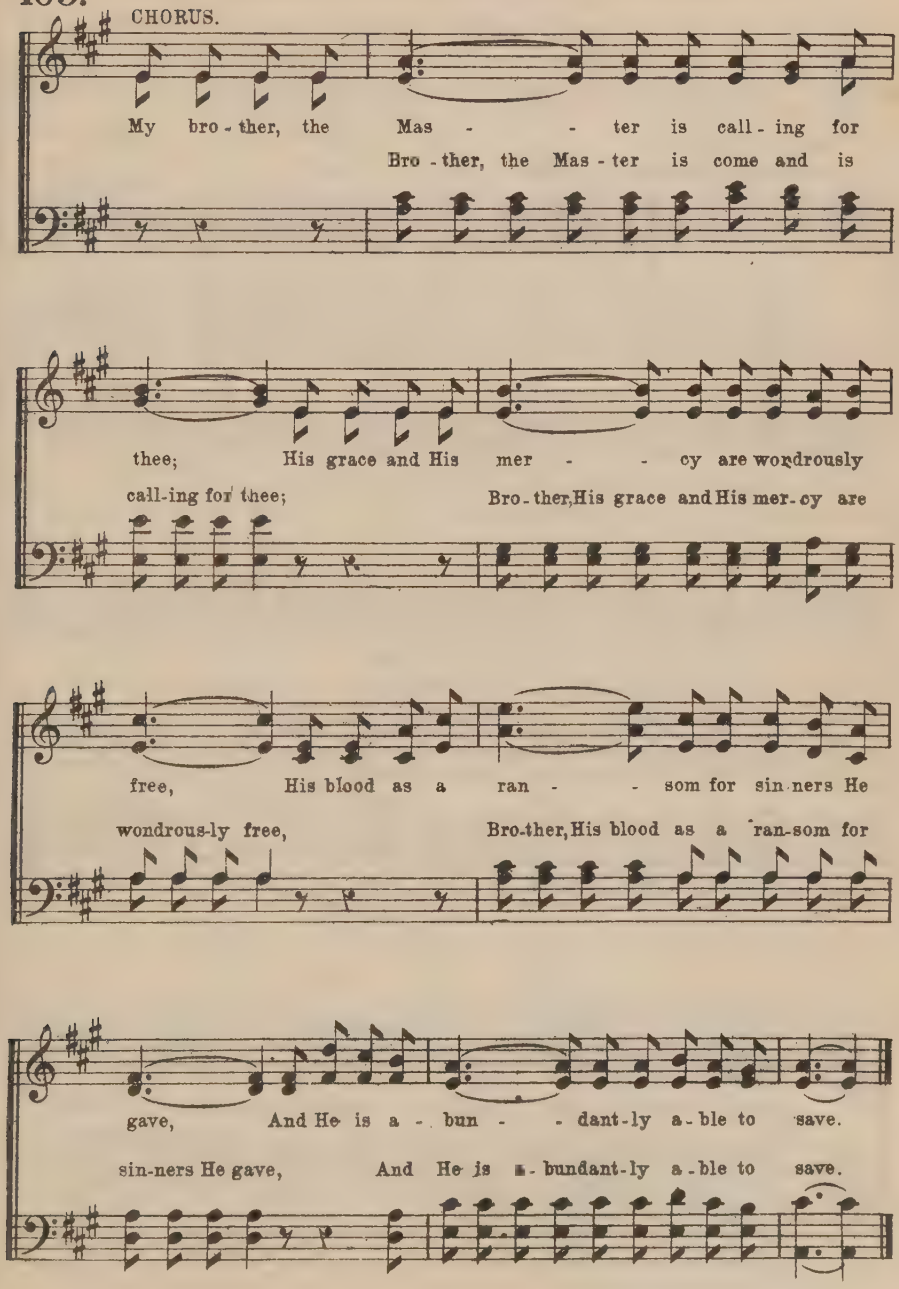
CHORUS.



105. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. P. P. Bliss.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied
2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes - sage of
3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for - sakes ev - ry
1. One, Who - ev - er be - liev - eth on God's on - ly
2. God, And trusts in the pow'r of the soul-cleans - ing
3. sin, And o - pens his heart for the Lord to come
1. Son, A free and a per - fect sal - va - tion shall
2. blood, A full and e - ter - nal re - demp - tion shall
3. in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal - va - tion shall
1. have, For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
2. have, For He is both a - ble and wil - ling to save.
3. have, For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.

105. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE—*continued.*

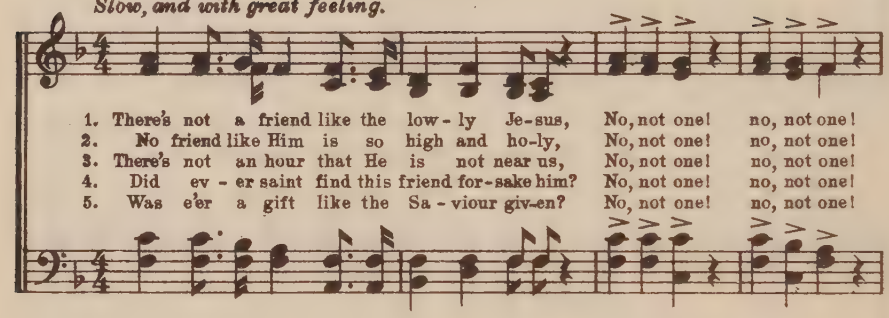

CHORUS.
My bro - ther, the Mas - - ter is call - ing for
Bro - ther, the Mas - ter is come and is
thee; His grace and His mer - - cy are wondrously
call-ing for thee; Bro - ther, His grace and His mer - cy are
free, His blood as a ran - - som for sin - ners He
wondrous-ly free, Bro-ther, His blood as a ran-som for
gave, And He is a - bun - - dant-ly a - ble to save.
sin-ners He gave, And He is a - bundant-ly a - ble to save.

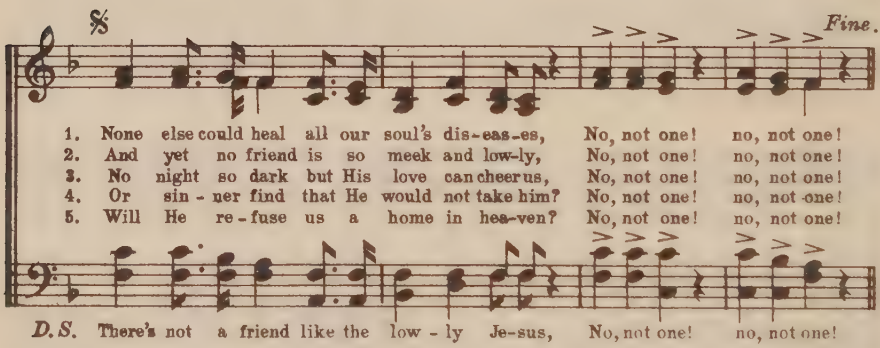
NO, NOT ONE.

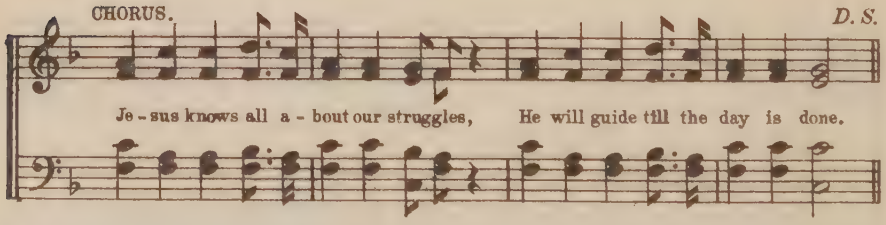
106.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with great feeling.

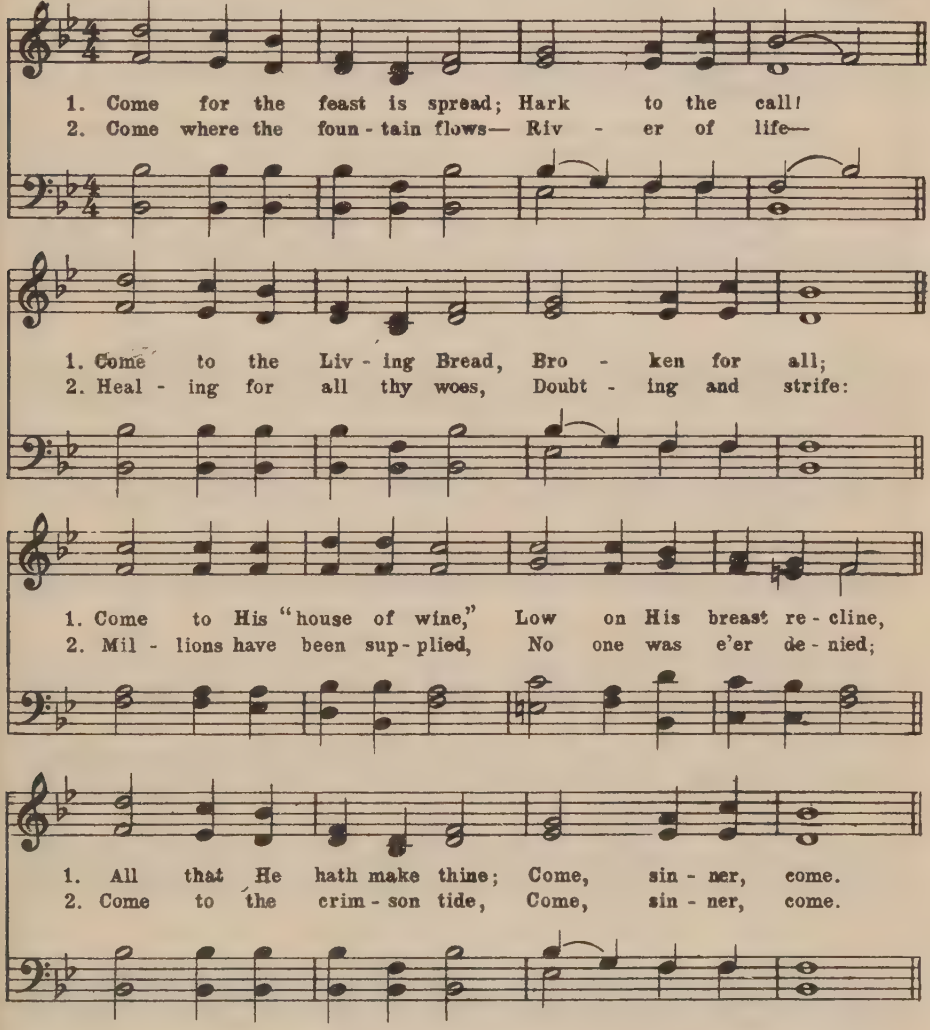

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sa - viour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!


𝄋
Fine.
1. None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
2. And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Will He re-fuse us a home in hea-ven? No, not one! no, not one!
D.S. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!



107 COME, FOR THE FEAST IS SPREAD.

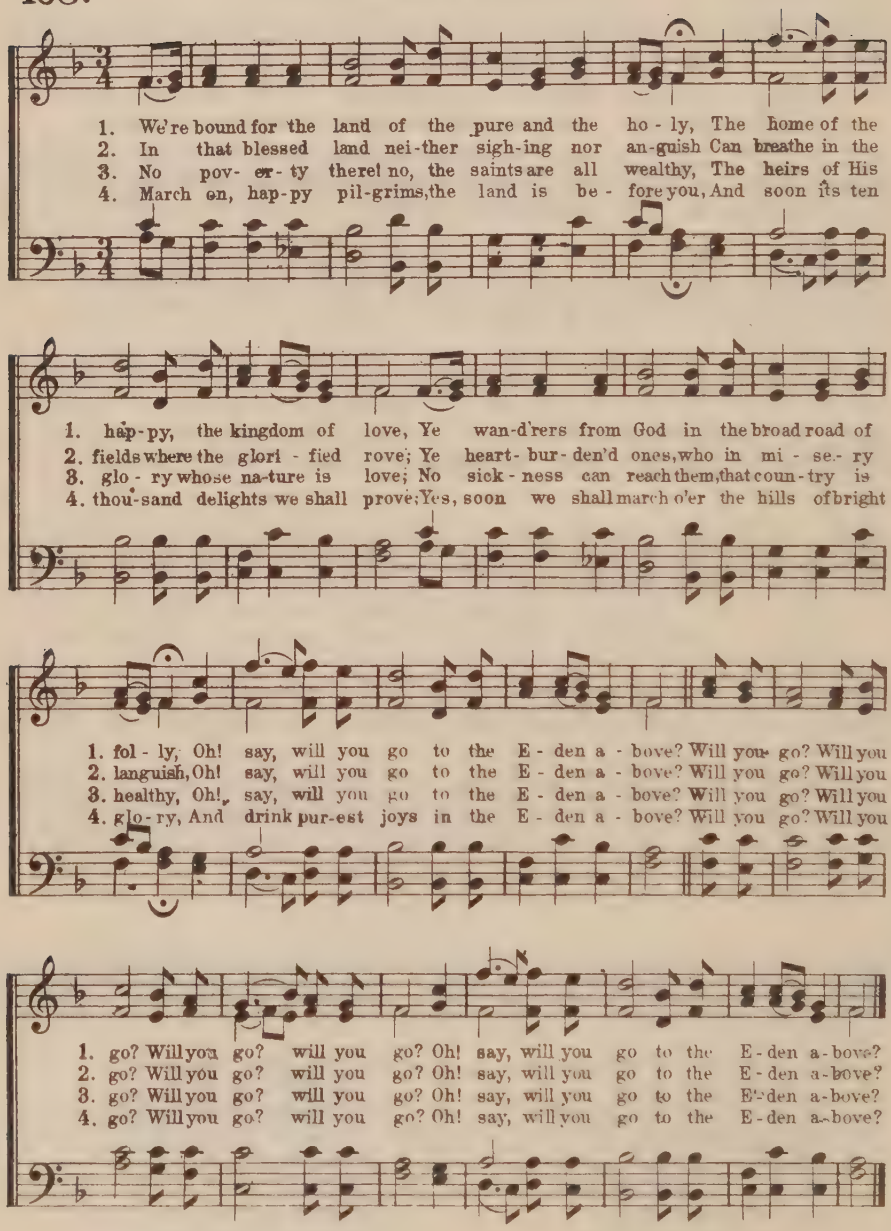
REV. H. BURTON. P. P. BLISS.


1. Come for the feast is spread; Hark to the call!
2. Come where the foun - tain flows— Riv - er of life—
1. Come to the Liv - ing Bread, Bro - ken for all;
2. Heal - ing for all thy woes, Doubt - ing and strife:
1. Come to His "house of wine," Low on His breast re - cline,
2. Mil - lions have been sup - plied, No one was e'er de - nied;
1. All that He hath make thine; Come, sin - ner, come.
2. Come to the crim - son tide, Come, sin - ner, come.

3. Come to the throne of grace,
Boldly draw near;
He who would win the race,
Must tarry here;
Whate'er thy want may be
Here is the grace for thee,
Jesus thy only plea;
Come, Christian, come.

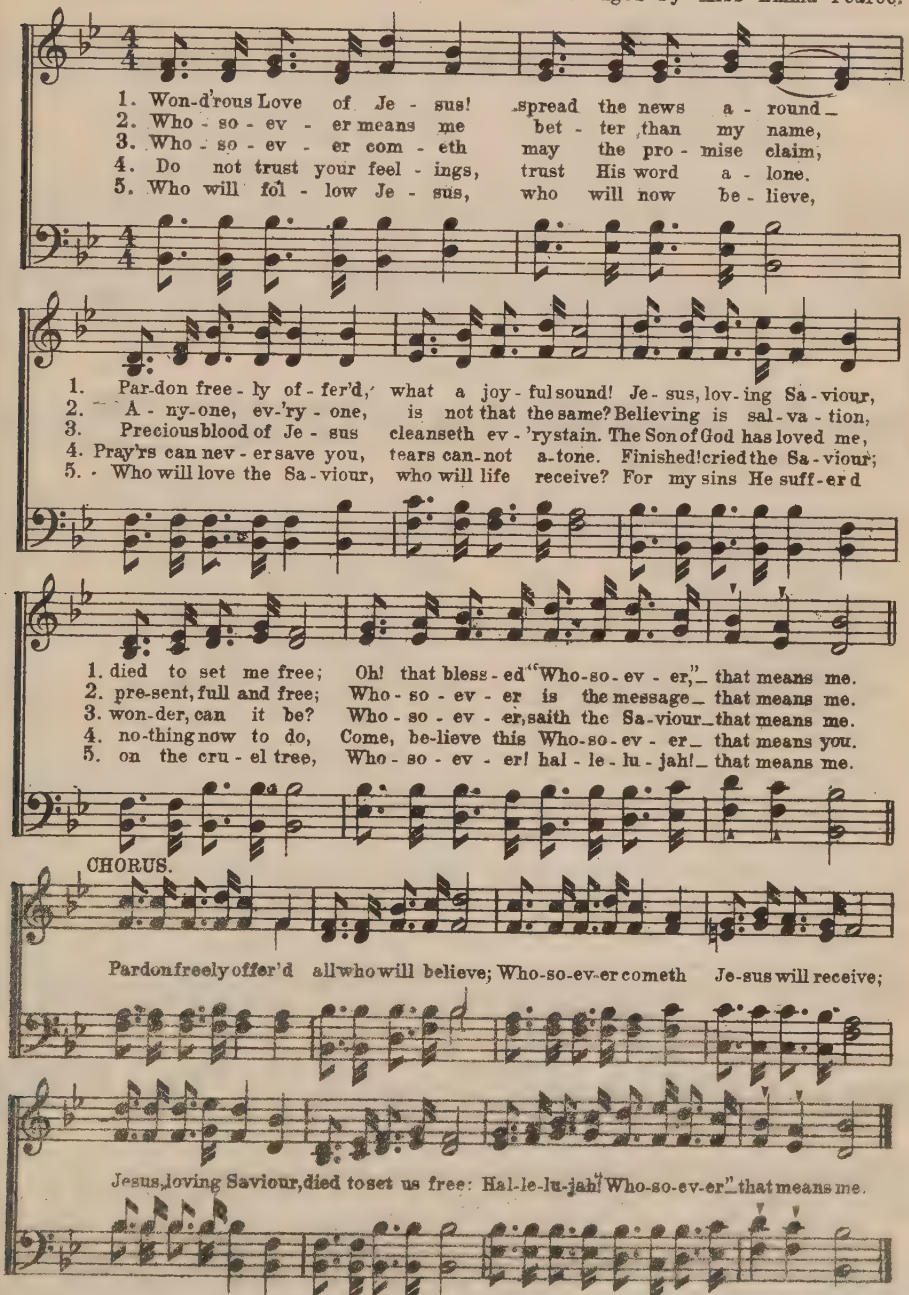
4. Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
All clad in robes of white,
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

108. THE EDEN ABOVE.


1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the
2. In that blessed land nei-ther sigh-ing nor an-guish Can breathe in the
3. No pov- er- ty there! no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His
4. March on, hap-py pil-grims, the land is be - fore you, And soon its ten
1. hap-py, the kingdom of love, Ye wan-d'rers from God in the broad road of
2. fields where the glori - fied rove; Ye heart- bur- den'd ones, who in mi - se- ry
3. glo - ry whose na-ture is love; No sick - ness can reach them, that coun - try is
4. thou-sand delights we shall prove; Yes, soon we shall march o'er the hills of bright
1. fol - ly, Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you
2. languish, Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you
3. healthy, Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you
4. glo - ry, And drink pur-est joys in the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you
1. go? Will you go? will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
2. go? Will you go? will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
3. go? Will you go? will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
4. go? Will you go? will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

109. "WHOSOEVER" MEANS ME.

J. G. Badger. Music arranged by Miss Emma Pearce.

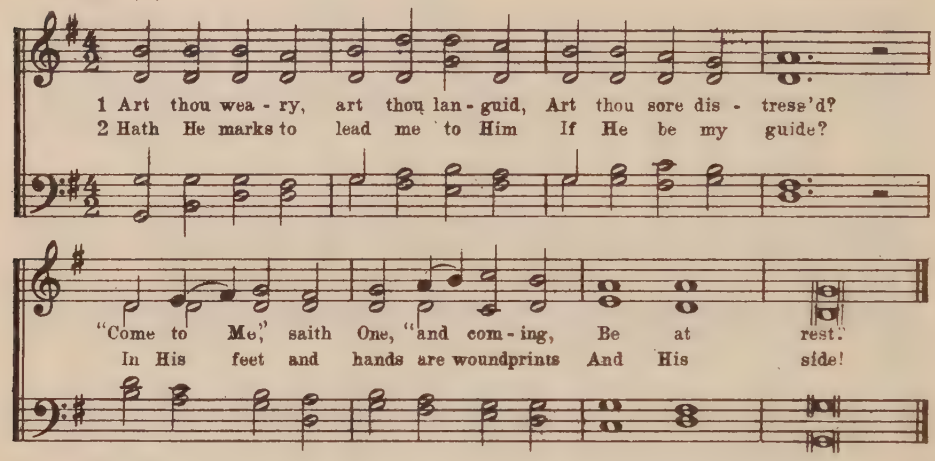

1. Won-d'rous Love of Je - sus! spread the news a - round
2. Who - so - ev - er means me bet - ter than my name,
3. Who - so - ev - er com - eth may the pro - mise claim,
4. Do not trust your feel - ings, trust His word a - lone.
5. Who will fol - low Je - sus, who will now be - lieve,
1. Par-don free - ly of - fer'd, what a joy - ful sound! Je - sus, lov - ing Sa - viour,
2. A - ny-one, ev-'ry - one, is not that the same? Believing is sal - va - tion,
3. Precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth ev - 'ry stain. The Son of God has loved me,
4. Pray'rs can nev - er save you, tears can-not a-tone. Finished! cried the Sa - viour;
5. Who will love the Sa - viour, who will life receive? For my sins He suff - er'd
1. died to set me free; Oh! that bless - ed "Who-so - ev - er," that means me.
2. pre-sent, full and free; Who - so - ev - er is the message that means me.
3. won-der, can it be? Who - so - ev - er, saith the Sa-viour that means me.
4. no-thing now to do, Come, be-lieve this Who-so-ev - er that means you.
5. on the cru - el tree, Who - so - ev - er! hal - le - lu - jah! that means me.
CHORUS.
Pardon freely offer'd all who will believe; Who-so-ev-er cometh Je-sus will receive;
Jesus, loving Saviour, died to set us free: Hal-le-lu-jah! Who-so-ev-er" that means me.

ART THOU WEARY?

"STEPHANOS."

110.

J. M. Neale. (tr) H. W. Baker.


1 Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?
2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
In His feet and hands are woundprints And His side!

3. Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear

5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labours ended,
Jordan past.

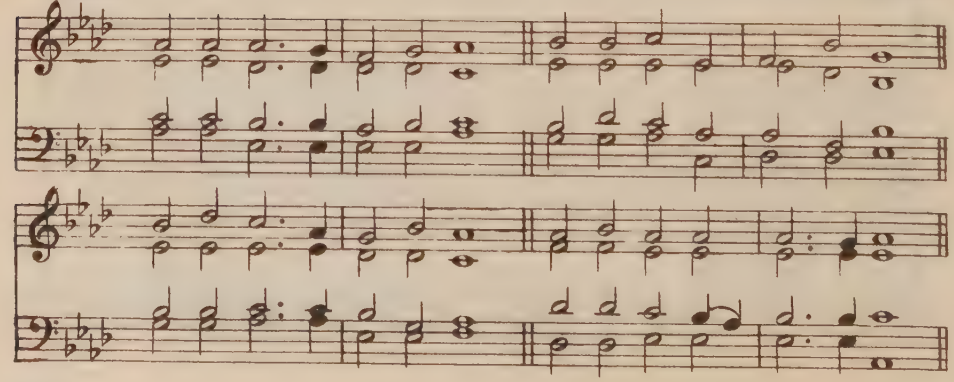
6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away.

7. Finding, following, cleaving, trusting,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer "Yes!"

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

111

ST. BEES J. B. DYKES.



1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2. "I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

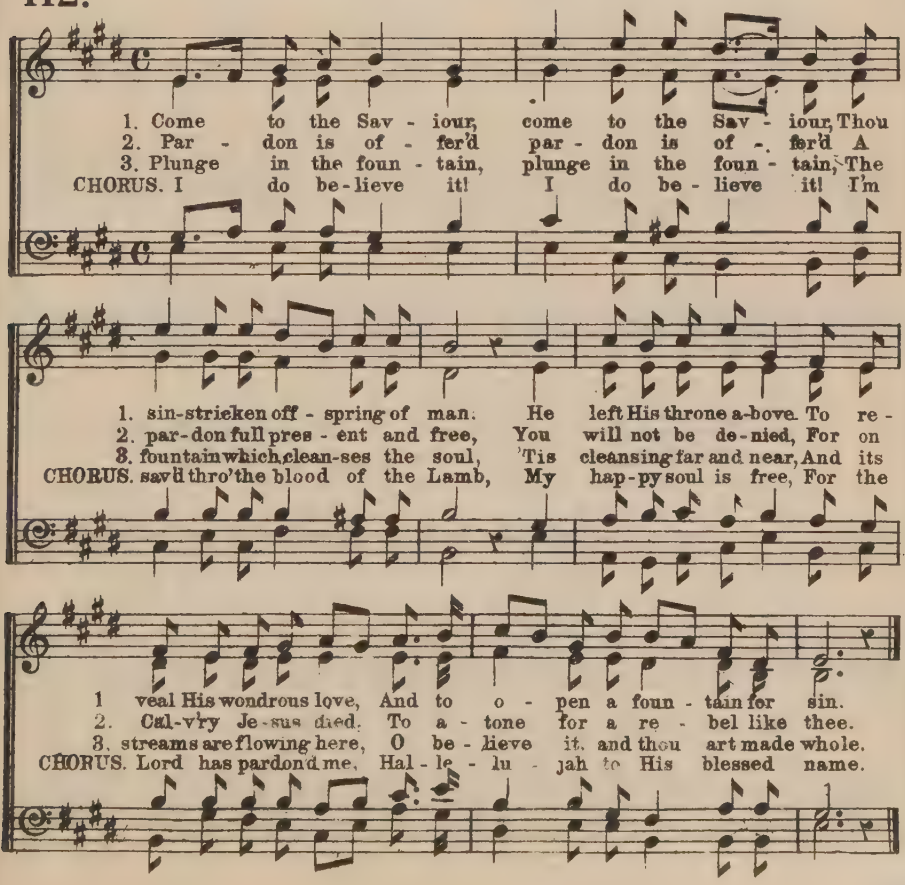
3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath:
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

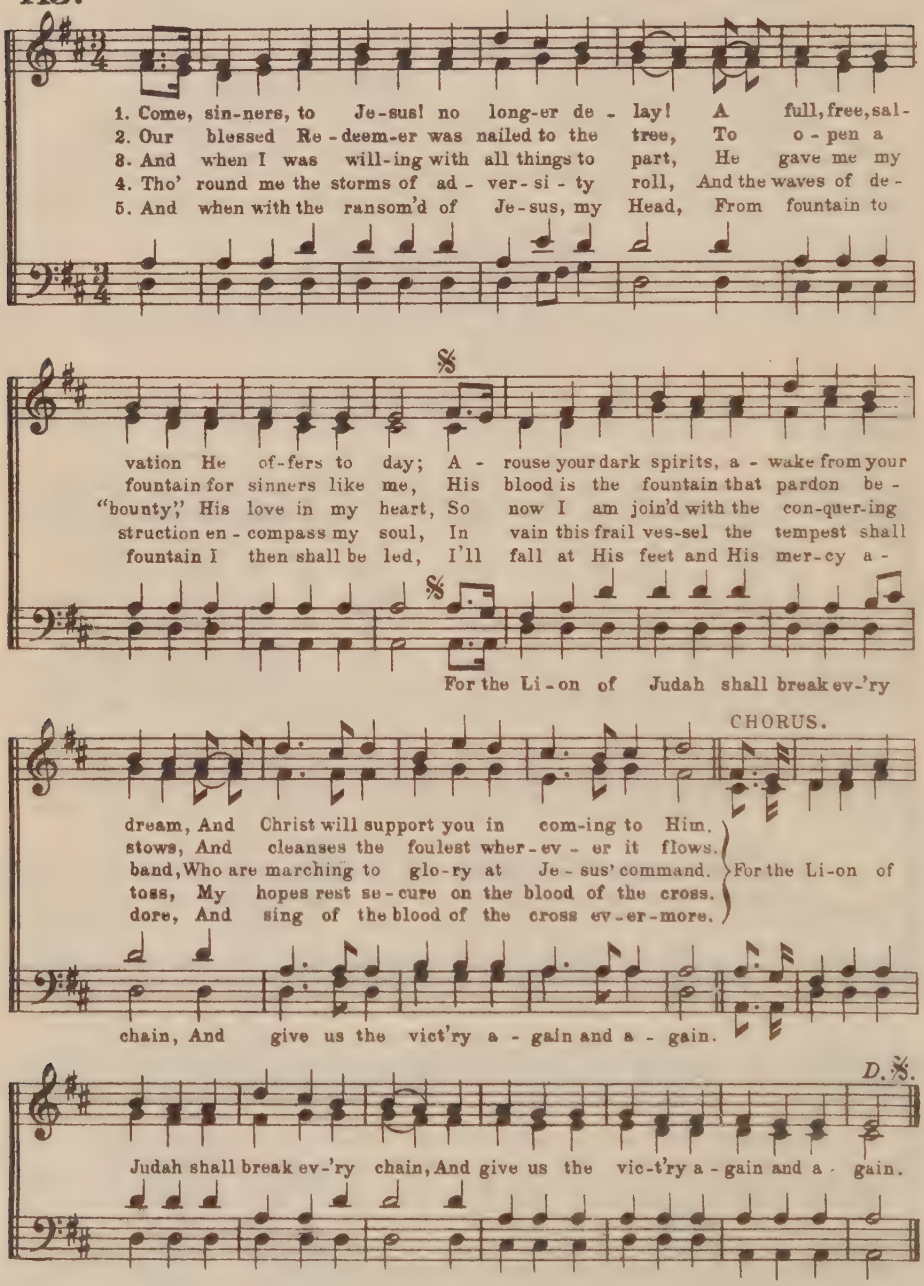
W. COWPER.

112. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.


1. Come to the Sav - iour, come to the Sav - iour, Thou
2. Par - don is of - fer'd par - don is of - fer'd A
3. Plunge in the foun - tain, plunge in the foun - tain, The
CHORUS. I do be-lieve it! I do be - lieve it! I'm
1. sin-stricken off - spring of man. He left His throne a-bove. To re -
2. par-don full pres - ent and free, You will not be de-nied, For on
3. fountain which cleans-es the soul, 'Tis cleansing far and near, And its
CHORUS. sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb, My hap-py soul is free, For the
1 veal His wondrous love, And to o - pen a foun - tain for sin.
2. Cal-v'ry Je-sus died. To a - tone for a re - bel like thee.
3. streams are flowing here, O be - lieve it, and thou art made whole.
CHORUS. Lord has pardoned me. Hal - le - lu - jah to His blessed name.

THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH.

113.

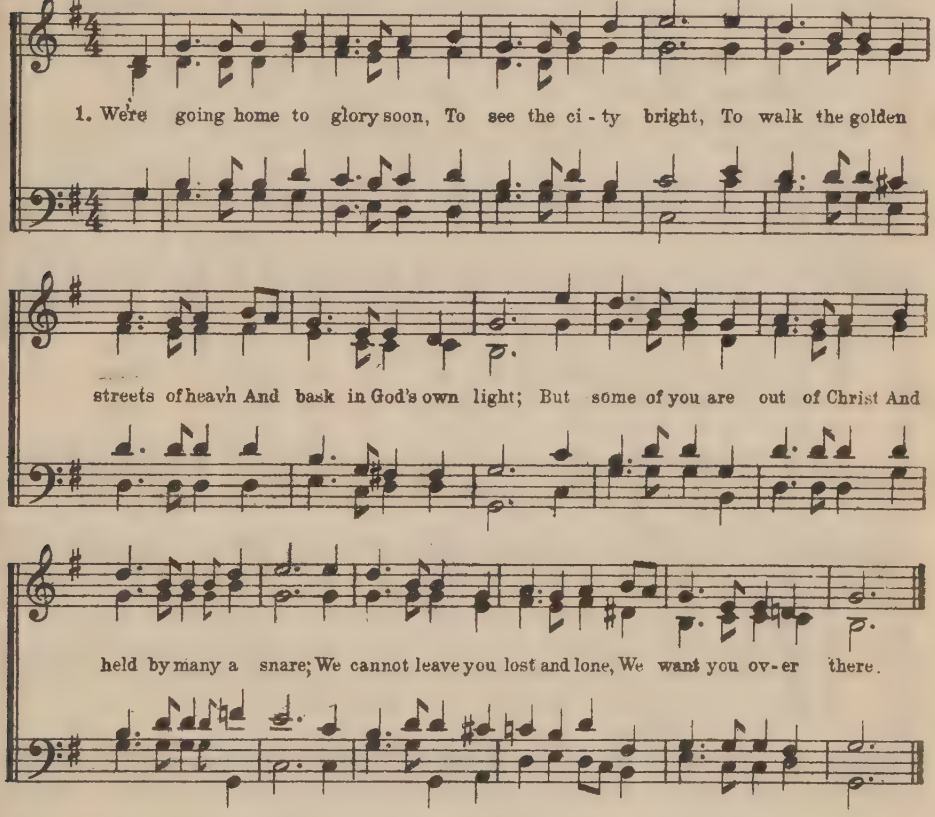

1. Come, sin-ners, to Je-sus! no long-er de - lay! A full, free, sal-
2. Our blessed Re-deem-er was nailed to the tree, To o-pen a
3. And when I was will-ing with all things to part, He gave me my
4. Tho' round me the storms of ad - ver-si-ty roll, And the waves of de-
5. And when with the ransom'd of Je-sus, my Head, From fountain to
vation He of-fers to day; A - rouse your dark spirits, a - wake from your
fountain for sinners like me, His blood is the fountain that pardon be -
"bounty," His love in my heart, So now I am join'd with the con-quer-ing
struction en - compass my soul, In vain this frail ves-sel the tempest shall
fountain I then shall be led, I'll fall at His feet and His mer-cy a -
For the Li-on of Judah shall break ev-'ry
CHORUS.
dream, And Christ will support you in com-ing to Him.
stows, And cleanses the foulest wher-ev - er it flows.
band, Who are marching to glo-ry at Je - sus' command.
toss, My hopes rest se-cure on the blood of the cross.
dore, And sing of the blood of the cross ev-er-more.
For the Li-on of
chain, And give us the vict'ry a - gain and a - gain.
D. S.
Judah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

WE WANT YOU OVER THERE.

114.

Scottish Air
Arr by S. F. Cupples.

M. Bass.


1. We're going home to glory soon, To see the ci - ty bright, To walk the golden
streets of heav'n And bask in God's own light; But some of you are out of Christ And
held by many a snare; We cannot leave you lost and lone, We want you ov - er there.

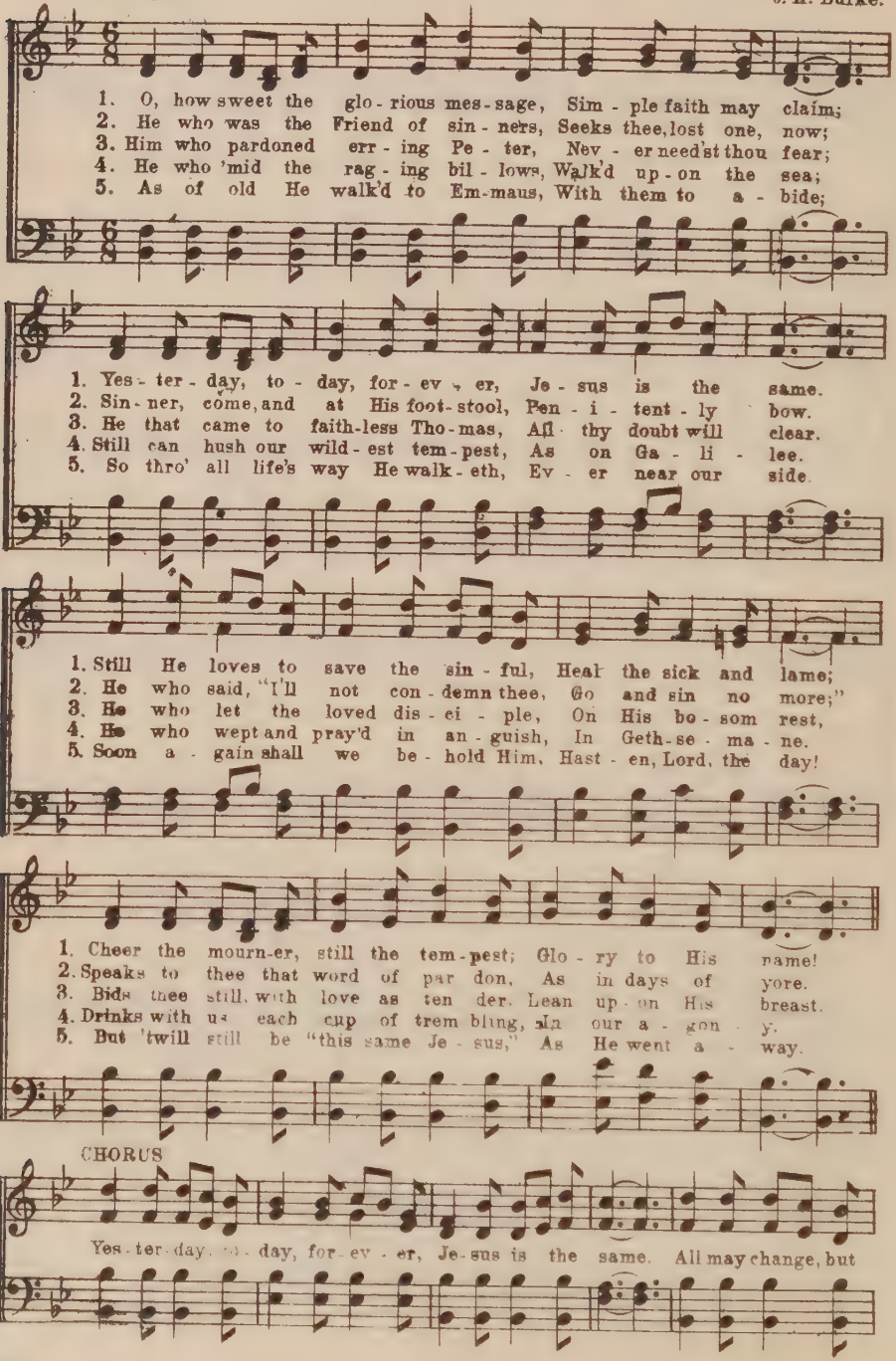
2. The pearly gates are open wide,
And we shall enter in,
To know thenceforth no tear or sigh,
No sorrow, and no sin;
Oh! come with us, and come at once,
That land is bright and fair;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there.

3. We come to tell the story true,
Of love so rich and free!
A crucified and living Lord
Has grace for you and me;
Oh, listen to the words of love
His messengers declare;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there.

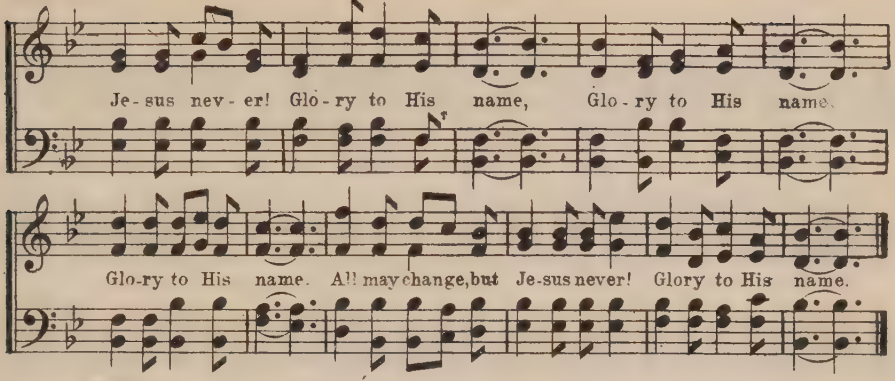
4. We once were burden'd sore with sin,
And dark were we and sad;
But Christ has washed us in His blood,
And He has made us glad;
Fly to His wounds, ye guilty ones,
His love and mercy share;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there.

115. YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, FOREVER.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. J. H. Burke.

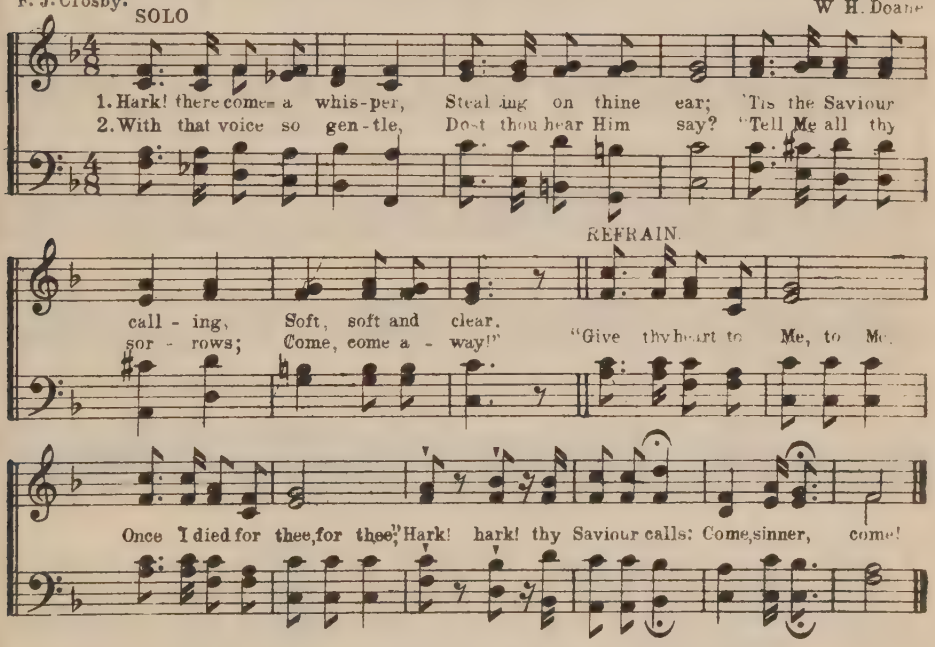

1. O, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;
2. He who was the Friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee, lost one, now;
3. Him who pardoned err - ing Pe - ter, Nev - er need'st thou fear;
4. He who 'mid the rag - ing bil - lows, Walk'd up - on the sea;
5. As of old He walk'd to Em-maus, With them to a - bide;
1. Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.
2. Sin - ner, come, and at His foot-stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.
3. He that came to faith-less Tho-mas, All thy doubt will clear.
4. Still can hush our wild - est tem - pest, As on Ga - li - lee.
5. So thro' all life's way He walk - eth, Ev - er near our side.
1. Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;
2. He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more;"
3. He who let the loved dis - ci - ple, On His bo - som rest,
4. He who wept and pray'd in an - guish, In Geth-se - ma - ne.
5. Soon a - gain shall we be - hold Him, Hast - en, Lord, the day!
1. Cheer the mourn-er, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!
2. Speaks to thee that word of par don, As in days of yore.
3. Bids thee still, with love as ten der, Lean up - on His breast.
4. Drinks with us each cup of trem bling, In our a - gon - y.
5. But 'twill still be "this same Je - sus," As He went a - way.
CHORUS
Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same. All may change, but

115. YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, FOREVER—*continued.*



116. HARK! THERE COMES A WHISPER.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

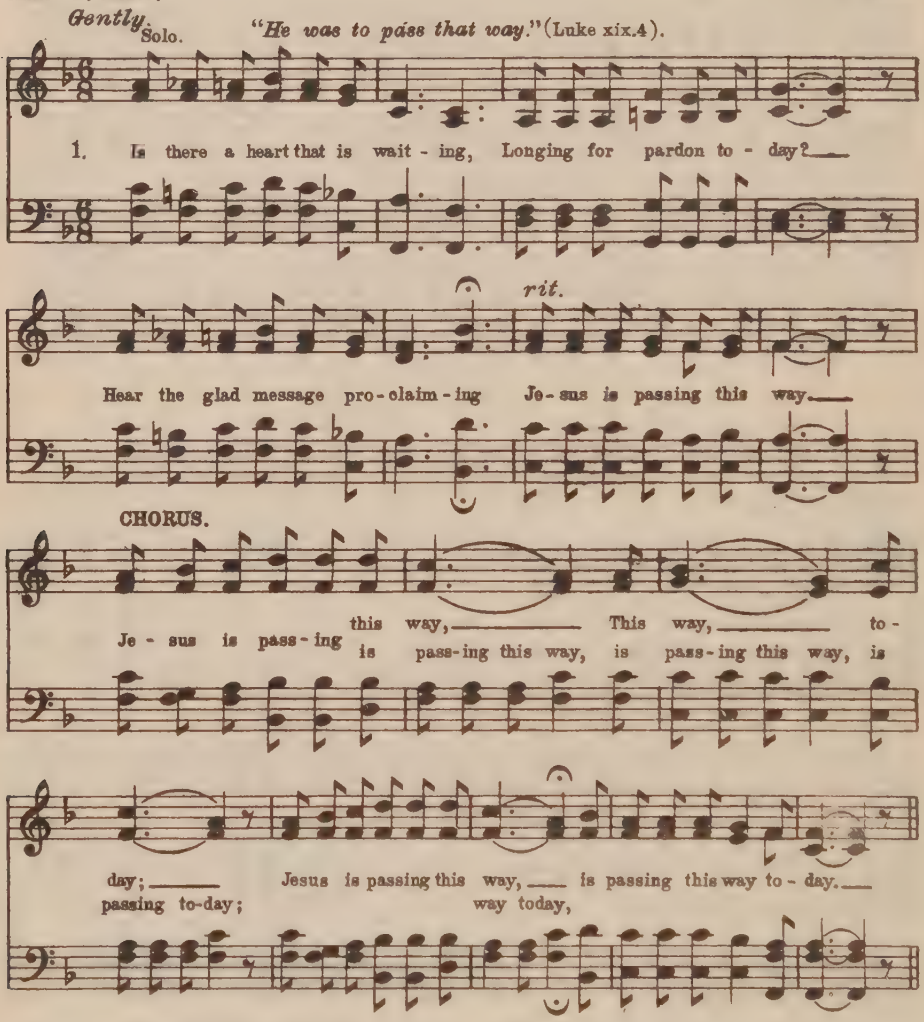

SOLO
1. Hark! there comes a whis-per, Steal-ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Saviour
2. With that voice so gen-tle, Dost thou hear Him say? "Tell Me all thy
REFRAIN.
call-ing, Soft, soft and clear.
sor-rows; Come, come a-way!"
"Give thy heart to Me, to Me.
Once I died for thee, for thee;" Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls: Come, sinner, come!

3. Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul opprest?
Jesus kindly answers,
"I am thy rest!"

4. At the cross of Jesus
Let thy burden fall;
While He gently whispers,
"I'll bear it all!"

117. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

Annie L. James. W. H. Doane.


Gently. Solo. "He was to pass that way." (Luke xix.4).
1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Longing for pardon to - day?
rit.
Hear the glad message pro - claim - ing Je - sus is passing this way.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is pass - ing this way, This way, to -
is pass - ing this way, is pass - ing this way, is
day; Jesus is passing this way, is passing this way to - day.
passing to-day; way today,

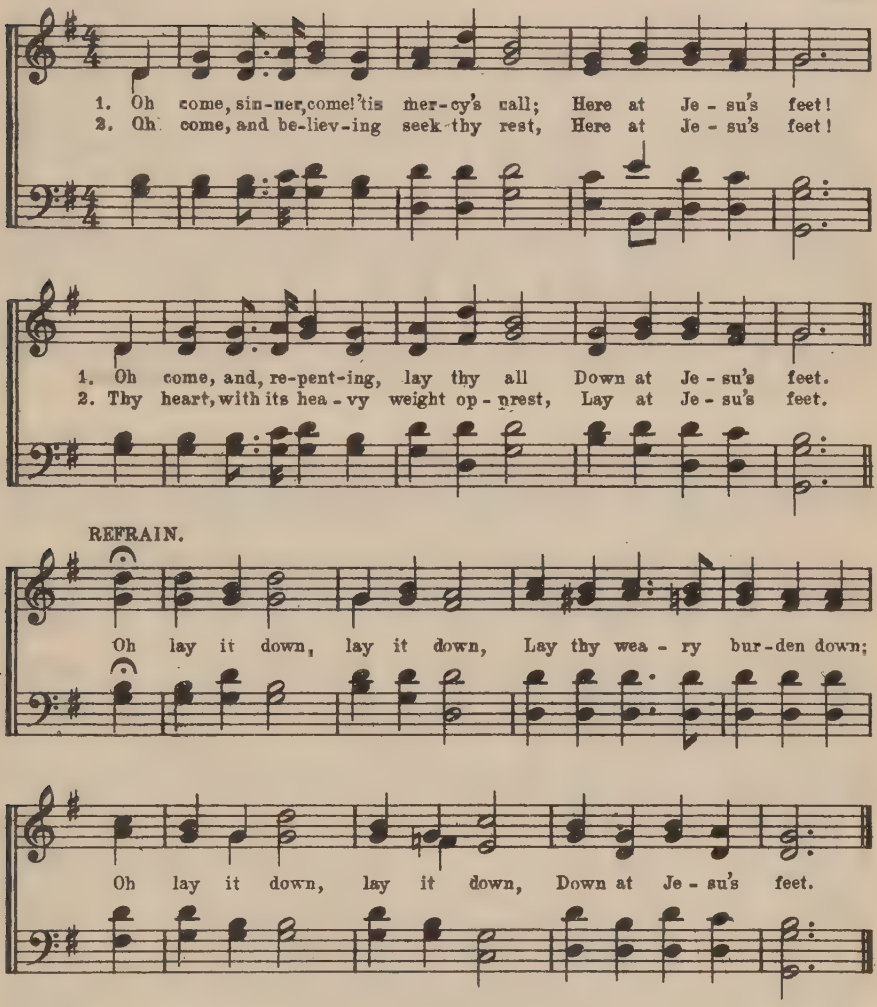
2. Is there a heart that has wandered?
Come with thy burden to-day;
Mercy is tenderly pleading,
Jesus is passing this way!

3. Is there a heart that is broken?
Weary and sighing for rest?
Come to the arms of thy Saviour,
Pillow thy head on His breast.

4. Come to thy only Redeemer,
Come to His infinite love;
Come to the gate that is leading
Homeward to mansions above.

118. OH, LAY IT DOWN!

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Oh come, sin-ner, come! 'tis mer-cy's call; Here at Je - su's feet!
2. Oh come, and be-liev-ing seek thy rest, Here at Je - su's feet!
1. Oh come, and, re-pent-ing, lay thy all Down at Je - su's feet.
2. Thy heart, with its hea - vy weight op - prest, Lay at Je - su's feet.
REFRAIN.
Oh lay it down, lay it down, Lay thy wea - ry bur-den down;
Oh lay it down, lay it down, Down at Je - su's feet.

3. Oh come where thy faith can make thee whole,
Here at Jesus feet!
Oh come, and thy weary, troubled soul
Lay at Jesu's feet!

4. Oh come! bless the Lord, there's room for thee
Here at Jesu's feet!
Thy burden of sin, whate'er it be
Lay at Jesu's feet!

119. GOD IS NEAR THEE.

Duet.

R. S. R. Slater.

Adagio.

TREBLE.

1. A-far from heav'n thy feet have wan - der'd, A-far from

TENOR.

1. A-far from heav'n thy feet have wan - der'd, A-far from

p

God thy soul has strayed, His gifts in sin thy hand has

God thy soul has strayed, His gifts in sin thy hand has

cres.

CHORUS.

f *mf*

squan - der'd, Yet still in love He calls thee home. God is near thee, tell thy

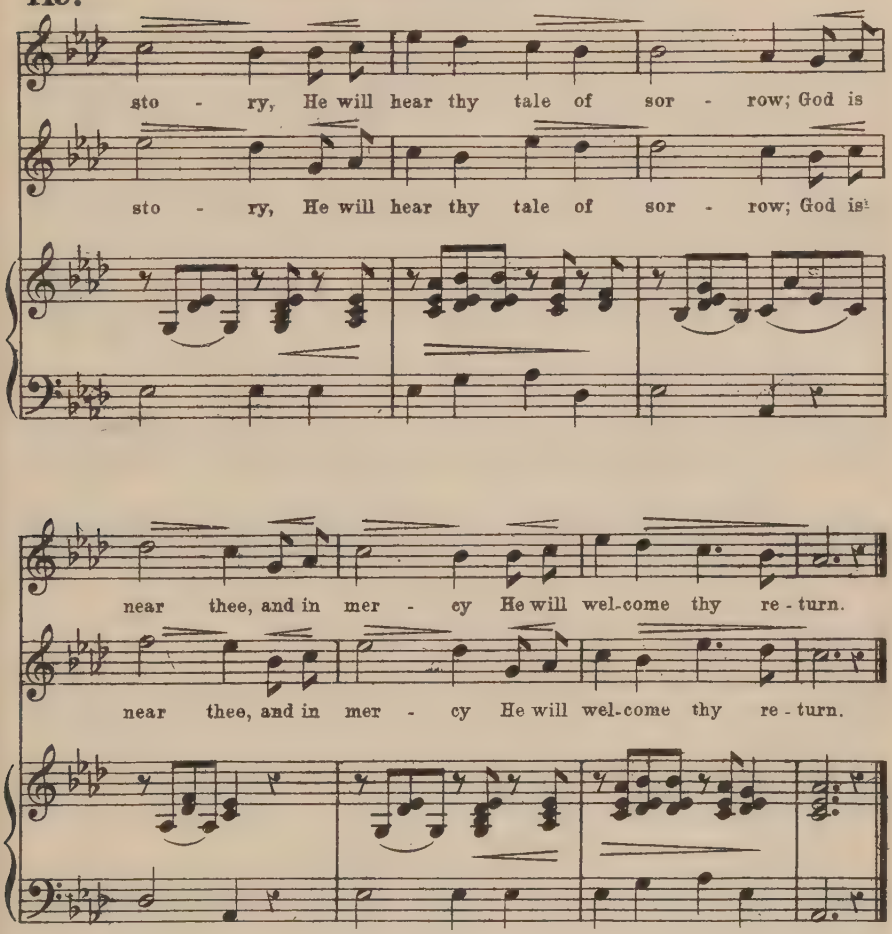
f

squan - der'd, Yet still in love He calls thee home. God is near thee, tell thy

f

When necessary this part may be omitted, so that the piece may be given as a Solo.

119. GOD IS NEAR THEE—*continued.*


sto - ry, He will hear thy tale of sor - row; God is
sto - ry, He will hear thy tale of sor - row; God is
near thee, and in mer - cy He will wel-come thy re - turn.
near thee, and in mer - cy He will wel-come thy re - turn.

2. Thy feet have found sin's way is thorny,
Thy heart has found its pleasures vain;
Thou hast grown weary, and about thee
The gloom has spread of dark despair

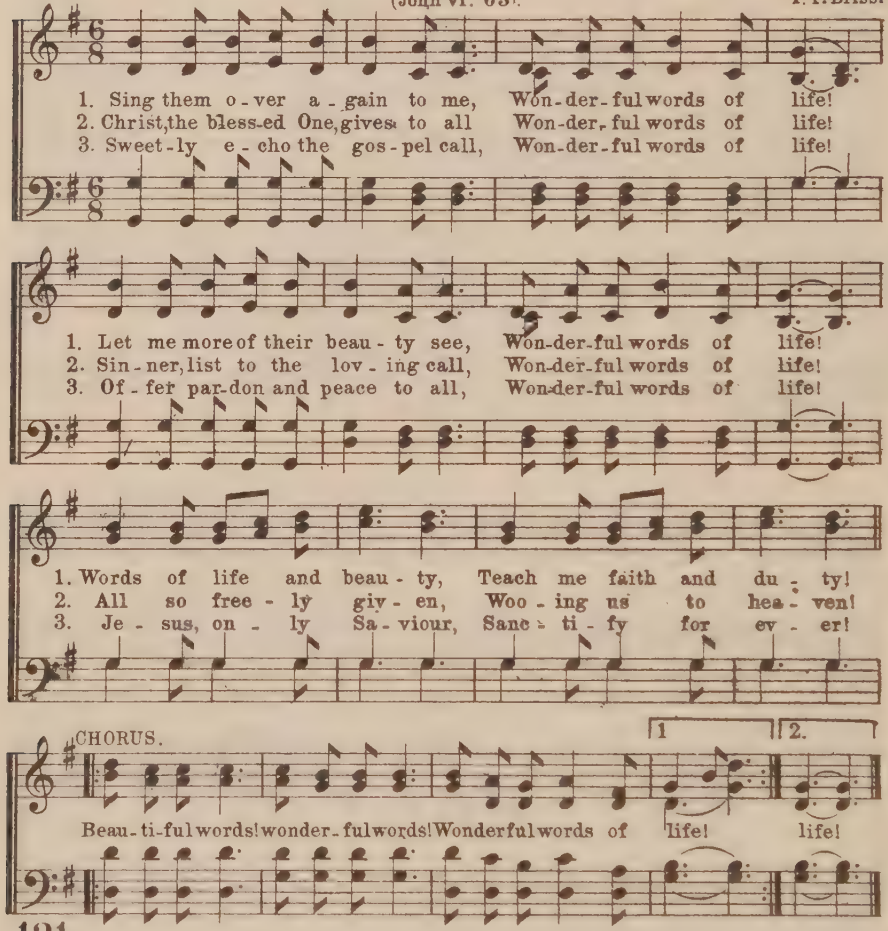
3. The broken heart the Lord will favour,
The contrite spirit He will bless;
He came to be the lost one's Saviour,
He came to be the sinner's Friend.

4. Tell out thy need, and He'll befriend thee,
Pour out thy heart's deep grief to Him;
His boundless love, unmeasured mercy,
His free forgiveness, are for thee.

120. WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."
(John vi. 63).

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of life!
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of life!
3. Sweet-ly e - cho the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of life!
1. Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of life!
2. Sin-ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of life!
3. Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of life!
1. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty!
2. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to hea - ven!
3. Je - sus, on - ly Sa - viour, Sanc - ti - fy for ev - er!
CHORUS.
1
2.
Beau-ti-ful words! wonder-ful words! Wonderful words of life! life!

121.

(To above tune.)

1. Sound the gospel of grace abroad,
There's life in the Risen Lord!
Spread the news of the gift of God,
There's life in the Risen Lord!
God above desires it!
Sinful man requires it!

Tell it around, let it abound,
There's life in the Risen Lord.

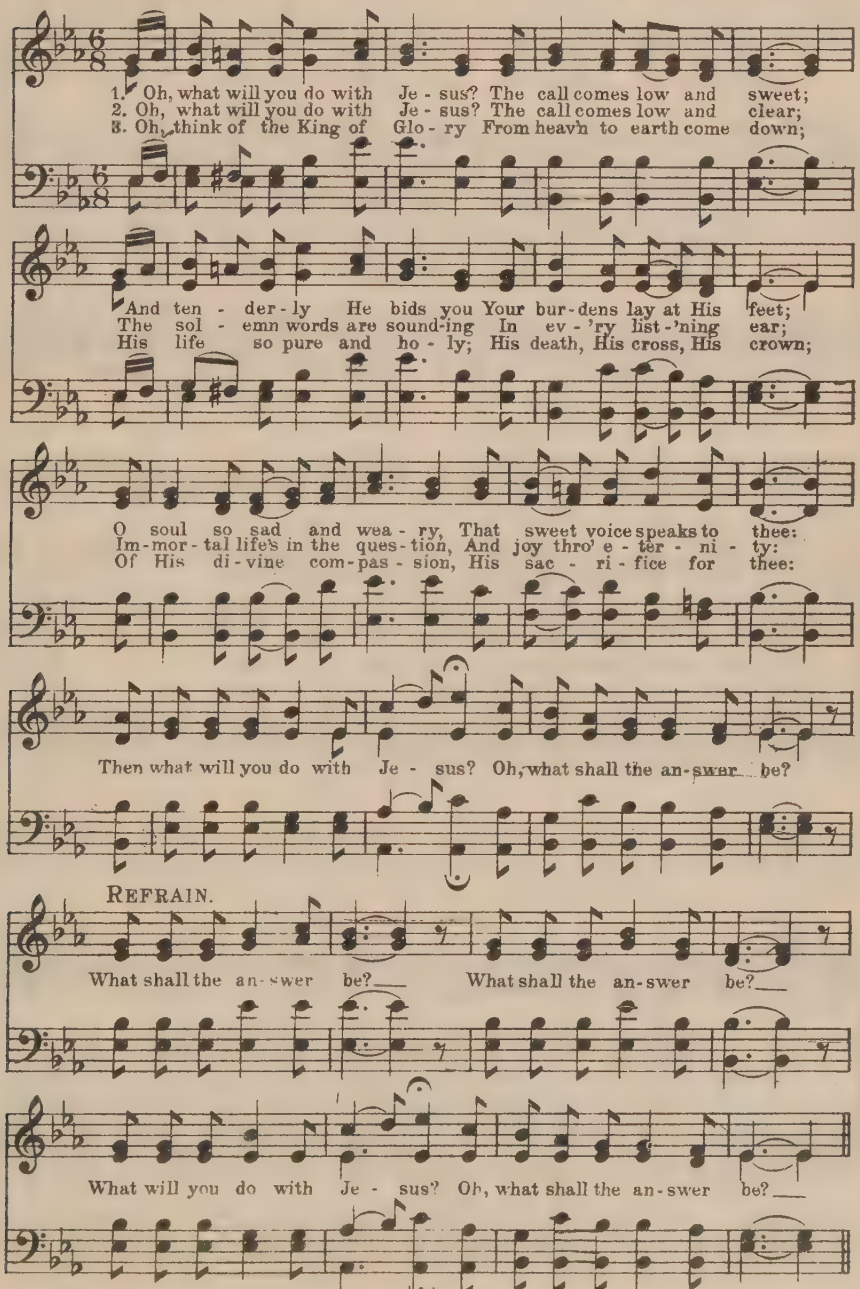
2. All by nature are doomed to die,
So saith the holy word;
Welcome therefore the joyful cry,
There's life in the Risen Lord!
Welcome news of gladness —
Antidote of sadness.

3. Saints, apostles, and prophets all
Published with one accord,
This deliverance from the fall —
This life in the Risen Lord.
Glory be to Jesus,
Who from bondage frees us!

4. Pardon, power, and perfect peace
The words of this life afford,
Never then let the tidings cease,
Of life in the Risen Lord.
Open wide the portal
Unto every mortal.

What will you do with Jesus?

122. *"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"* Matt. xxvii. 22.

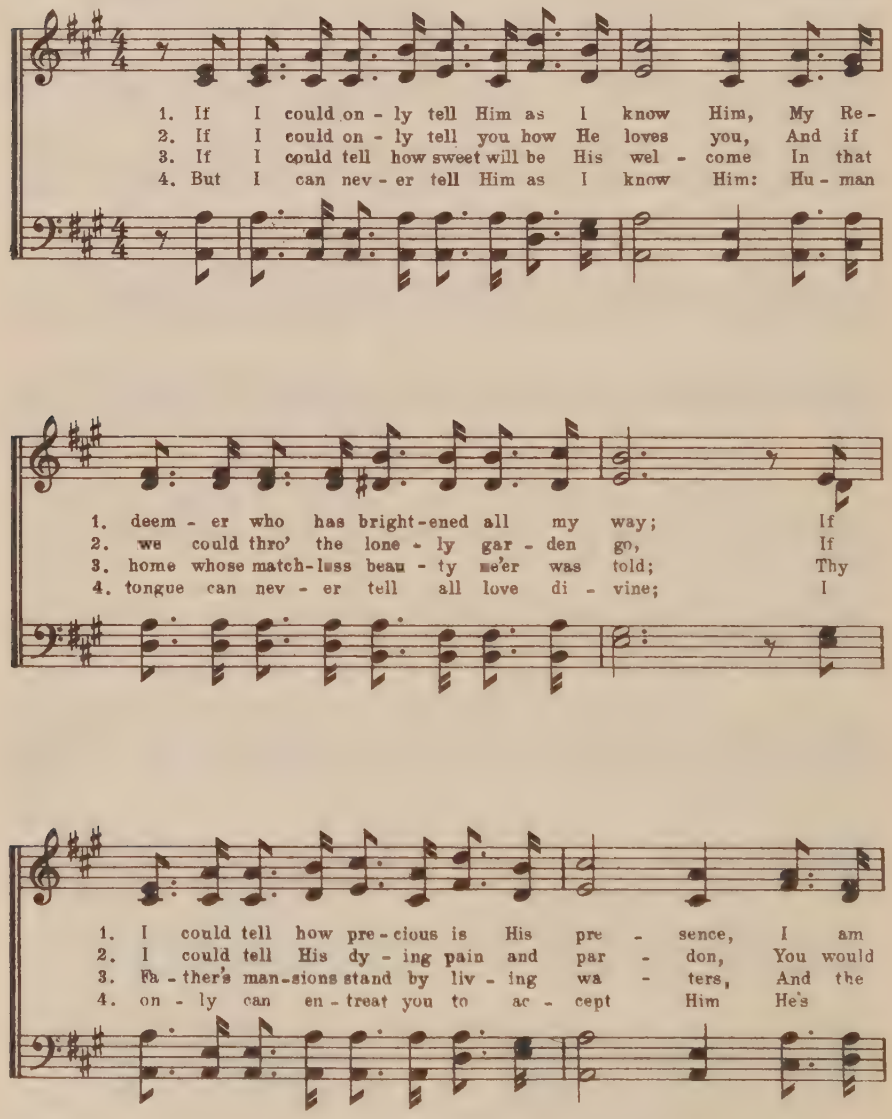
NATHANIEL NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;
2. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and clear;
3. Oh, think of the King of Glo - ry From heavn to earth come down;
And ten - der - ly He bids you Your bur - dens lay at His feet;
The sol - emn words are sound-ing In ev - 'ry list - 'ning ear;
His life so pure and ho - ly; His death, His cross, His crown;
O soul so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee:
Im-mor - tal life's in the ques - tion, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty:
Of His di - vine com-pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee:
Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an-swer be?
REFRAIN.
What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an-swer be?
What will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an-swer be?

From Sankey's Sacred Songs and Solos.—By Permission.

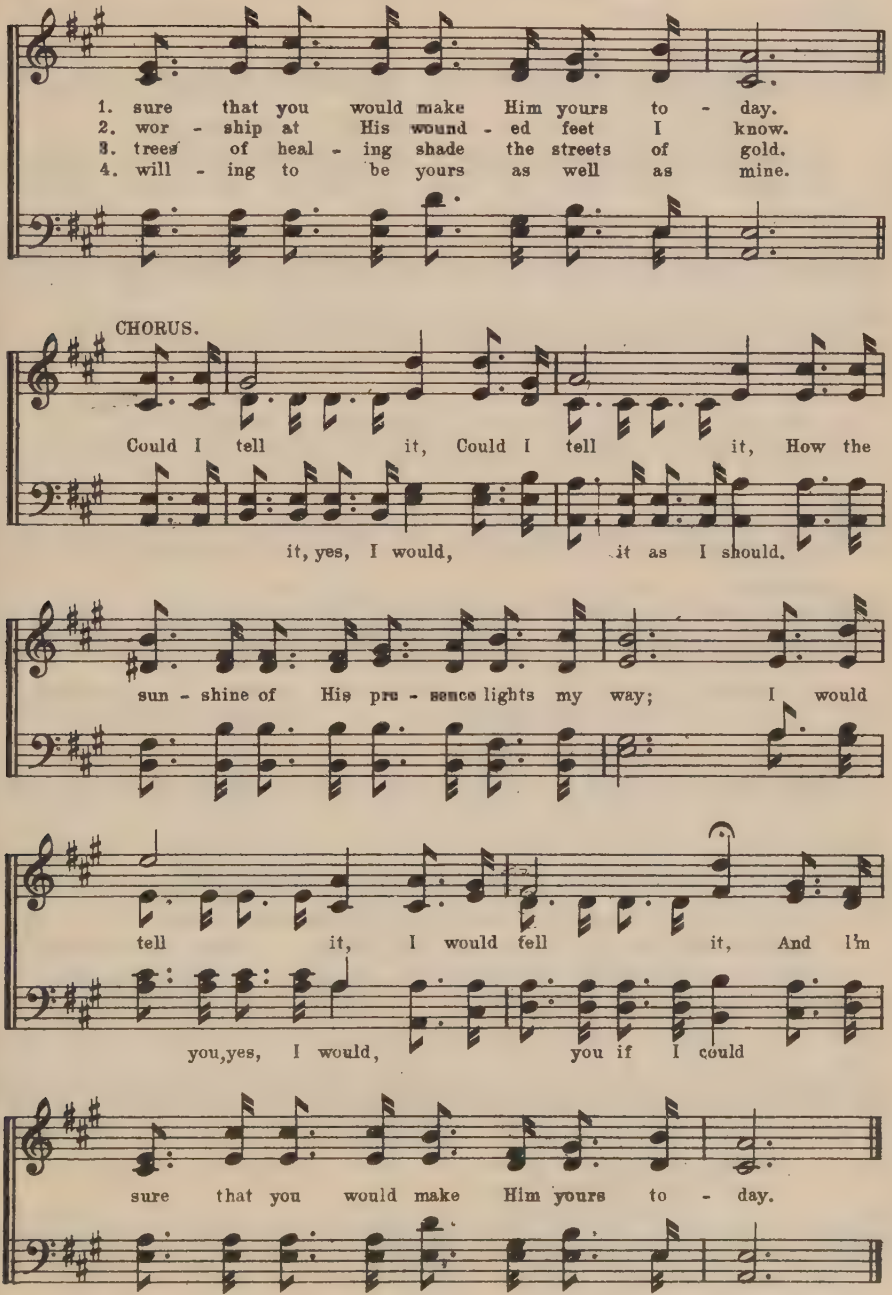
COULD I TELL IT?

123.

Ina Dulcy Ogdon. P. P. Bilhorn.

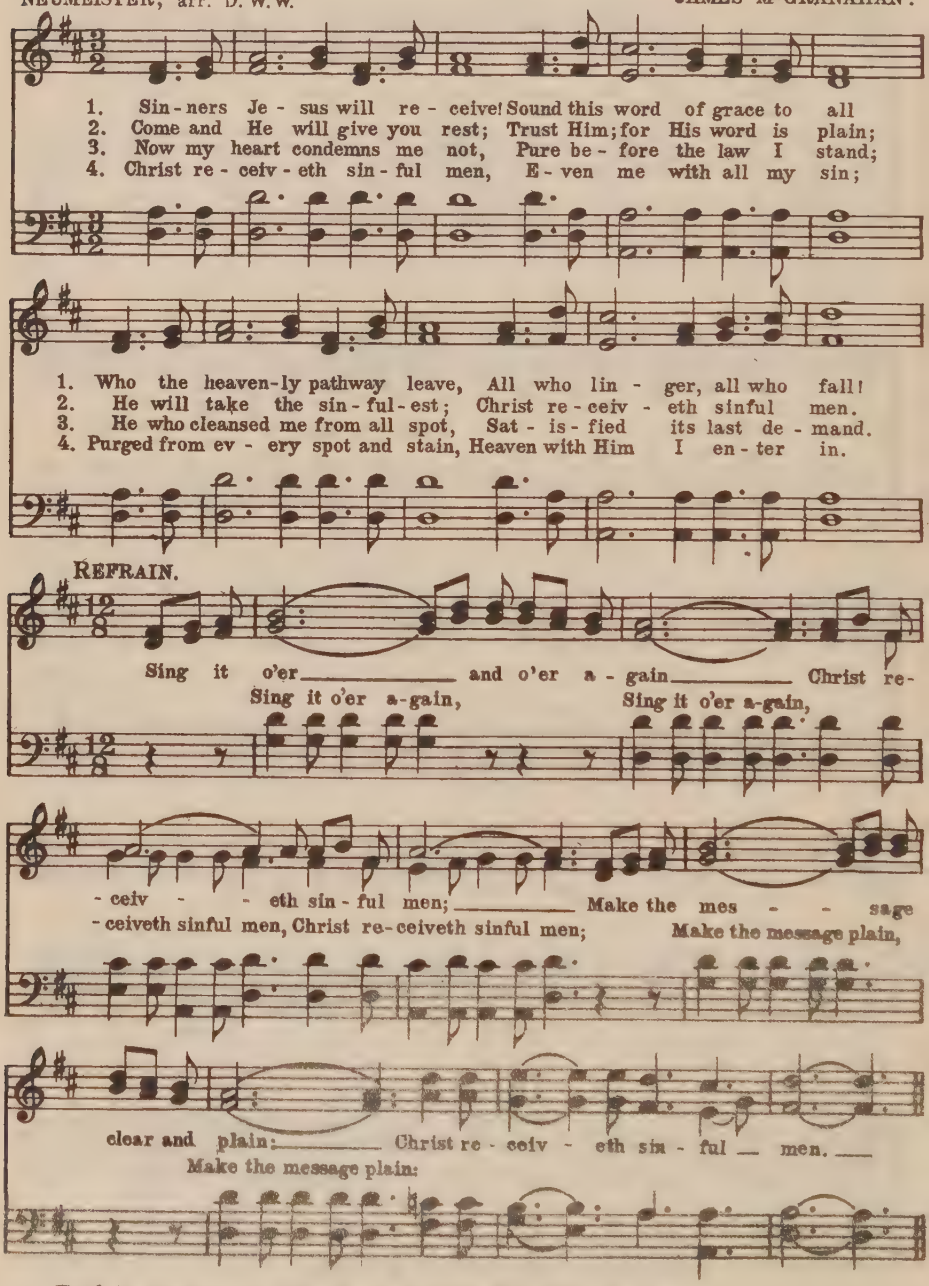

1. If I could on - ly tell Him as I know Him, My Re-
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you, And if
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His wel - come In that
4. But I can nev - er tell Him as I know Him: Hu - man
1. deem - er who has bright-ened all my way; If
2. we could thro' the lone - ly gar - den go, If
3. home whose match-less beau - ty ne'er was told; Thy
4. tongue can nev - er tell all love di - vine; I
1. I could tell how pre - cious is His pre - sence, I am
2. I could tell His dy - ing pain and par - don, You would
3. Fa - ther's man-sions stand by liv - ing wa - ters, And the
4. on - ly can en - treat you to ac - cept Him He's

123. COULD I TELL IT?—*continued.*


1. sure that you would make Him yours to - day.
2. wor - ship at His wound - ed feet I know.
3. trees of heal - ing shade the streets of gold.
4. will - ing to be yours as well as mine.
CHORUS.
Could I tell it, Could I tell it, How the
it, yes, I would, it as I should.
sun - shine of His pre - sence lights my way; I would
tell it, I would tell it, And I'm
you, yes, I would, you if I could
sure that you would make Him yours to - day.

124. CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

NEUMEISTER, arr. D. W. W. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sin-ners Je-sus will re-ceive! Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come and He will give you rest; Trust Him; for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be-fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men, E-ven me with all my sin;
1. Who the heaven-ly pathway leave, All who lin-ger, all who fall!
2. He will take the sin-ful-est; Christ re-ceiv-eth sinful men.
3. He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat-is-fied its last de-mand.
4. Purged from ev-ery spot and stain, Heaven with Him I en-ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er and o'er a-gain Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain,
-ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the mes-sage
-ceiveth sinful men, Christ re-ceiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain: Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men.
Make the message plain:

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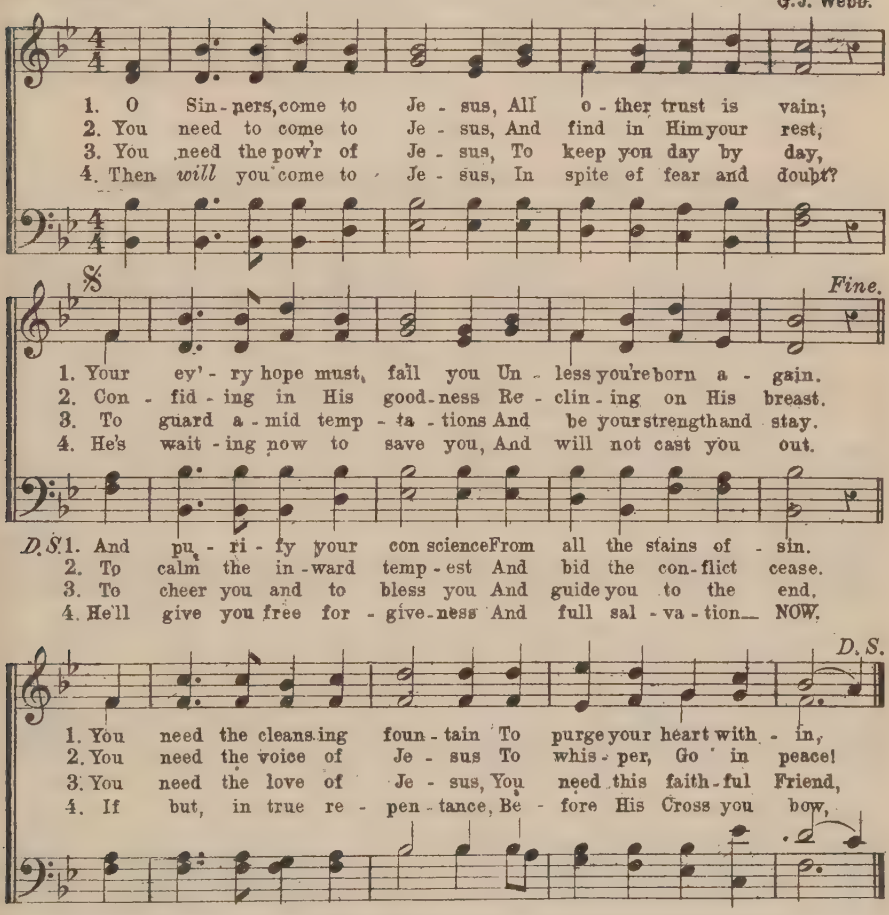
125. O SINNERS, COME TO JESUS.

H. E. Govan. "MORNING LIGHT." G. J. Webb.

1. O Sin - ners, come to Je - sus, All o - ther trust is vain;
2. You need to come to Je - sus, And find in Him your rest,
3. You need the pow'r of Je - sus, To keep you day by day,
4. Then will you come to Je - sus, In spite of fear and doubt?
1. Your ev' - ry hope must fail you Un - less you're born a - gain.
2. Con - fid - ing in His good - ness Re - clin - ing on His breast.
3. To guard a - mid temp - ta - tions And be your strength and stay.
4. He's wait - ing now to save you, And will not cast you out.
D. S. 1. And pu - ri - fy your con science From all the stains of - sin.
2. To calm the in - ward temp - est And bid the con - flict cease.
3. To cheer you and to bless you And guide you to the end.
4. He'll give you free for - give - ness And full sal - va - tion NOW.
1. You need the cleans - ing foun - tain To purge your heart with - in,
2. You need the voice of Je - sus To whis - per, Go in peace!
3. You need the love of Je - sus, You need this faith - ful Friend,
4. If but, in true re - pen - tance, Be - fore His Cross you bow,

126.

(To Tune 128.)

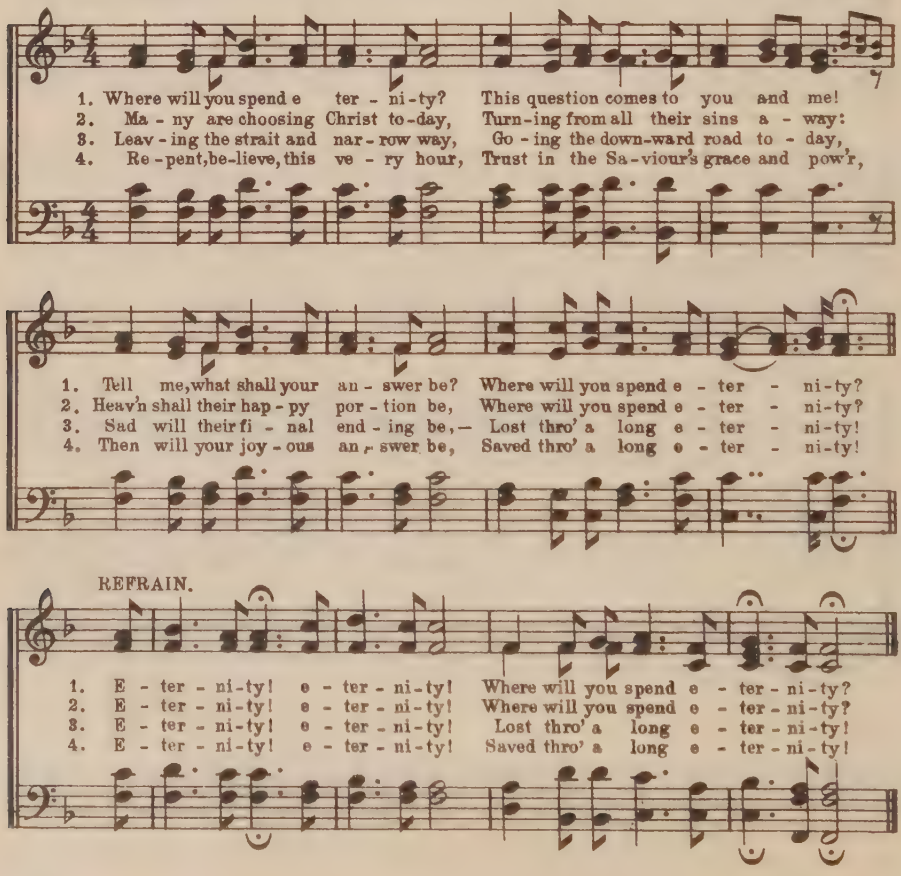
1. Hark! the gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner,
Come to Him who died for thee.

2. Oh! escape to yonder mountain;
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain;
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.

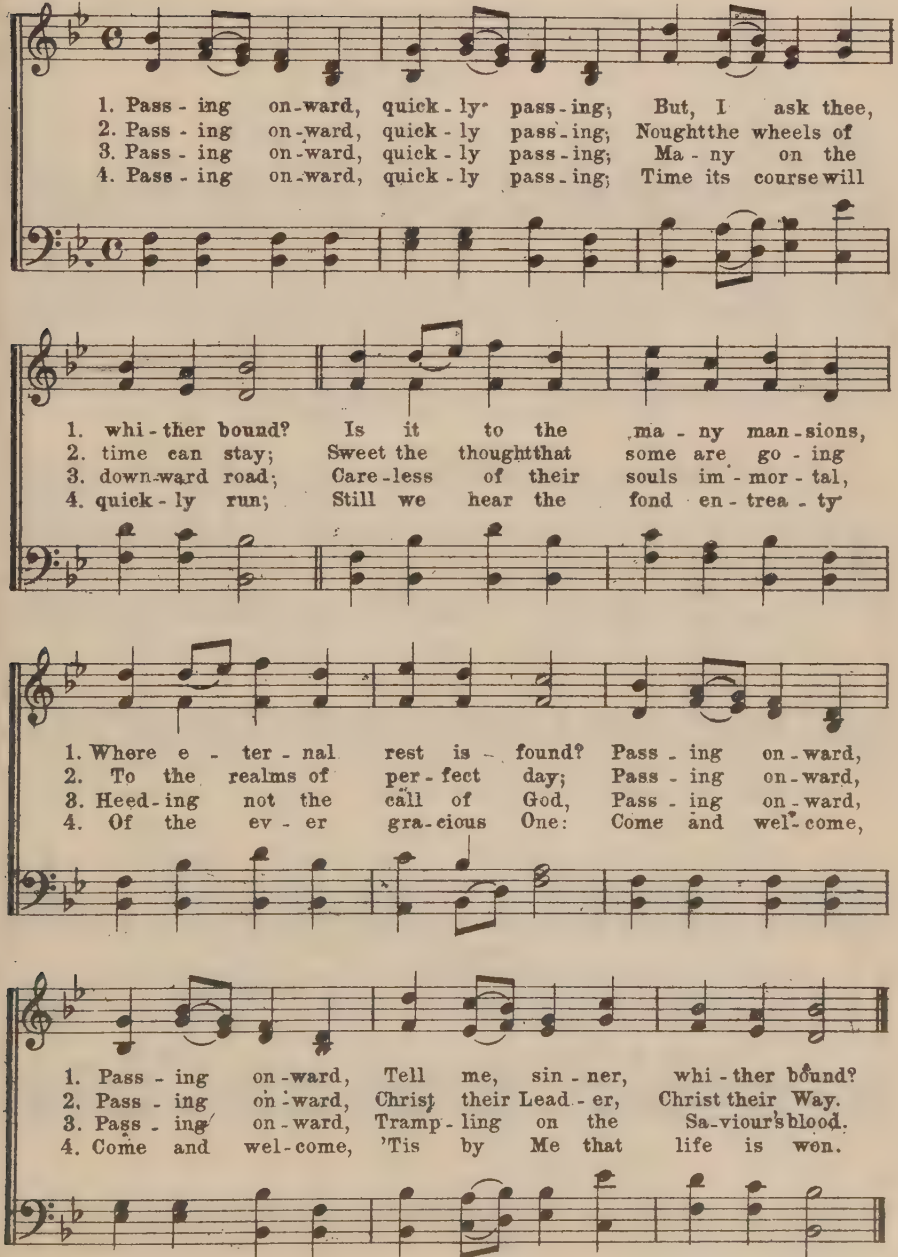
3. Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish,
All may live, for Christ hath died.

4. Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll revel in the ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fulness
We shall then for ever prove.

127. WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

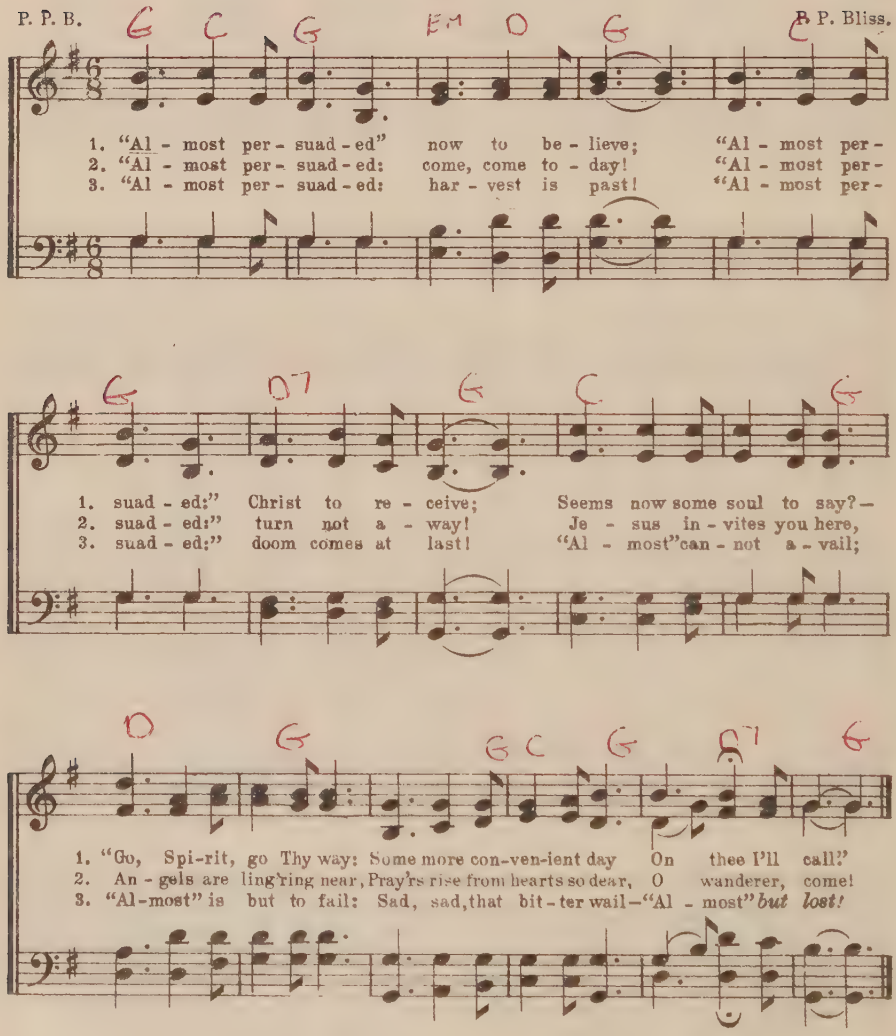
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Where will you spend e ter - ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way:
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the down-ward road to - day,
4. Re - pent, be-lieve, this ve - ry hour, Trust in the Sa-viour's grace and pow'r,
1. Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
2. Heav'n shall their hap - py por - tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
3. Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be, — Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!
4. Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!
REFRAIN.
1. E - ter - ni-ty! e - ter - ni-ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
2. E - ter - ni-ty! e - ter - ni-ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
3. E - ter - ni-ty! e - ter - ni-ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!
4. E - ter - ni-ty! e - ter - ni-ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!

128. PASSING ONWARD.


1. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing; But, I ask thee,
2. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing; Noughtthe wheels of
3. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing; Ma - ny on the
4. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing; Time its course will
1. whi - ther bound? Is it to the ma - ny man - sions,
2. time can stay; Sweet the thoughtthat some are go - ing
3. down - ward road; Care - less of their souls im - mor - tal,
4. quick - ly run; Still we hear the fond en - trea - ty
1. Where e - ter - nal rest is found? Pass - ing on - ward,
2. To the realms of per - fect day; Pass - ing on - ward,
3. Heed - ing not the call of God, Pass - ing on - ward,
4. Of the ev - er gra - cious One: Come and wel - come,
1. Pass - ing on - ward, Tell me, sin - ner, whi - ther bound?
2. Pass - ing on - ward, Christ their Lead - er, Christ their Way.
3. Pass - ing on - ward, Tramp - ling on the Sa - viour's blood.
4. Come and wel - come, 'Tis by Me that life is won.

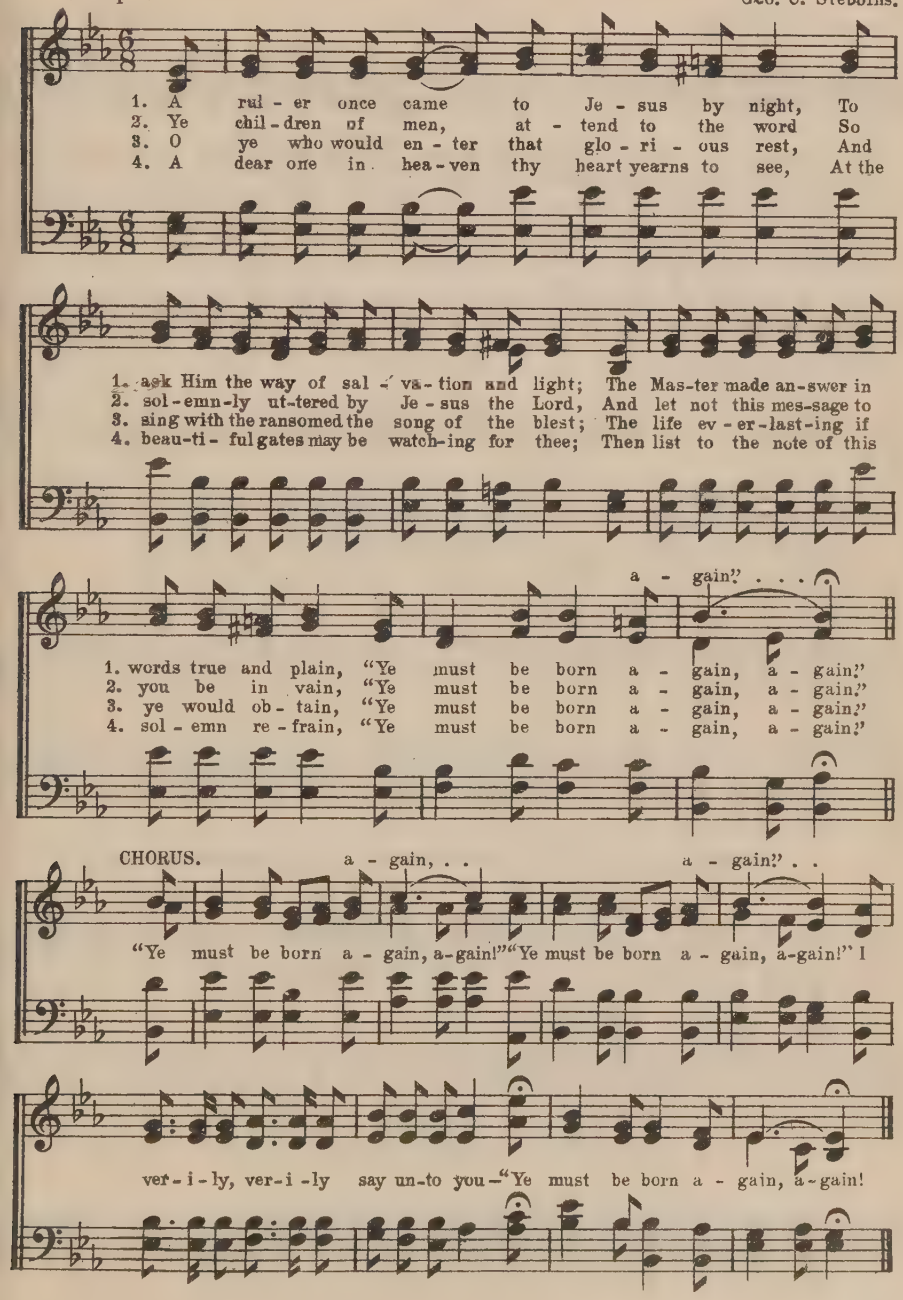
129. ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B. B. P. Bliss.


G C G Em D G C
1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per -
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed: come, come to - day! "Al - most per -
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed: har - vest is past! "Al - most per -
G D7 G C G
1. suad - ed:" Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say?—
2. suad - ed:" turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here,
3. suad - ed:" doom comes at last! "Al - most"can - not a - vail;
D G G C G D7 G
1. "Go, Spi-rit, go Thy way: Some more con-ven-ient day On thee I'll call!"
2. An - gels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wanderer, come!
3. "Al-most" is but to fail: Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most" *but lost!*

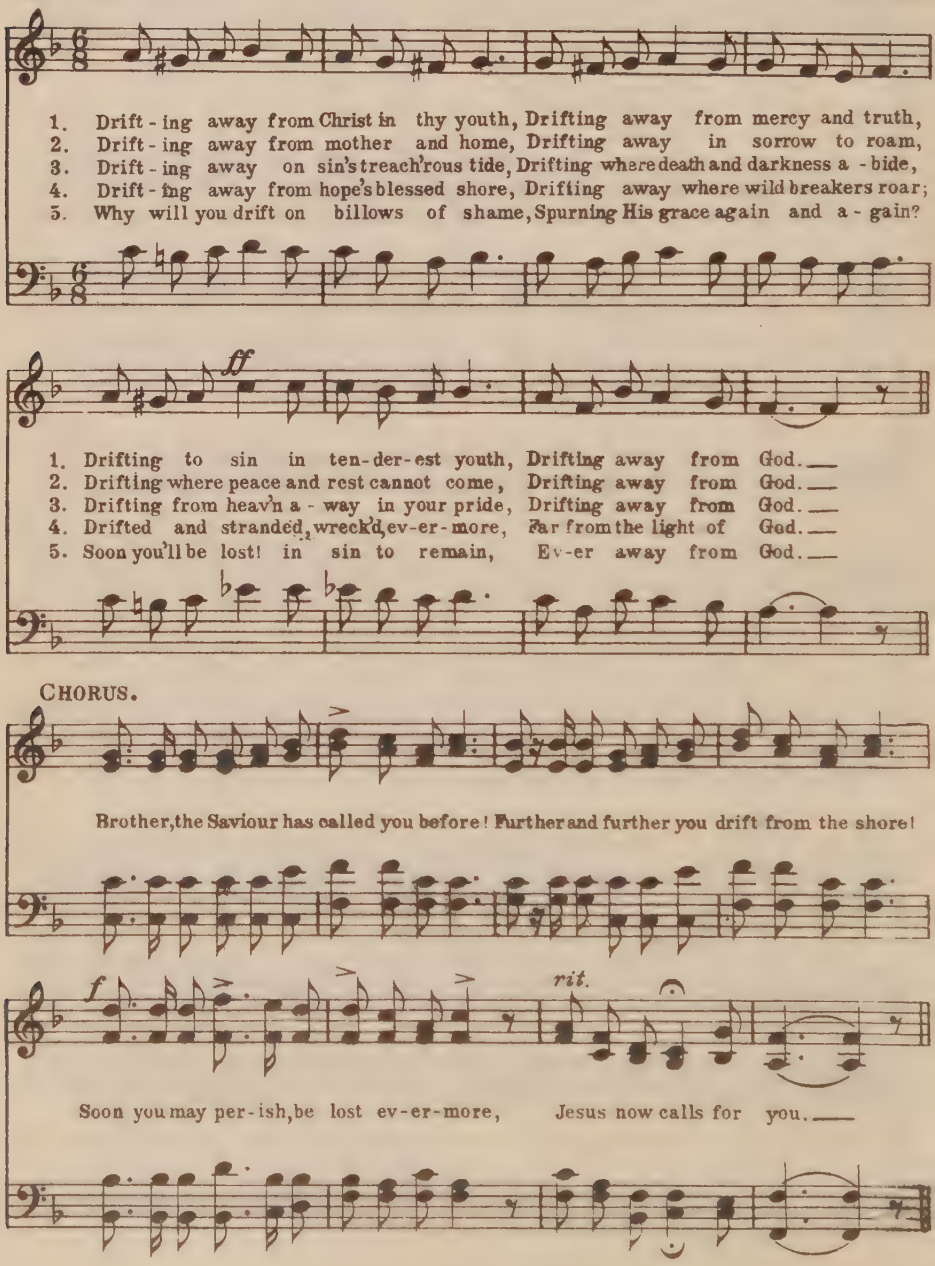
130. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the
1. ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in
2. solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord, And let not this message to
3. sing with the ransomed the song of the blest; The life ever-lasting if
4. beauti- ful gates may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this
a - gain?" . . .
1. words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain?"
2. you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain?"
3. ye would obtain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain?"
4. solemn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain?"
CHORUS.
a - gain, . . a - gain?" . .
"Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain!" "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain!" I
ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly say un-to you—"Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain!

131. DRIFTING AWAY FROM GOD.

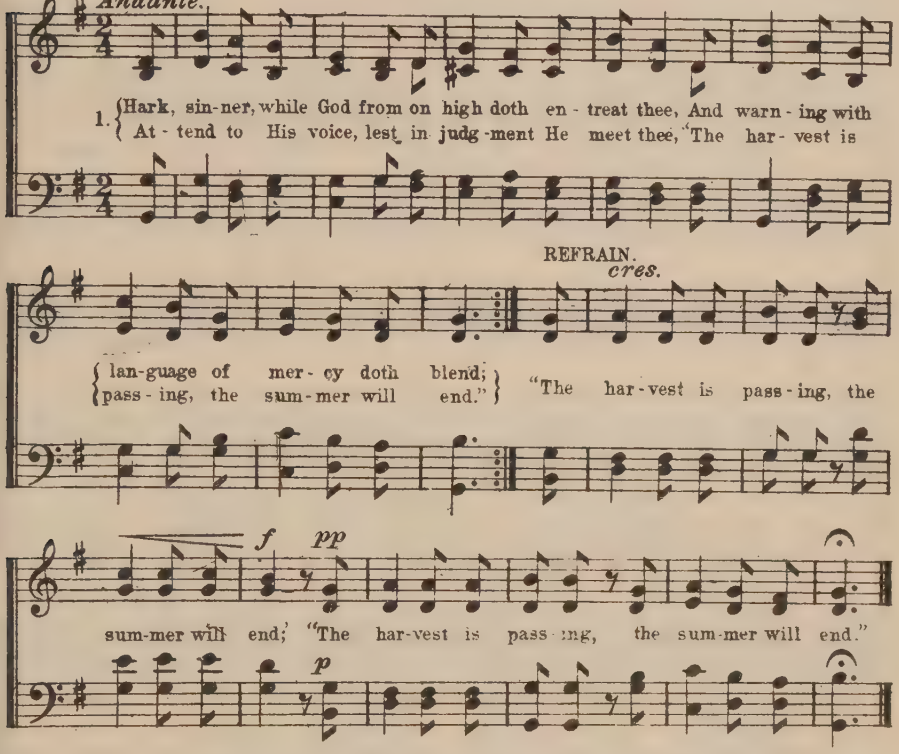
MRS. J. A. GRIFFITH P. P. BILHORN.


1. Drift - ing away from Christ in thy youth, Drifting away from mercy and truth,
2. Drift - ing away from mother and home, Drifting away in sorrow to roam,
3. Drift - ing away on sin's treach'rous tide, Drifting where death and darkness a - bide,
4. Drift - ing away from hope's blessed shore, Drifting away where wild breakers roar;
5. Why will you drift on billows of shame, Spurning His grace again and a - gain?
ff
1. Drifting to sin in ten-der-est youth, Drifting away from God.
2. Drifting where peace and rest cannot come, Drifting away from God.
3. Drifting from heav'n a - way in your pride, Drifting away from God.
4. Drifted and stranded, wreck'd, ev-er-more, Far from the light of God.
5. Soon you'll be lost! in sin to remain, Ev-er away from God.
CHORUS.
Brother, the Saviour has called you before! Further and further you drift from the shore!
f
rit.
Soon you may per-ish, be lost ev-er-more, Jesus now calls for you.

132. THE HARVEST IS PASSING.

As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God." (2 Cor. v. 20).

H. C. Anstey. P. P. Bliss.


Andante.
1. Hark, sin-ner, while God from on high doth en-treat thee, And warn-ing with
At-tend to His voice, lest in judg-ment He meet thee, "The har-vest is
REFRAIN.
cres.
lan-guage of mer-cy doth blend;
pass-ing, the sum-mer will end."
"The har-vest is pass-ing, the
f
pp
sum-mer will end; "The har-vest is pass-ing, the sum-mer will end."
p

2. How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee!
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3. Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

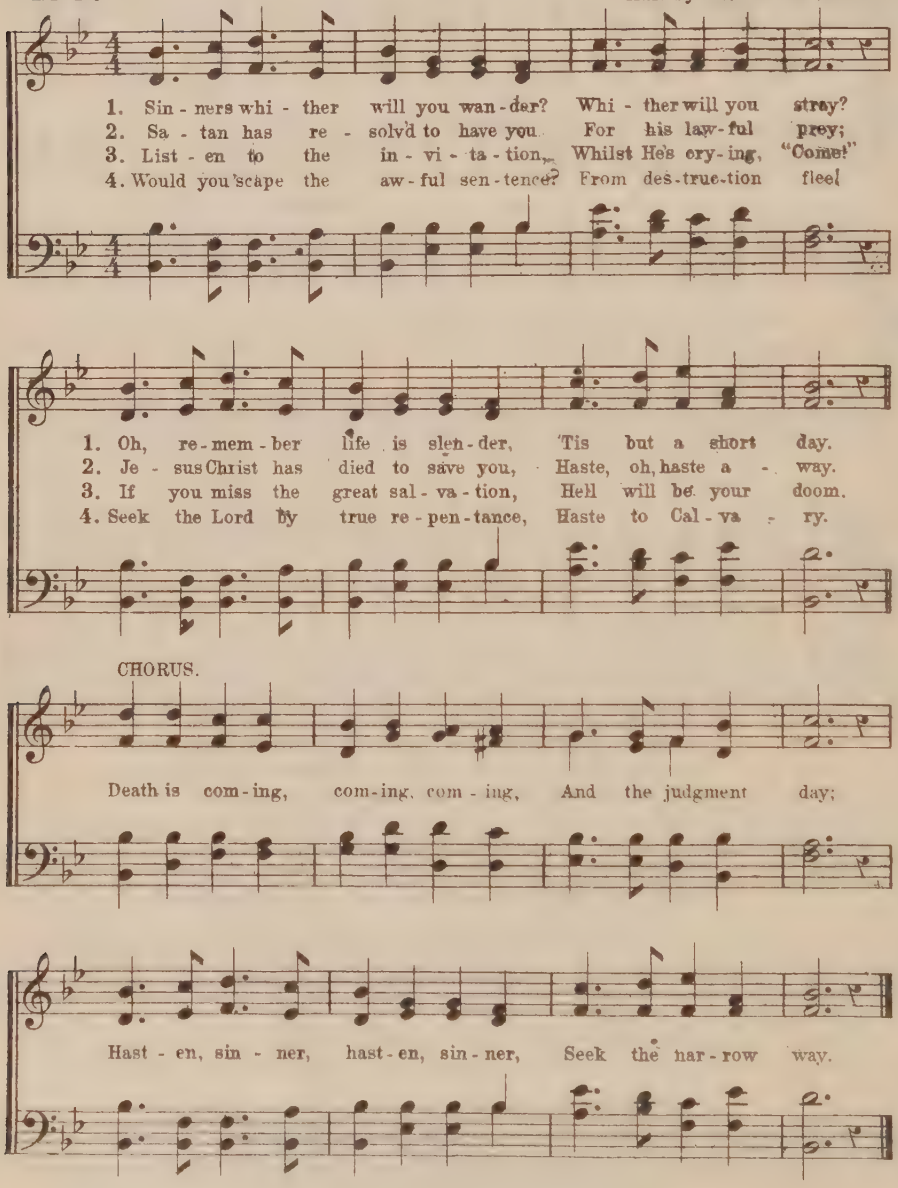
4. Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His power!
Our God will arise with His foes to contend:
Haste, haste thee, O sinner! prepare for that hour:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5. The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him,
O, let all thy sins go and make Him thy friend;
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to adore Him!
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

By permission of the John Church Co.

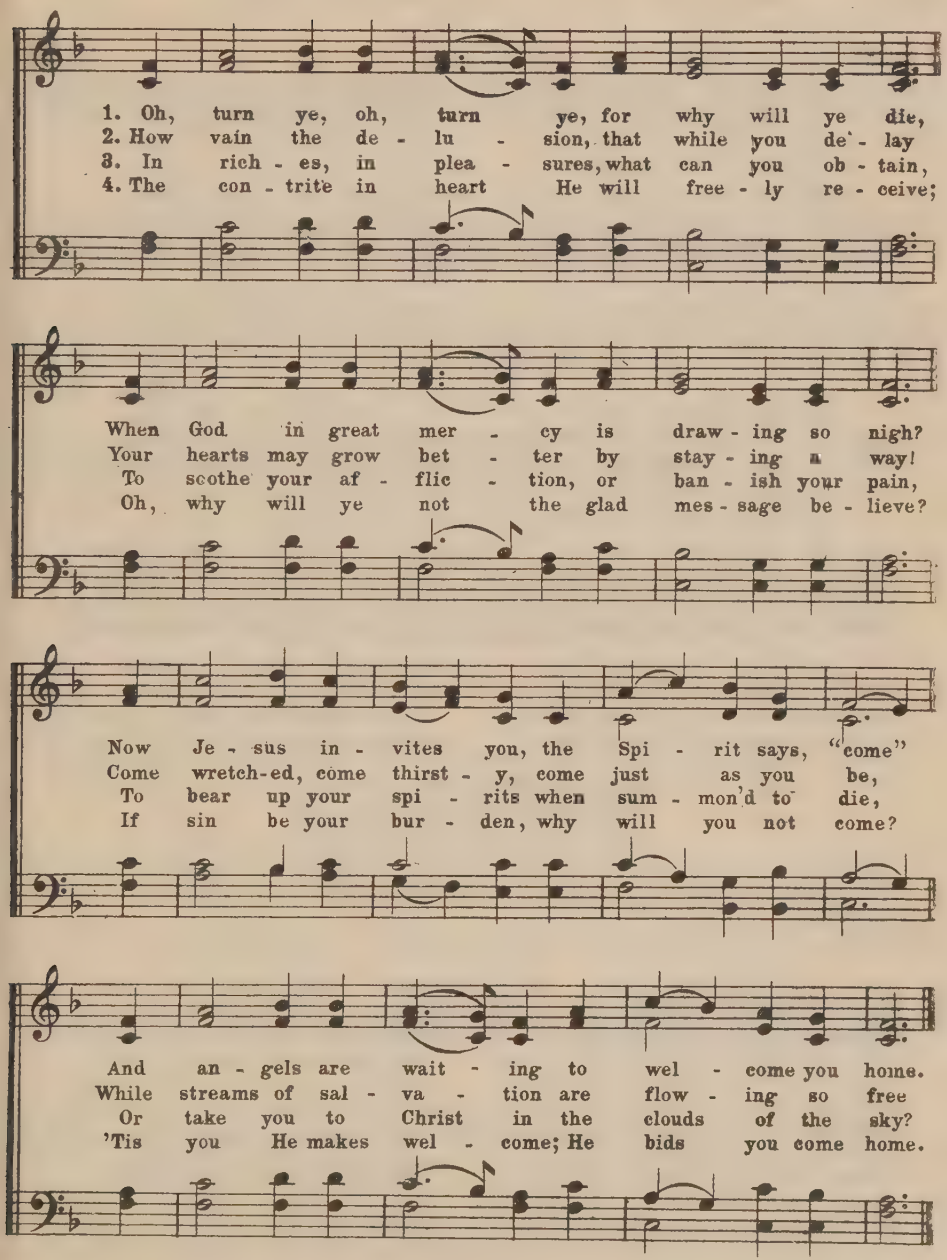
SINNERS, WHITHER WILL YOU WANDER?

133.

Har. by Jas. Mc W Bonnar.

1. Sin - ners whi - ther will you wan - der? Whi - ther will you stray?
2. Sa - tan has re - solv'd to have you For his law - ful prey;
3. List - en to the in - vi - ta - tion, Whilst He's cry - ing, "Come!"
4. Would you 'scape the aw - ful sen - tence? From des - truc - tion flee!
1. Oh, re - mem - ber life is slen - der, 'Tis but a short day.
2. Je - sus Christ has died to save you, Haste, oh, haste a - way.
3. If you miss the great sal - va - tion, Hell will be your doom.
4. Seek the Lord by true re - pen - tance, Haste to Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Death is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, And the judgment day;
Hast - en, sin - ner, hast - en, sin - ner, Seek the nar - row way.

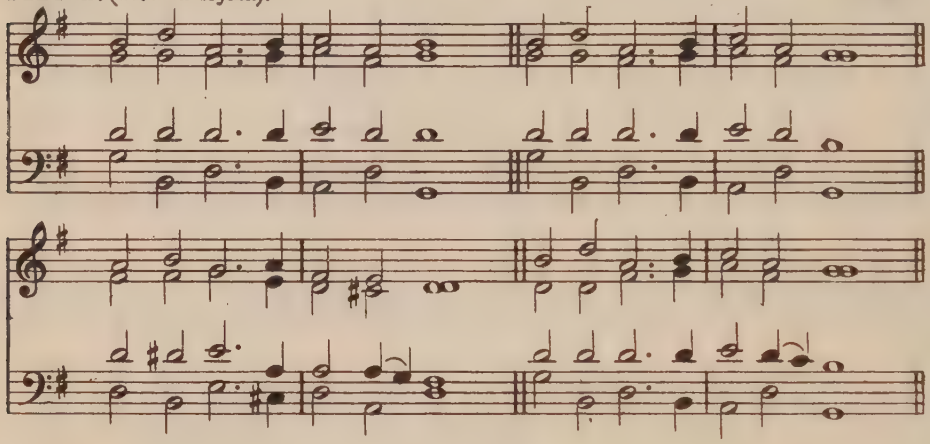
134. WHY WILL YE DIE?

J.H. Rev. A. J. Gordon


1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay
3. In rich - es, in plea - sures, what can you ob - tain,
4. The con - trite in heart He will free - ly re - ceive;
When God in great mer - cy is draw - ing so nigh?
Your hearts may grow bet - ter by stay - ing a way!
To scothe your af - flic - tion, or ban - ish your pain,
Oh, why will ye not the glad mes - sage be - lieve?
Now Je - sus in - vites you, the Spi - rit says, "come"
Come wretch-ed, come thirst - y, come just as you be,
To bear up your spi - rits when sum - mon'd to die,
If sin be your bur - den, why will you not come?
And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
While streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing so free
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?
'Tis you He makes wel - come; He bids you come home.

135. WHERE WILT THOU APPEAR?

PLEYEL. (German Hymn). PLEYEL.



1. When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shade's o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2. When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?

3. When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?

4. What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5. While His Spirit still doth strive,
Turn to Him; thy soul shall live.
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

136.

1. Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2. Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest — never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

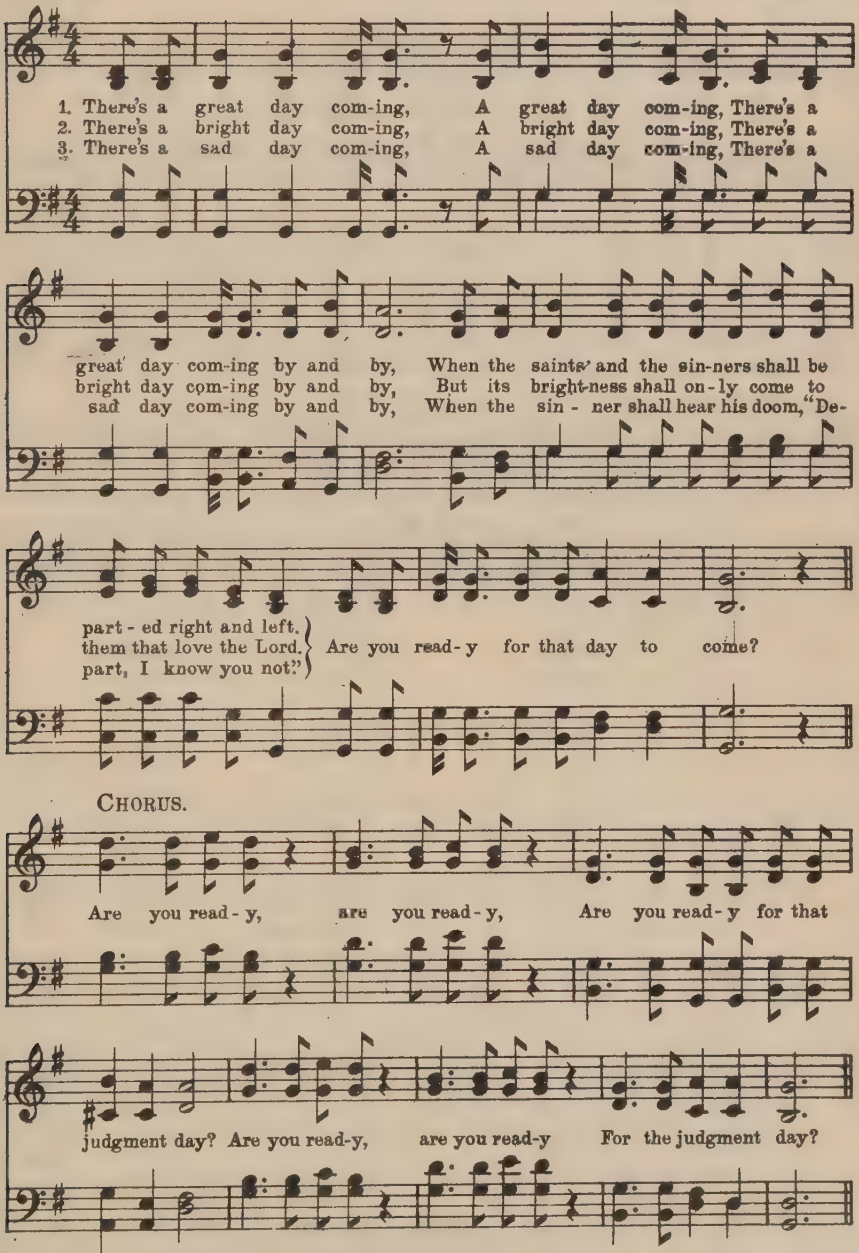
3. God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere be set His judgment throne—
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

4. Oh, be earnest, death is near!
Thou wilt perish ling'ring here:
Sleep no longer, rise and flee;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee.

There's a great day coming.

137.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

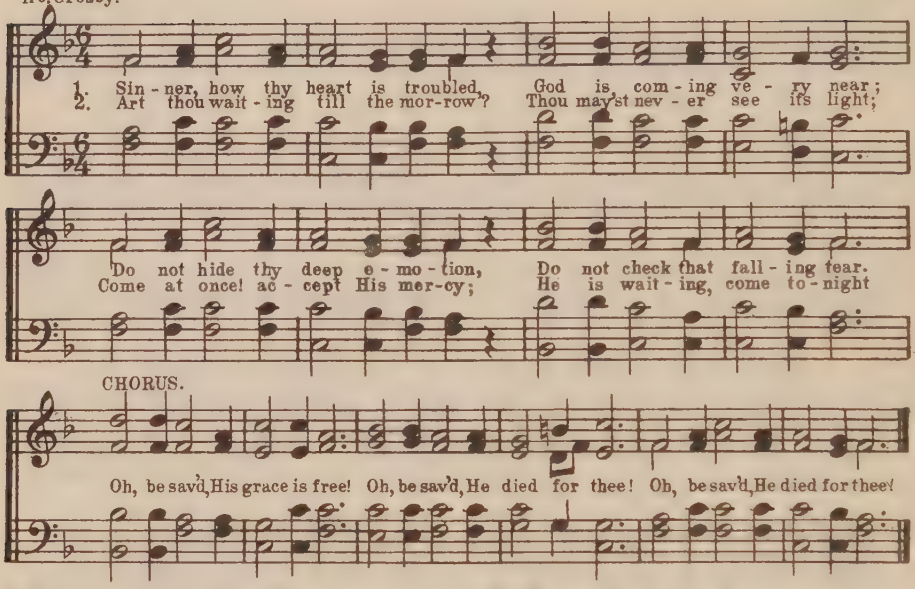

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-
part - ed right and left.
them that love the Lord.
part, I know you not."
Are you read-y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
Are you read-y, are you read-y, Are you read-y for that
judgment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y For the judgment day?

OH, BE SAVED.

"*The Lord ready to save*"—Isaiah xxxviii. 20.

138

E. J. Crosby. S. G. Vail.


1. Sin - ner, how thy heart is troubled, God is com - ing ve - ry near;
2. Art thou wait - ing till the mor-row? Thou may'st nev - er see its light;
Do not hide thy deep e - mo - tion, Do not check that fall - ing fear.
Come at once! ac - cept His mer-cy; He is wait - ing, come to - night
CHORUS.
Oh, be sav'd, His grace is free! Oh, be sav'd, He died for thee! Oh, be sav'd, He died for thee!

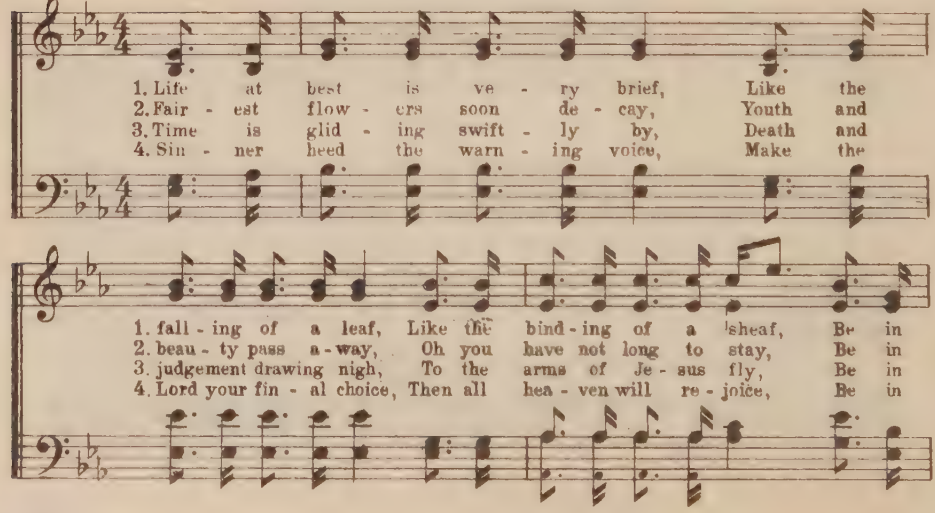
3. With a lowly contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
Thou canst feel this very moment,
Pardon—precious, pure and sweet.

4. Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

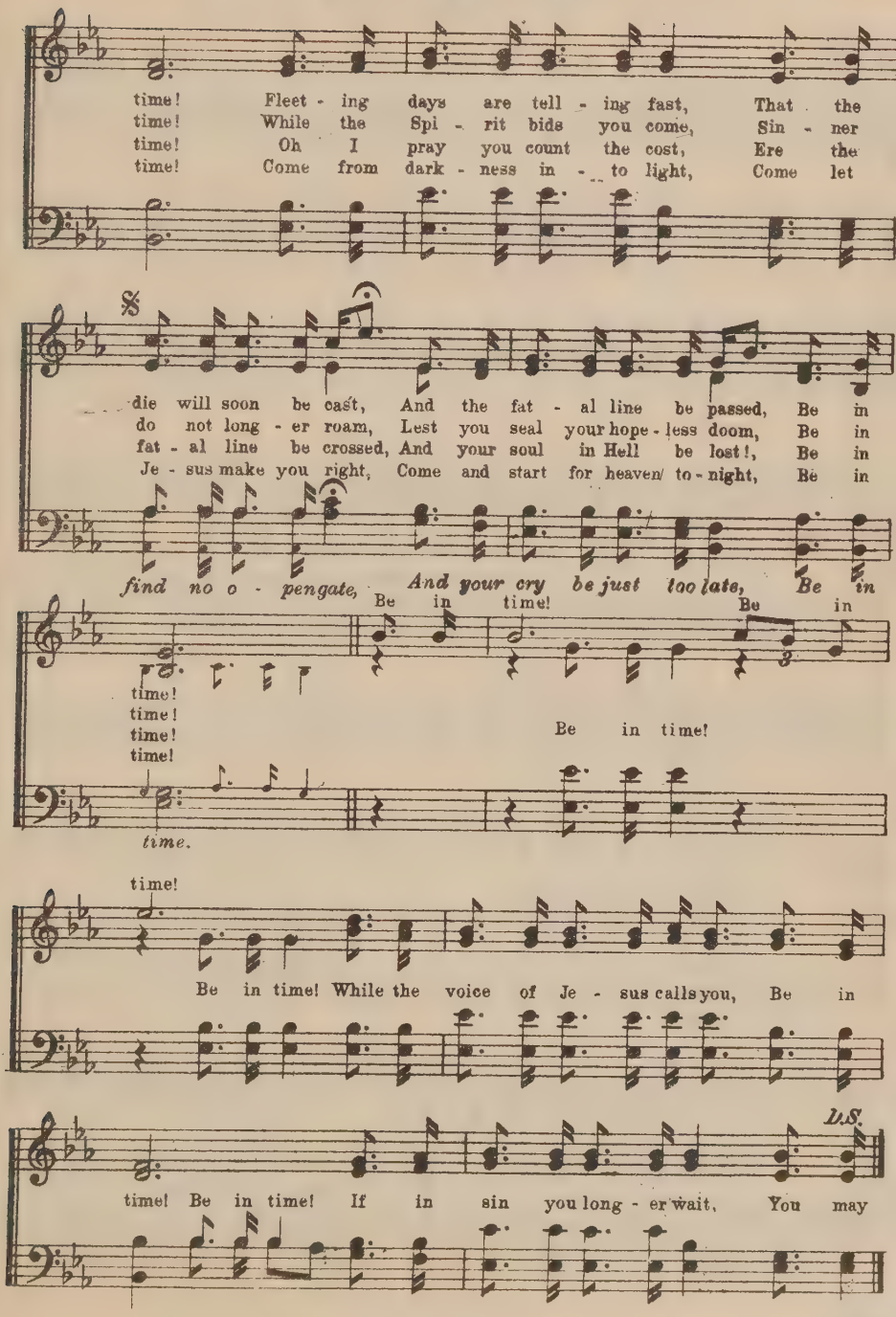
BE IN TIME!

139.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Life at best is ve - ry brief, Like the
2. Fair - est flow - ers soon de - cay, Youth and
3. Time is glid - ing swift - ly by, Death and
4. Sin - ner heed the warn - ing voice, Make the
1. fall - ing of a leaf, Like the bind - ing of a sheaf, Be in
2. beau - ty pass a - way, Oh you have not long to stay, Be in
3. judgement drawing nigh, To the arms of Je - sus fly, Be in
4. Lord your fin - al choice, Then all hea - ven will re - joice, Be in

BE IN TIME- *continued.*

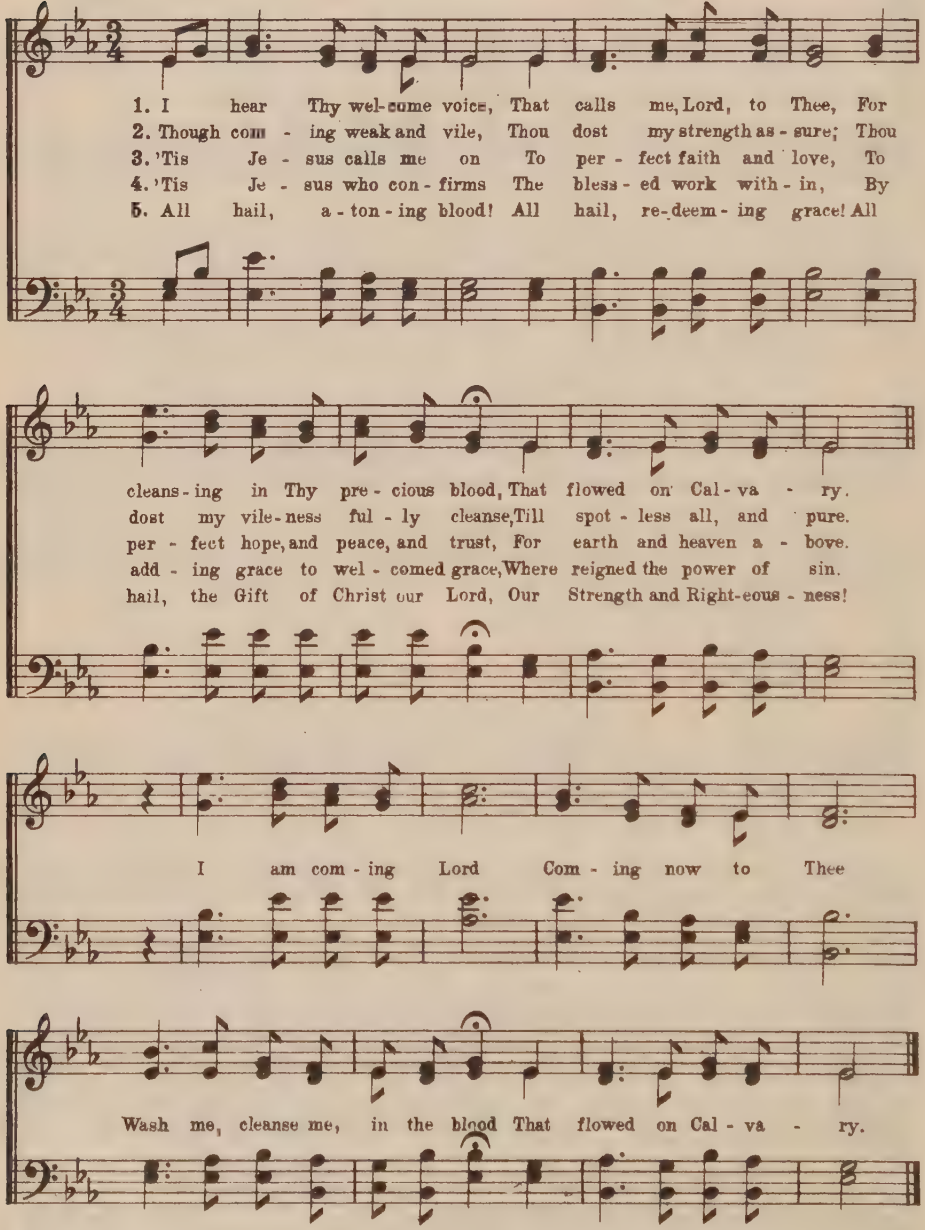

time! Fleet - ing days are tell - ing fast, That the
time! While the Spi - rit bids you come, Sin - ner
time! Oh I pray you count the cost, Ere the
time! Come from dark - ness in - to light, Come let
die will soon be cast, And the fat - al line be passed, Be in
do not long - er roam, Lest you seal your hope - less doom, Be in
fat - al line be crossed, And your soul in Hell be lost!, Be in
Je - sus make you right, Come and start for heaven to - night, Be in
find no o - pengate, And your cry be just too late, Be in
Be in time! Be in
time!
time!
time!
time!
Be in time!
time.
time!
Be in time! While the voice of Je - sus calls you, Be in
D.S.
time! Be in time! If in sin you long - er wait, You may

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

140.

L.H.

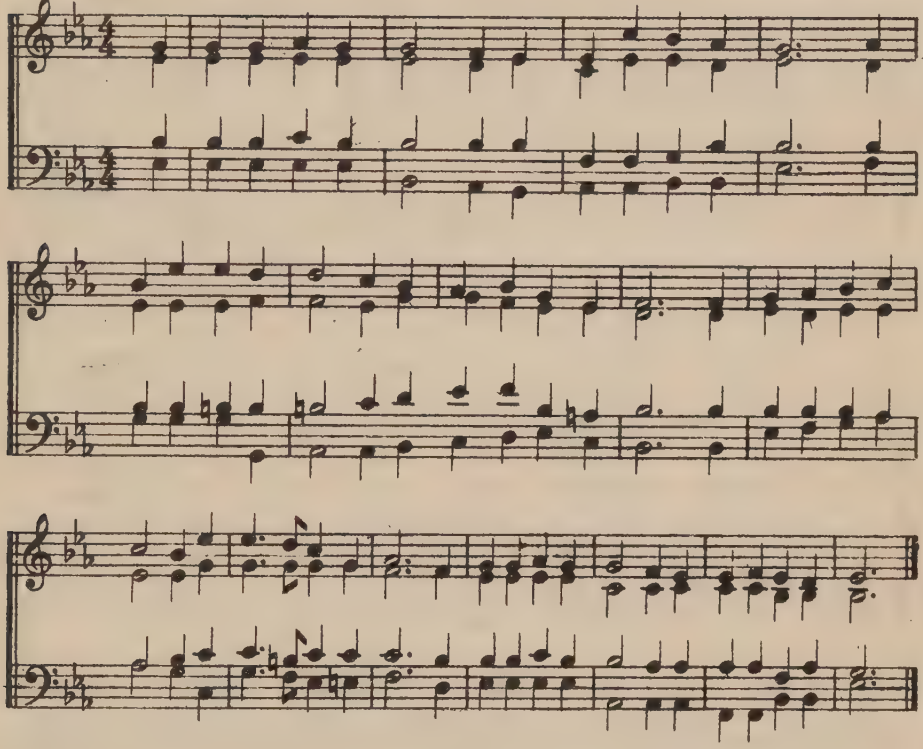
Lewis Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Though com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in, By
5. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re-deem - ing grace! All
cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a - bove.
add - ing grace to wel - comed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
hail, the Gift of Christ our Lord, Our Strength and Right-eous - ness!
I am com - ing Lord Com - ing now to Thee
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

141. "AURELIA."

H. Bonar. S.S. Wesley.



1. I lay my sins on Jesus,
   The spotless Lamb of God;
   He bears them all, and frees us
   From the accursed load;
   I bring my guilt to Jesus,
   To wash my crimson stains
   White in His blood most precious,
   Till not a spot remains.

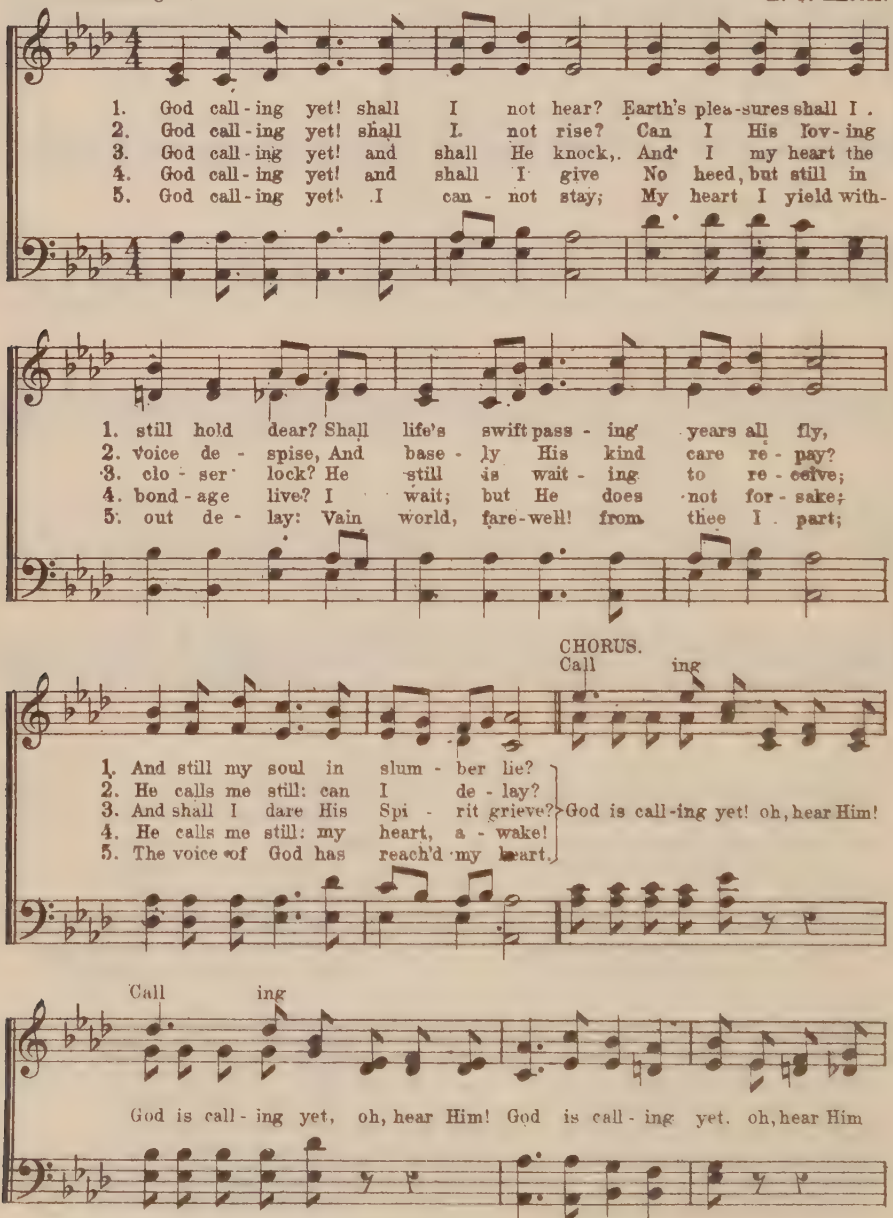
2. I lay my wants on Jesus,
   All fulness dwells in Him:
   He heals all my diseases,
   He doth my soul redeem.
   I lay my griefs on Jesus,
   My burdens and my cares;
   He from them all releases;
   He all my sorrows shares.

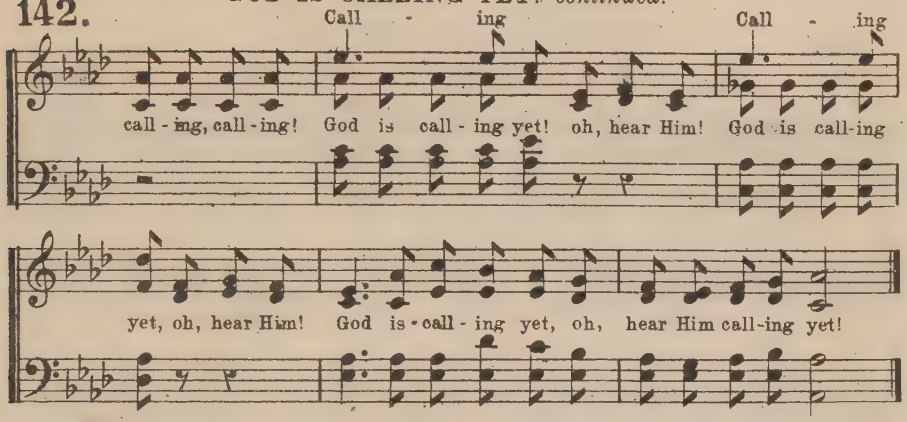
3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
   This weary soul of mine;
   His right hand me embraces,
   I on His breast recline.
   I love the name of Jesus,
   Immanuel, Christ, the Lord:
   Like fragrance on the breezes,
   His name abroad is poured.

4. I long to be like Jesus,
   Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
   I long to be like Jesus,
   The Father's holy child.
   I long to be with Jesus
   Amid the heavenly throng,
   To sing with saints His praises,
   To learn the angels' song.

GOD IS CALLING YET!

142. *"O earth! hear the word of the Lord"* (Jer. xxii. 29).

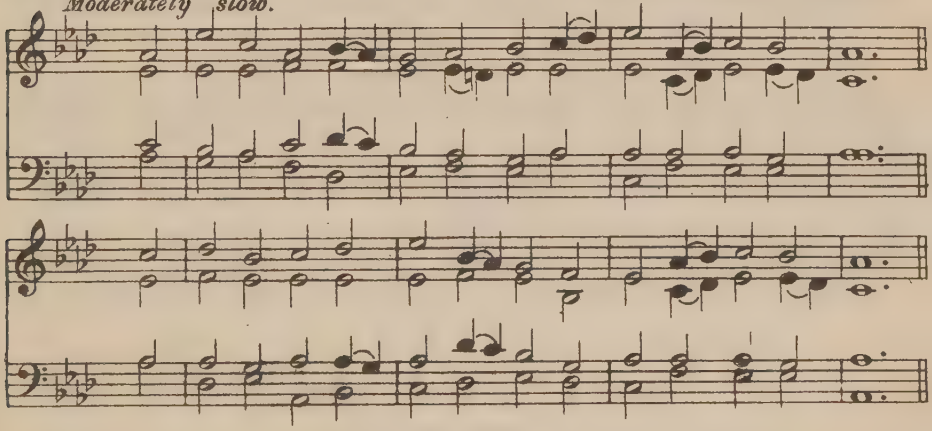
Gerhard Tersteegen. E. O. Excell.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's plea-sures shall I
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-
1. still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly,
2. voice de-spise, And base-ly His kind care re-pay?
3. clo-ser lock? He still is wait-ing to re-ceive;
4. bond-age live? I wait; but He does not for-sake;
5. out de-lay: Vain world, fare-well! from thee I part;
CHORUS.
Call ing
1. And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
2. He calls me still: can I de-lay?
3. And shall I dare His Spi-rit grieve?
4. He calls me still: my heart, a-wake!
5. The voice of God has reach'd my heart.
God is call-ing yet! oh, hear Him!
Call ing
God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him! God is call-ing yet. oh, hear Him

142. GOD IS CALLING YET!—*continued.*

Call - ing
Call - ing
call - ing, call - ing! God is call - ing yet! oh, hear Him! God is call-ing
yet, oh, hear Him! God is - call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet!

143. CONTRITE AND PENITENT.

NEWINGTON. WILLIAM JONES, 1726-1800.

Moderately slow.



1. Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return:
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2. His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite.
'Tis also strong to save.

3. Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4. Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

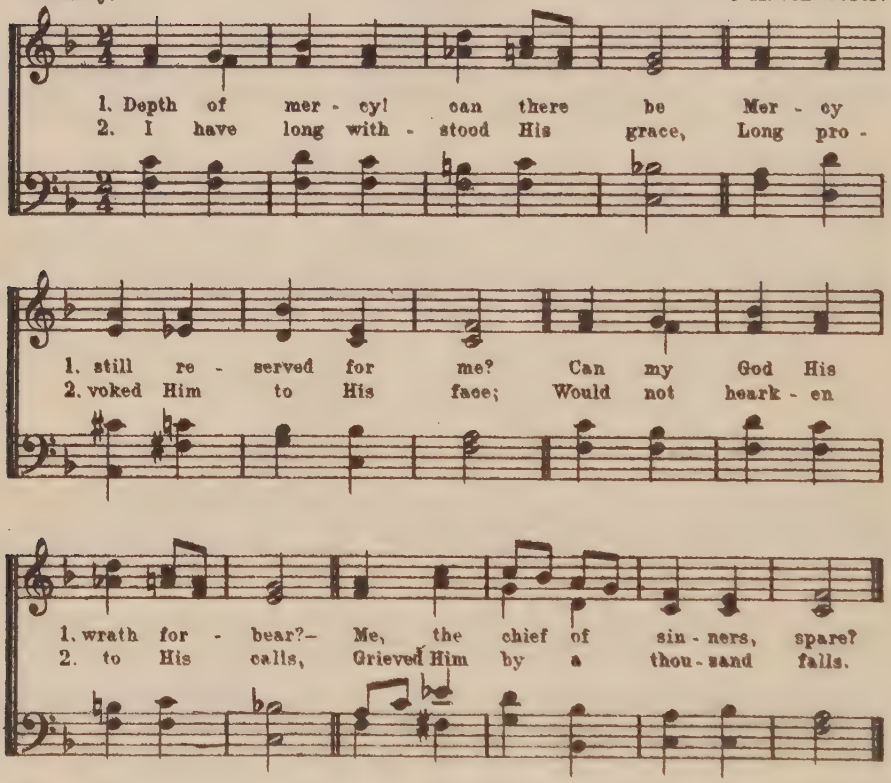
5. As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground.

6. So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light:
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

144. DEPTH OF MERCY.

"WEBER"

C. Wesley. C. M. von Weber.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy
2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro -
1. still re - served for me? Can my God His
2. voked Him to His face; Would not hark - en
1. wrath for - bear?— Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
2. to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.

3. Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

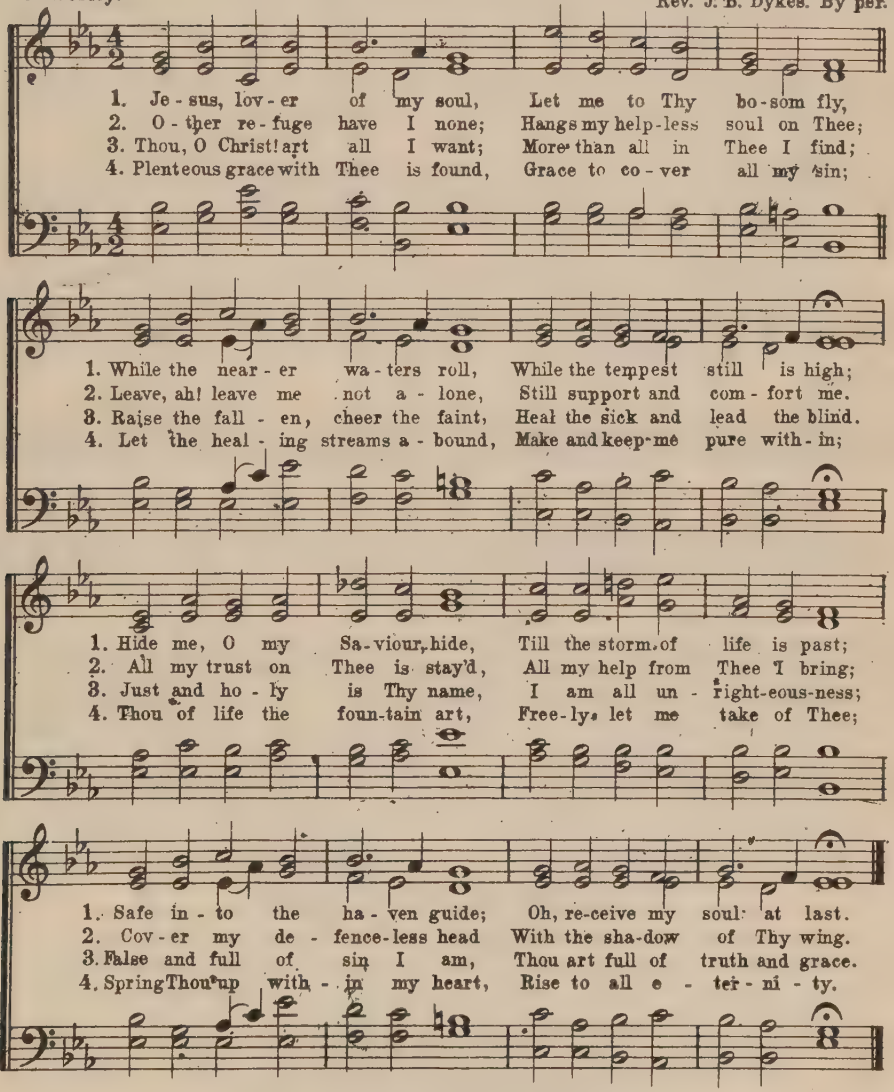
4. There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands:
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

5. If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now!

145. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

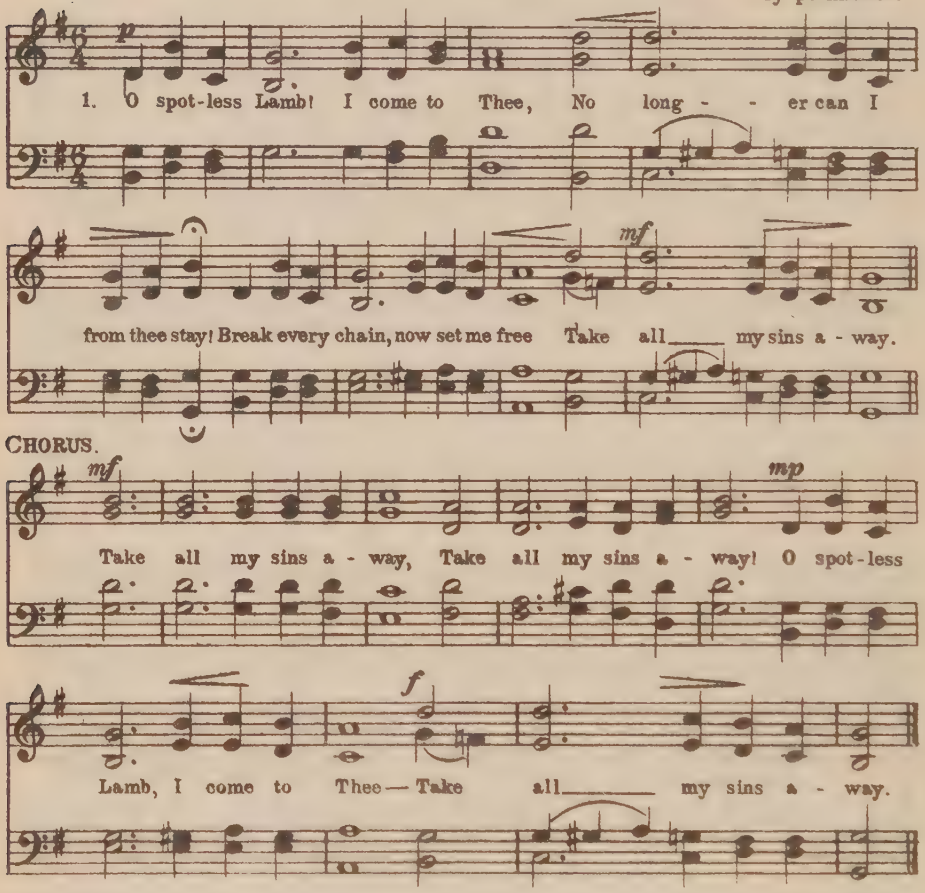
"HOLLINGSIDE."

C. Wesley. Rev. J. B. Dykes. By per.


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. O - ther re - fuge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to co - ver all my sin;
1. While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
2. Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me.
3. Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
4. Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in;
1. Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
2. All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
3. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
4. Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free-ly, let me take of Thee;
1. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
2. Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the sha-dow of Thy wing.
3. False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

146. O SPOTLESS LAMB.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i 29.) C. Booth-Clibborn. by permission.


1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to Thee, No long - - er can I
from thee stay! Break every chain, now set me free Take all my sins a - way.
CHORUS.
Take all my sins a - way, Take all my sins a - way! O spot-less
Lamb, I come to Thee — Take all my sins a - way.

2. My hungry soul cries out for Thee,
Come and for ever seal my breast:
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

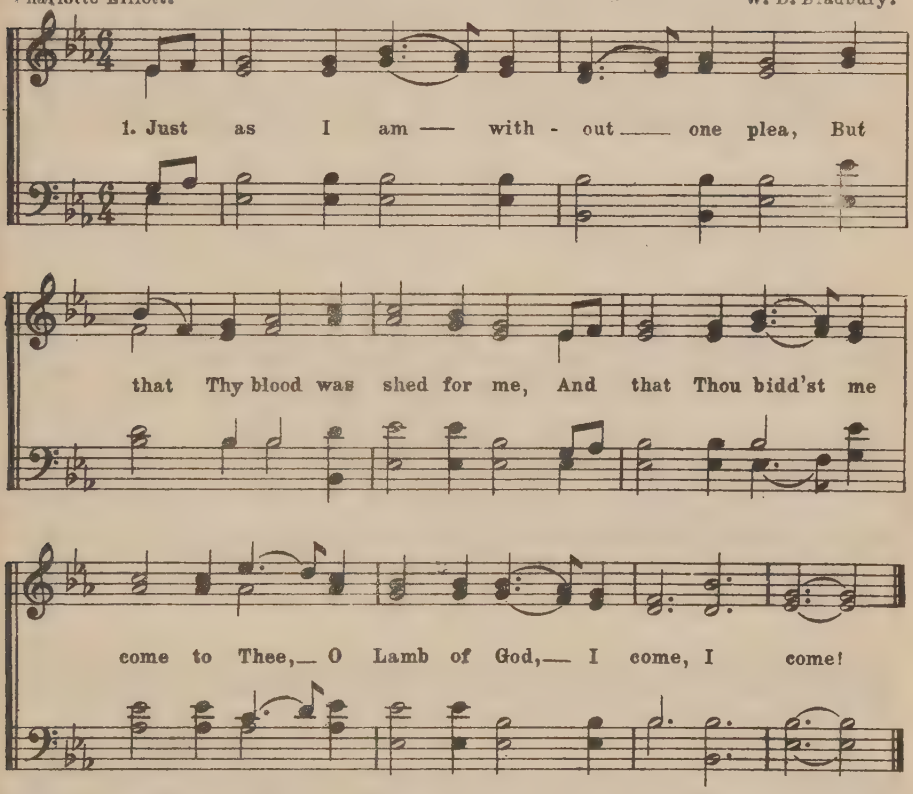
3. Weary I am of inbred sin
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release?
Enter and speak me pure within,
Give me Thy perfect peace.

4. I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee:
Salvation full just now I claim —
Thy Spirit sets me free.

JUST AS I AM.

147. *"Behold the Lamb of God!"* — John i. 29.

Charlotte Elliott. W. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am — with - out — one plea, But
that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
come to Thee,— O Lamb of God,— I come, I come!

2. Just as I am — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot —
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

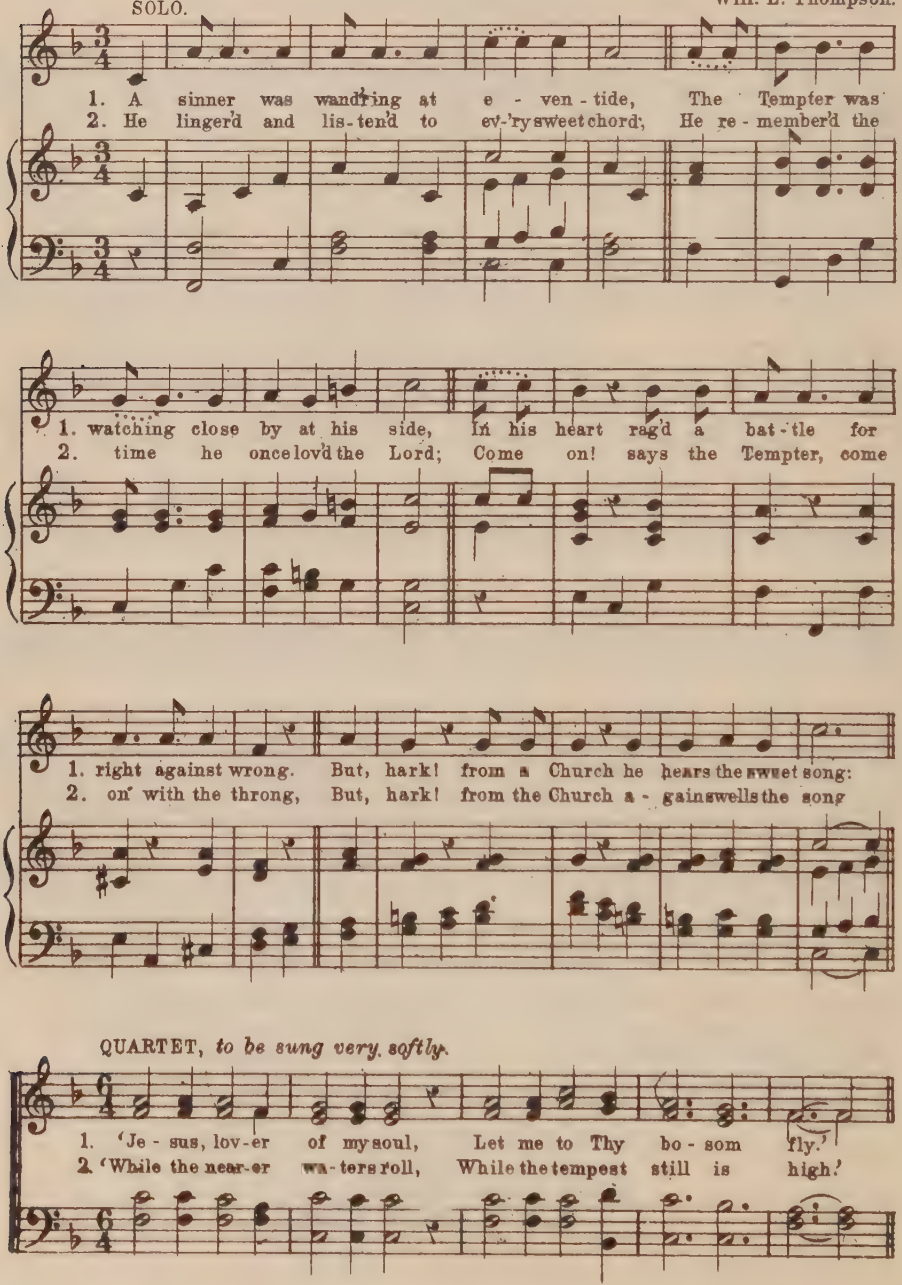
4. Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find
O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

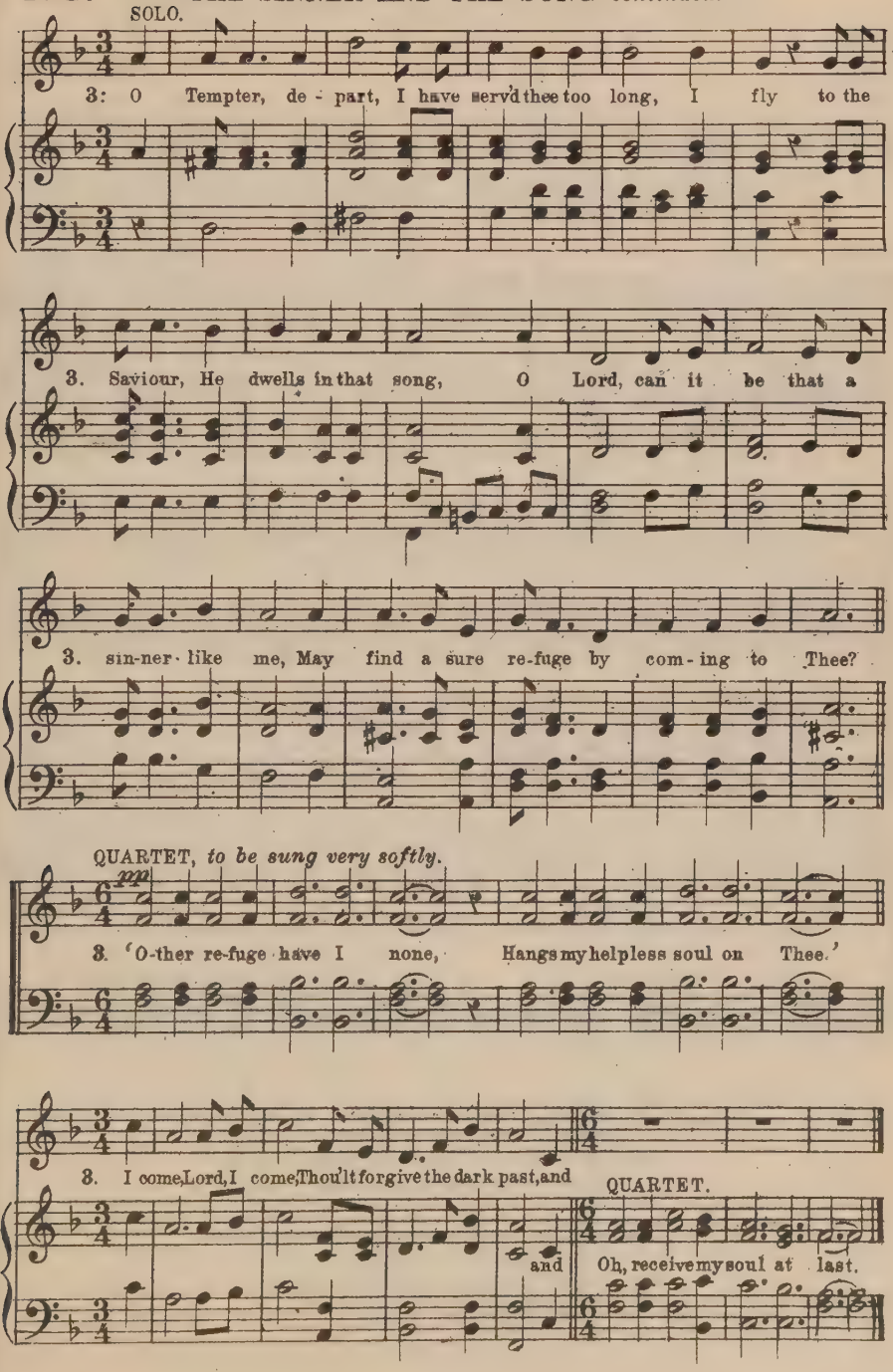
6. Just as I am — Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

148.

Will. L. Thompson.

SOLO.
1. A sinner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, The Tempter was
2. He linger'd and lis-ten'd to ev-'ry sweet chord; He re - member'd the
1. watching close by at his side, In his heart rag'd a bat - tle for
2. time he once lov'd the Lord; Come on! says the Tempter, come
1. right against wrong. But, hark! from a Church he hears the sweet song:
2. on' with the throng, But, hark! from the Church a - gain swells the song
QUARTET, to be sung very softly.
1. 'Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.'
2. 'While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high.'

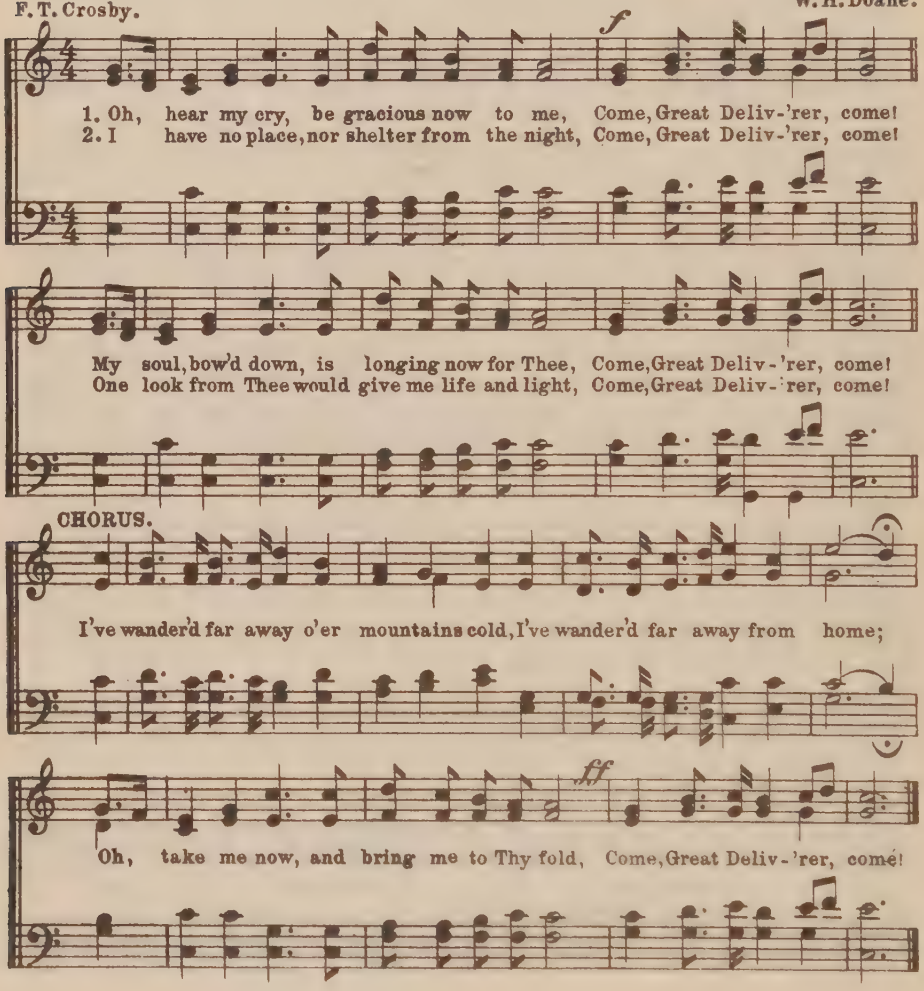
148. THE SINNER AND THE SONG—*continued.*


SOLO.
3: O Tempter, de - part, I have serv'd thee too long, I fly to the
3. Saviour, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a
3. sin-ner like me, May find a sure re-fuge by com-ing to Thee?
QUARTET, *to be sung very softly.*
pp
3. 'O-ther re-fuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.'
3. I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, and
QUARTET.
and
Oh, receive my soul at last.

COME, GREAT DELIV'RER, COME!

149.

F. T. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

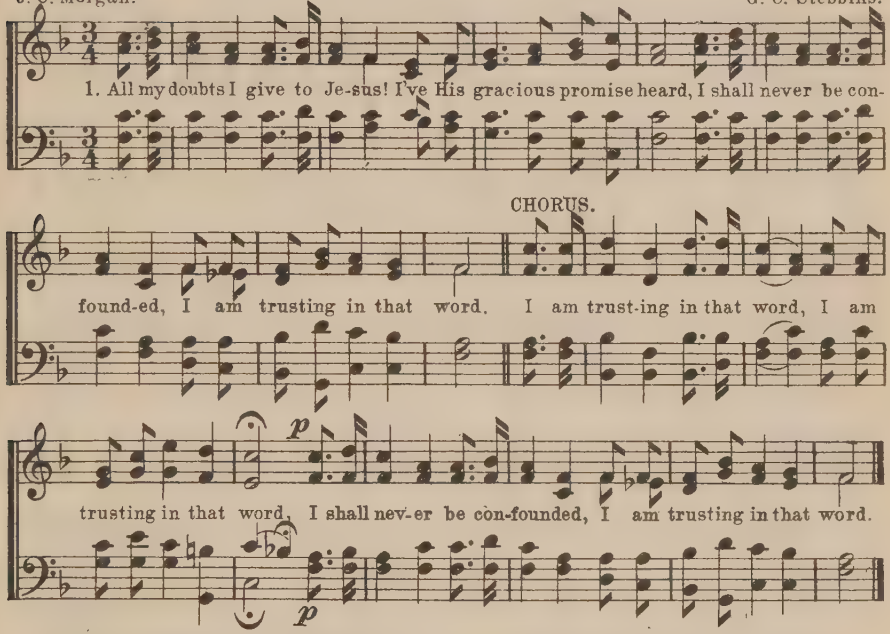

1. Oh, hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come!
2. I have no place, nor shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come!
My soul, bow'd down, is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come!
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come!
CHORUS.
I've wander'd far away o'er mountains cold, I've wander'd far away from home;
Oh, take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv-'rer, come!

3. My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come!
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet!
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come!

4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come!
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry,
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come!

150. ALL MY DOUBTS I GIVE TO JESUS.

J. C. Morgan. G. C. Stebbins.


1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus! I've His gracious promise heard, I shall never be con-
CHORUS.
found-ed, I am trusting in that word. I am trust-ing in that word, I am
p
trusting in that word, I shall nev-er be con-founded, I am trusting in that word.
p

2. All my sins I lay on Jesus!
He doth wash me in His blood;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.

3. All my fears I give to Jesus!
Rests my weary soul on Him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can His light grow dim.

4. All my joys I give to Jesus!
He is all I want of bliss;
He of all the worlds is Master
He has all I need in this.

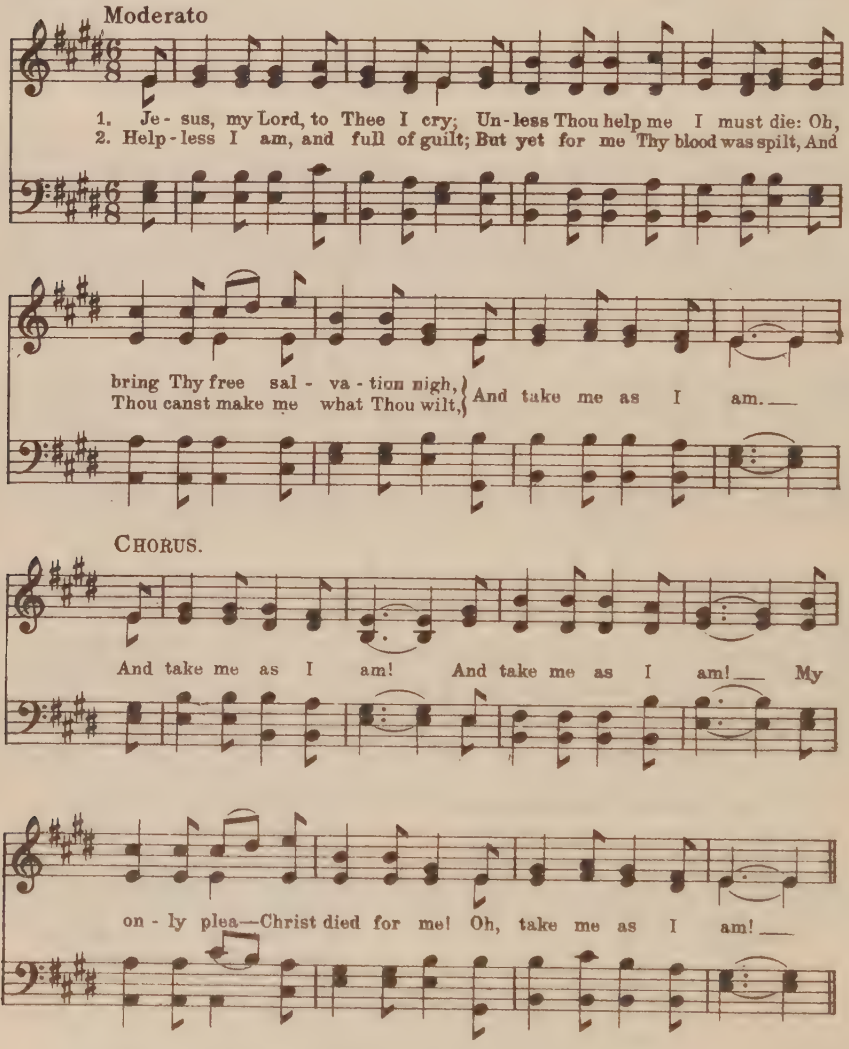
5. All I am I give to Jesus!
All my body, all my soul,
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

Take Me as I Am.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37.

151. 8. 8. 8. 6.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.


Moderato
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die: Oh,
2. Help - less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt, And
bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh,
Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am.
CHORUS.
And take me as I am! And take me as I am! My
on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am!

3. No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am.

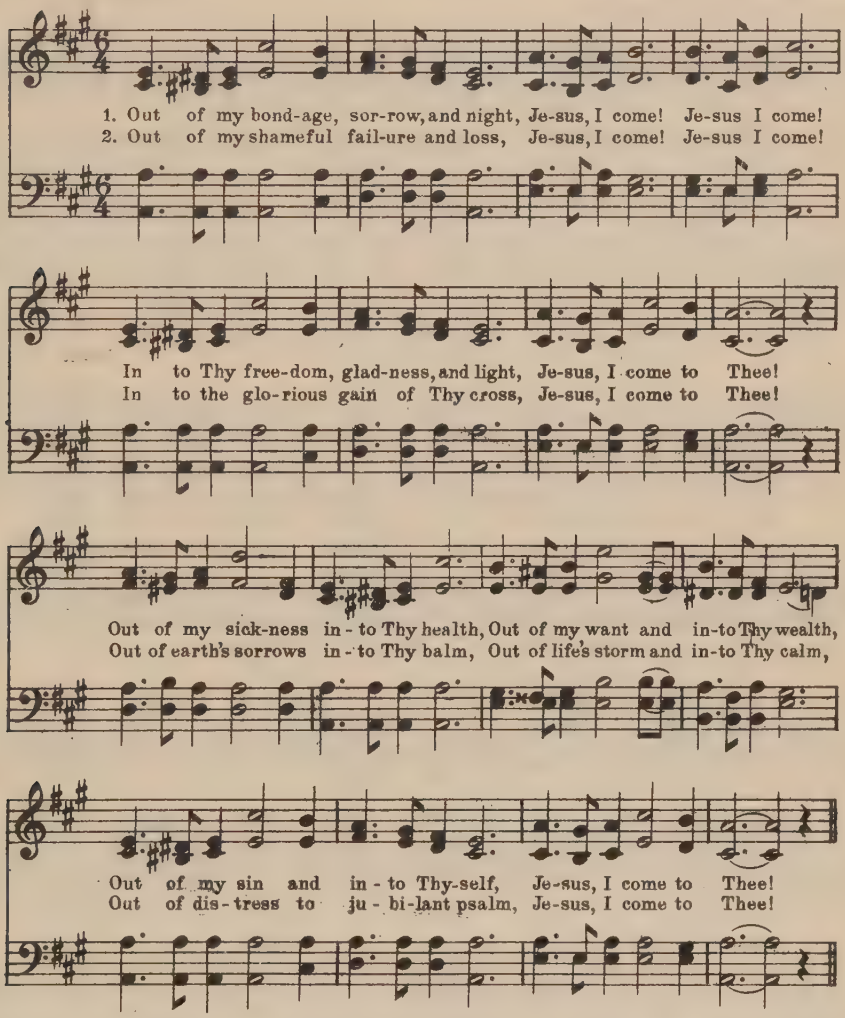
4. Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete
But take me as I am.

From Sankey's Sacred Songs and Solos.—By Permission.

Jesus, I Come!

152. *"Deliver me, O my God."* Psalm lxxi. 4.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row, and night, Je-sus, I come! Je-sus I come!
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come! Je-sus I come!
In to Thy free-dom, glad-ness, and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee!
In to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee!
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storm and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee!
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee!

3.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
Into Thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to Thee!
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to Thee!

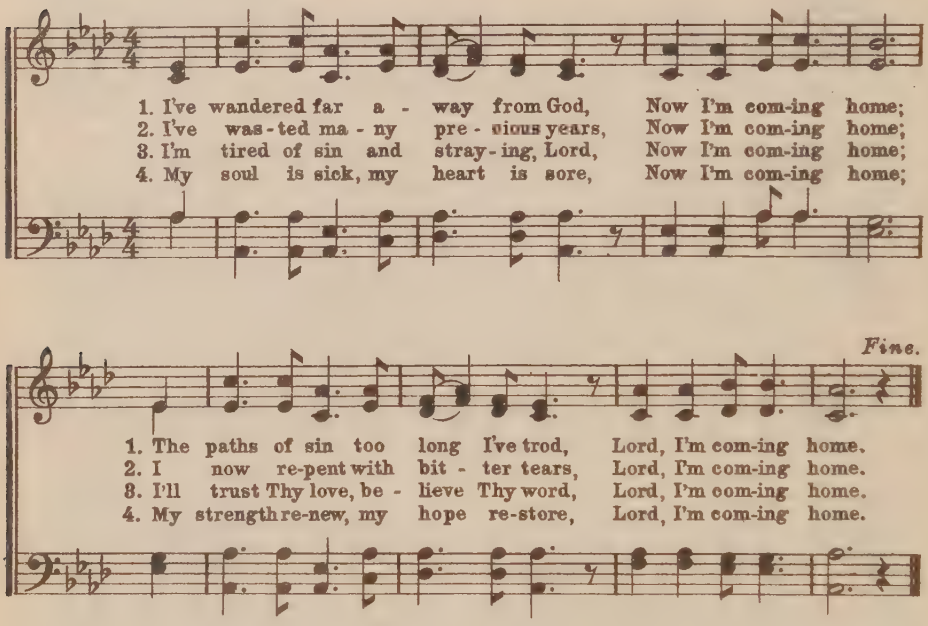
4.

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee!
Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to Thee!

From Sankey's Sacred Songs and Solos.—By Permission.

LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

153.

W.J.K. *With great feeling.* W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've was-ted ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
Fine.
1. The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
2. I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
3. I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
4. My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
CHORUS.
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam,
To Thine o - pen arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

Nothing but Thy Blood.

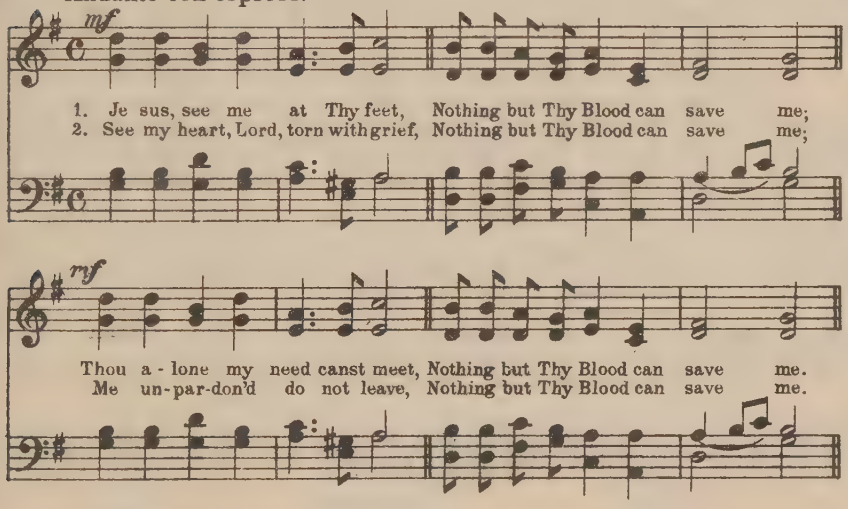
154.

P. M. with Chorus

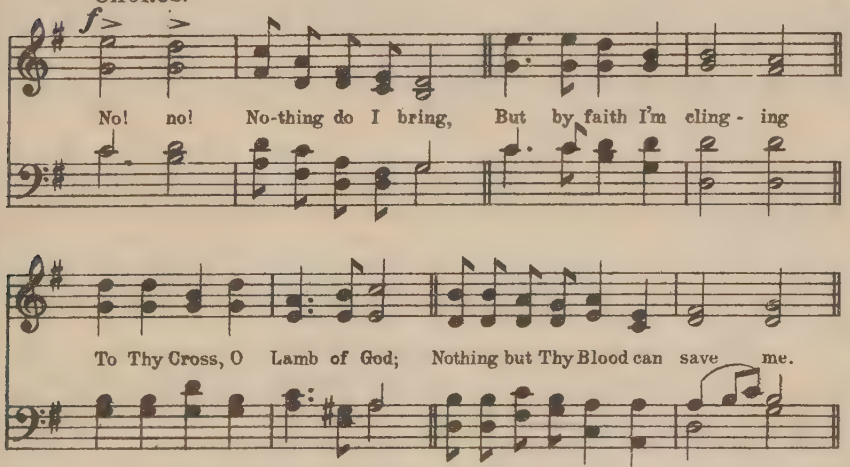
R.S.

R. SLATER.

Andante con espress.


mf
1. Je sus, see me at Thy feet, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
2. See my heart, Lord, torn with grief, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
mf
Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.
Me un-par-don'd do not leave, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

CHORUS.



3.

Dark, indeed, the past has been
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Yet in mercy take me in,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

4.

As I am, O hear me pray,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
I can come no other way,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

5.

All that I can do is vain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.
I can ne'er remove a stain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

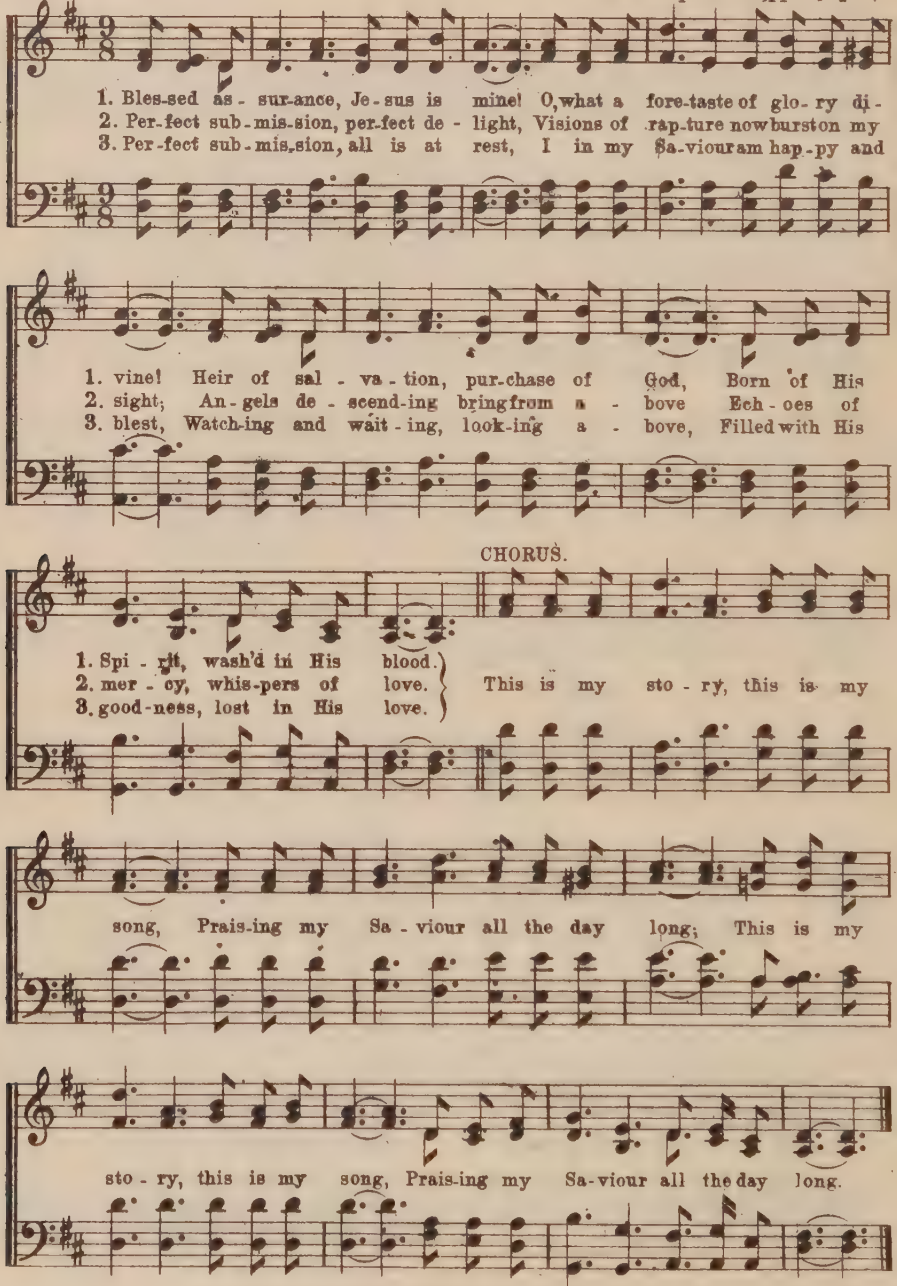
6.

Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.
From my guilt, oh, set me free,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

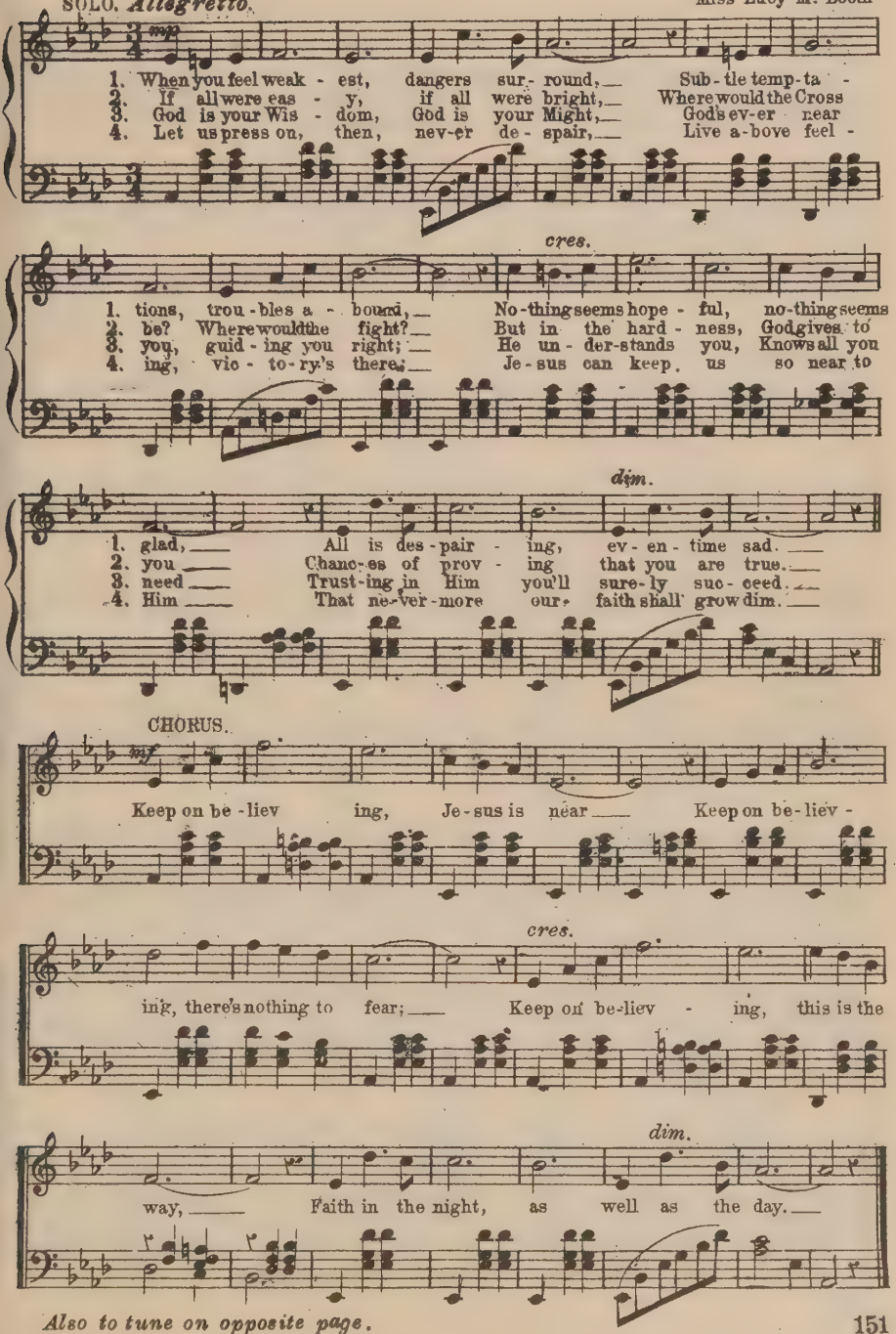
By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

155. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp. By per.


1. Bles-sed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rap-ture now burston my
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sa-viour am hap-py and
1. vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
2. sight; An-gels de - scend-ing bring from a - bove Ech-oes of
3. blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His
CHORUS.
1. Spi - rit, wash'd in His blood.
2. mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
3. good-ness, lost in His love.
This is my sto - ry, this is my
song, Prais-ing my Sa - viour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sa-viour all the day long.

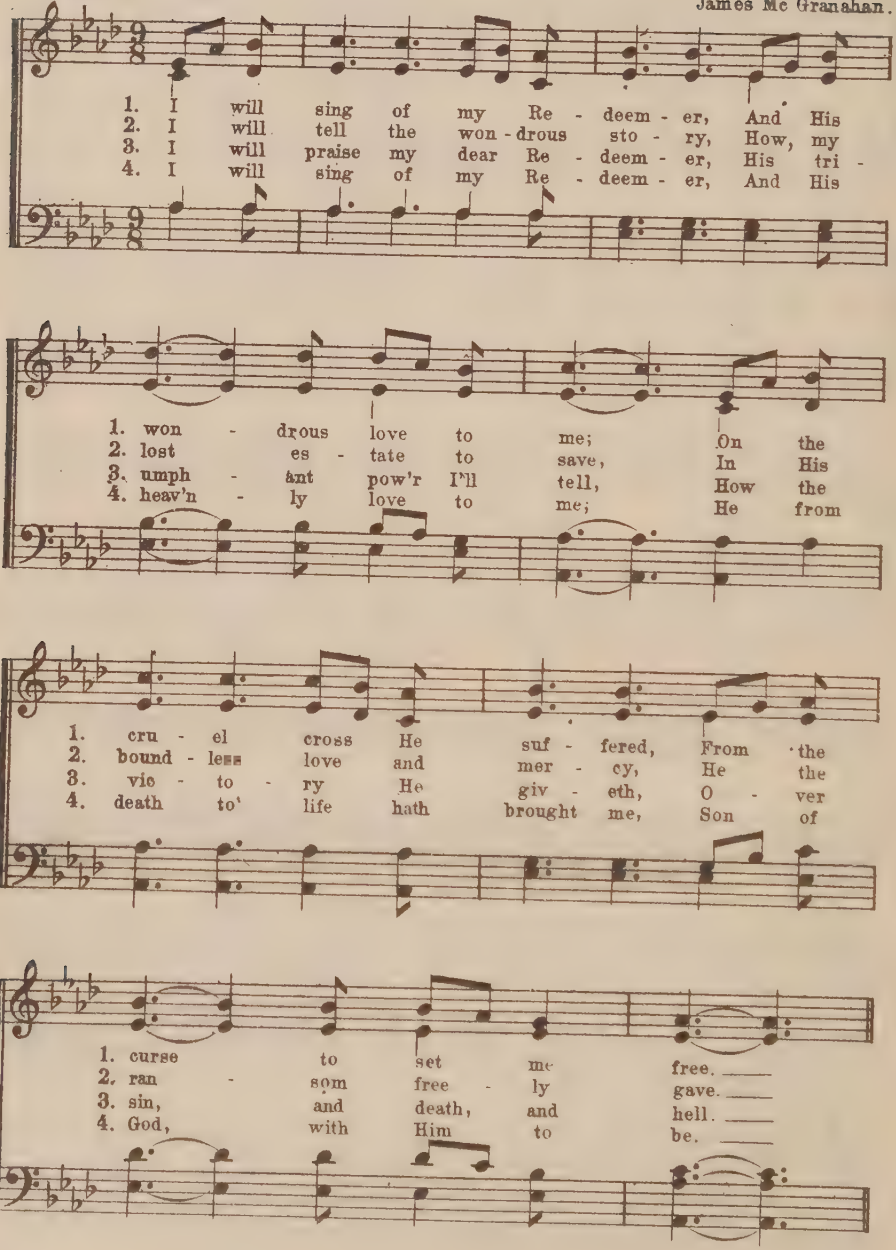
156. KEEP ON BELIEVING.

Mildred Duff. Miss Lucy M. Booth

SOLO. Allegretto.
mp
1. When you feel weak - est, dangers sur - round, Sub - tle temp - ta -
2. If all were eas - y, if all were bright, Where would the Cross
3. God is your Wis - dom, God is your Might, God's ev-er near
4. Let us press on, then, nev-er de - spair, Live a-bove feel -
cres.
1. tions, trou - bles a - bound, No - thing seems hope - ful, no - thing seems
2. be? Where would the fight? But in the hard - ness, God gives to
3. you, guid - ing you right; He un - der - stands you, Knows all you
4. ing, vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to
dim.
1. glad, All is des - pair - ing, ev - en - time sad.
2. you Chance - es of prov - ing that you are true.
3. need Trust - ing in Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed.
4. Him That ne - ver - more our faith shall grow dim.
CHORUS.
mf
Keep on be - liev ing, Je - sus is near Keep on be - liev -
cres.
ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be - liev - ing, this is the
dim.
way, Faith in the night, as well as the day.

Also to tune on opposite page.

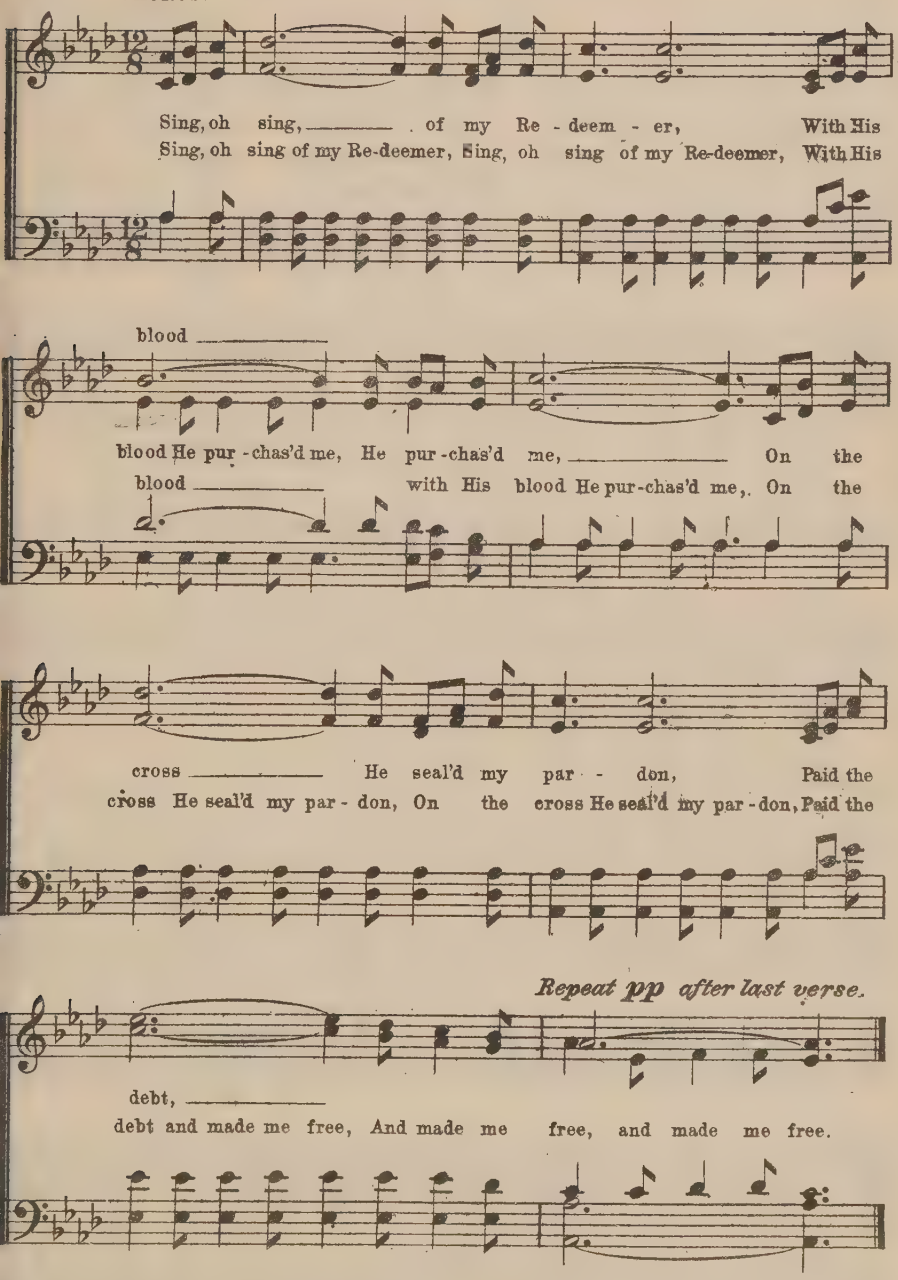
157. MY REDEEMER.

P. P. Bliss. James Mc Granahan.


1. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His
2. I will tell the won - drous sto - ry, How, my
3. I will praise my dear Re - deem - er, His tri -
4. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His
1. won - drous love to me; On the
2. lost es - tate to save, In His
3. umph - ant pow'r I'll tell, How the
4. heav'n - ly love to me; He from
1. cru - el cross He suf - fered, From the
2. bound - less love and mer - cy, He the
3. vic - to - ry He giv - eth, O - ver
4. death to' life hath brought me, Son of
1. curse to set me free.
2. ran - som free - ly gave.
3. sin, and death, and hell.
4. God, with Him to be.

157. MY REDEEMER—*continued.*

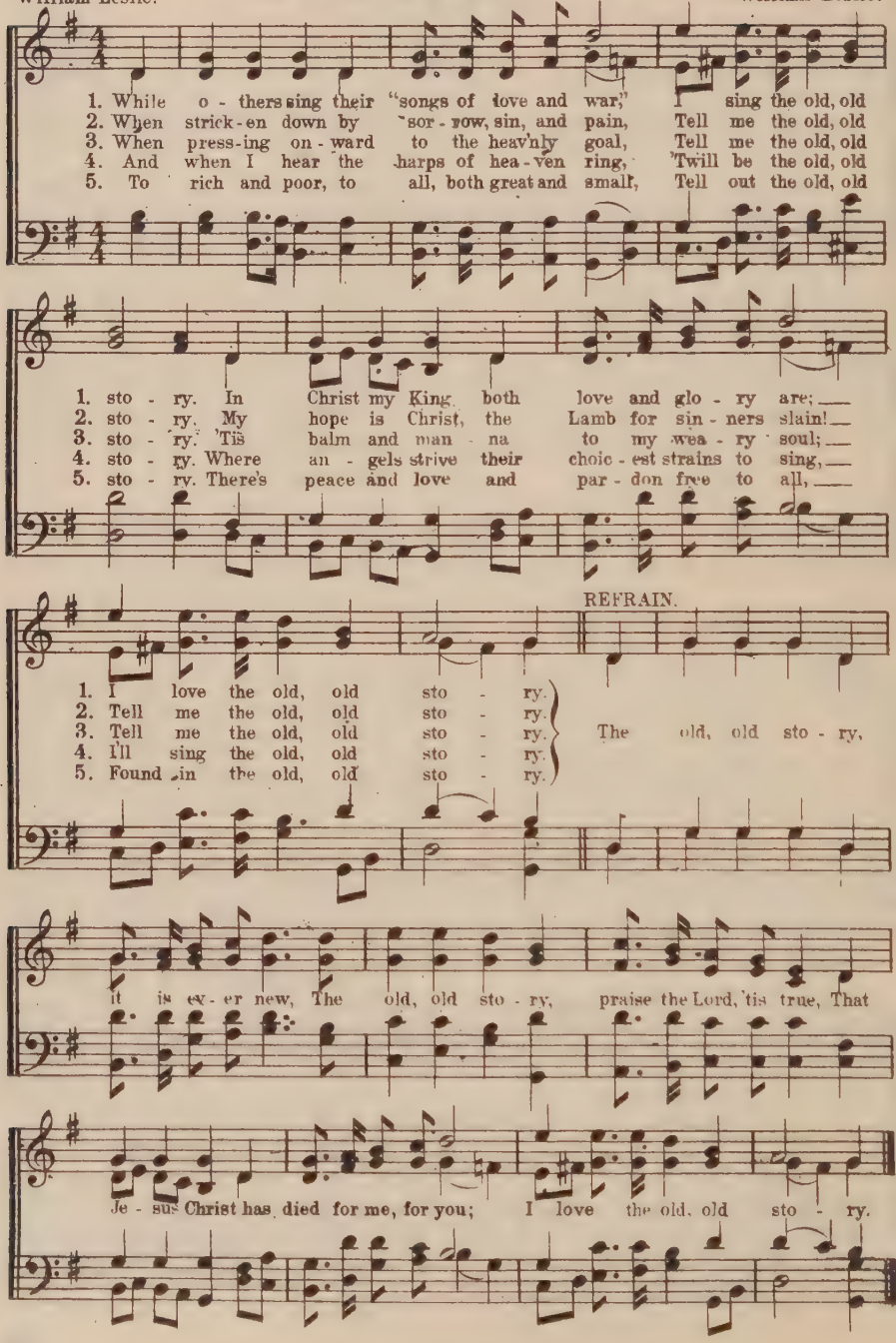
CHORUS.


Sing, oh sing, of my Re - deem - er, With His
Sing, oh sing of my Re-deemer, Sing, oh sing of my Re-deemer, With His
blood
blood He pur - chas'd me, He pur-chas'd me, On the
blood with His blood He pur-chas'd me, On the
cross He seal'd my par - don, Paid the
cross He seal'd my par - don, On the cross He seal'd my par - don, Paid the
Repeat pp after last verse.
debt,
debt and made me free, And made me free, and made me free.

By Permission of the John Church Co.

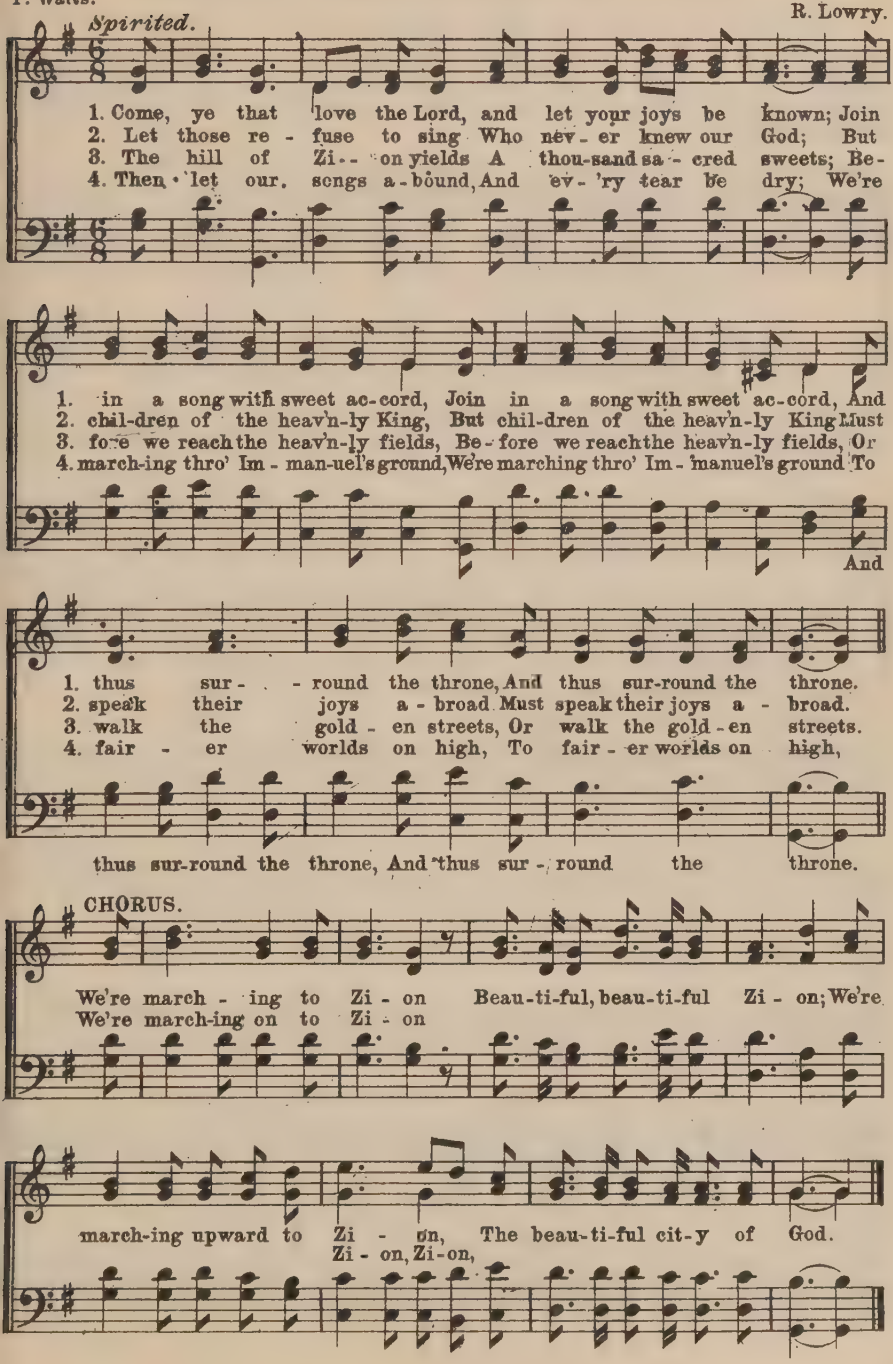
158. THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"The joy and rejoicing of my heart." (Jer. xv. 16).

William Leslie. William Leslie.

1. While o - thers sing their "songs of love and war," I sing the old, old
2. When strick - en down by sor - row, sin, and pain, Tell me the old, old
3. When press - ing on - ward to the heav'nly goal, Tell me the old, old
4. And when I hear the harps of hea - ven ring, 'Twill be the old, old
5. To rich and poor, to all, both great and small, Tell out the old, old
1. sto - ry. In Christ my King both love and glo - ry are;
2. sto - ry. My hope is Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners slain!
3. sto - ry. 'Tis balm and man - na to my wea - ry soul;
4. sto - ry. Where an - gels strive their choic - est strains to sing,
5. sto - ry. There's peace and love and par - don free to all,
REFRAIN.
1. I love the old, old sto - ry.
2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry.
3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry.
4. I'll sing the old, old sto - ry.
5. Found in the old, old sto - ry.
The old, old sto - ry,
it is ev - er new, The old, old sto - ry, praise the Lord, 'tis true, That
Je - sus Christ has died for me, for you; I love the old, old sto - ry.

159. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

I. Watts. R. Lowry.

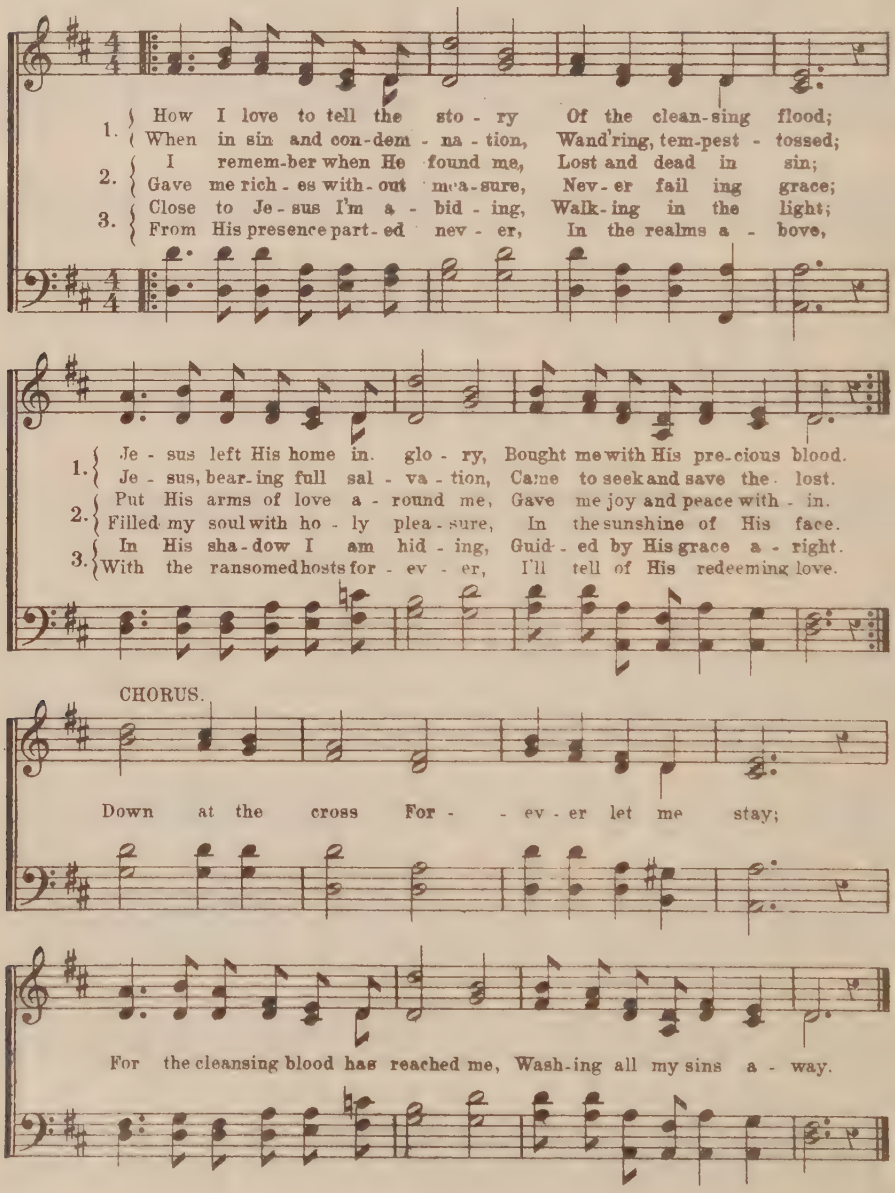

Spirited.
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets; Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
1. in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
2. chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King Must
3. fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
4. march-ing thro' Im - man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - manuel's ground To
And
1. thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
2. speak their joys a - broad Must speak their joys a - broad.
3. walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
4. fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high,
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on
march-ing upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
Zi - on, Zi-on,

HOW I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

160.

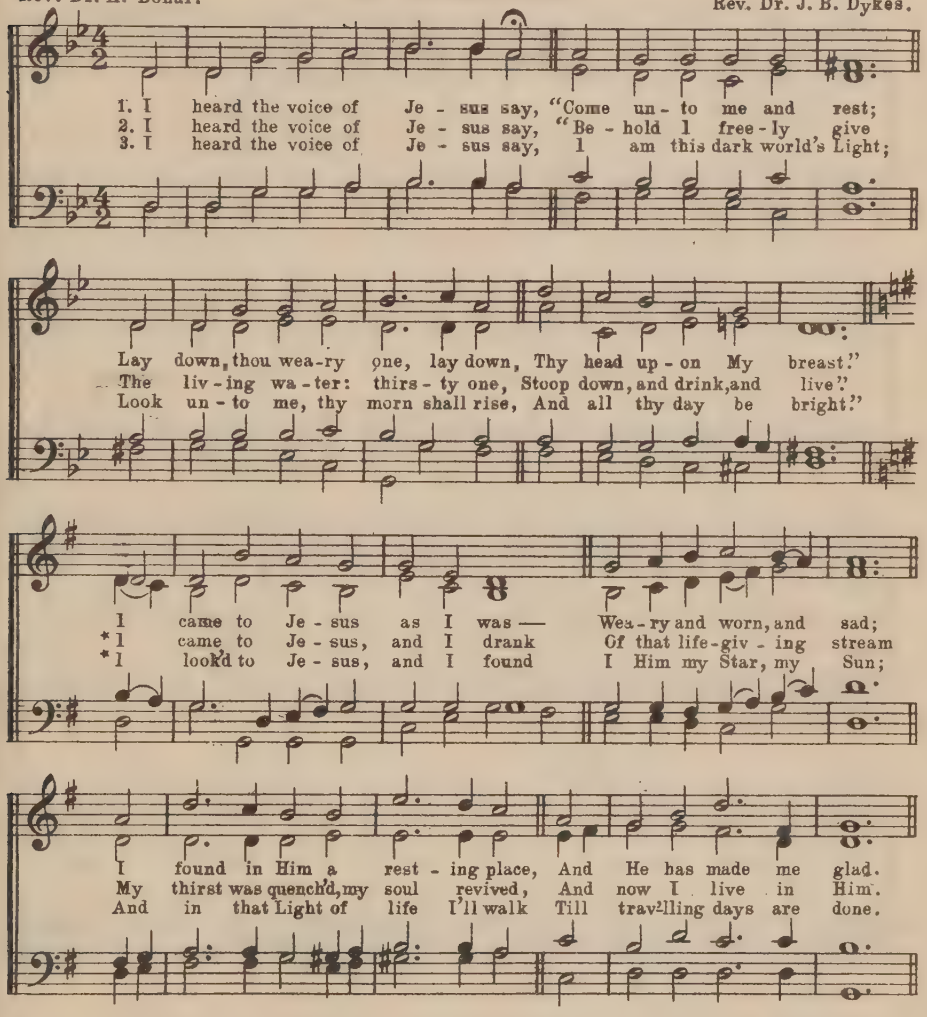
R. Kelso Carter.

S. C. Foster.
Arr. by R. K. C.

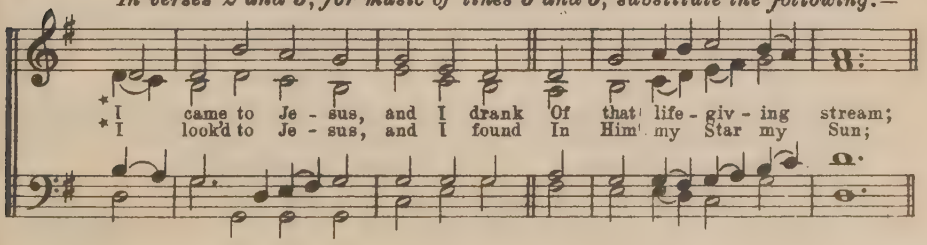

1. How I love to tell the sto - ry Of the clean-sing flood;
When in sin and con-dem - na - tion, Wand'ring, tem-pest - tossed;
2. I remem-ber when He found me, Lost and dead in sin;
Gave me rich - es with - out mea-sure, Nev - er fail ing grace;
3. Close to Je - sus I'm a - bid - ing, Walk-ing in the light;
From His presence part-ed nev - er, In the realms a - bove,
1. Je - sus left His home in glo - ry, Bought me with His pre-cious blood.
Je - sus, bear-ing full sal - va - tion, Came to seek and save the lost.
2. Put His arms of love a - round me, Gave me joy and peace with - in.
Filled my soul with ho - ly plea - sure, In the sunshine of His face.
3. In His sha-dow I am hid - ing, Guid - ed by His grace a - right.
With the ransomed hosts for - ev - er, I'll tell of His redeeming love.
CHORUS.
Down at the cross For - - ev - er let me stay;
For the cleansing blood has reached me, Wash-ing all my sins a - way.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

161.

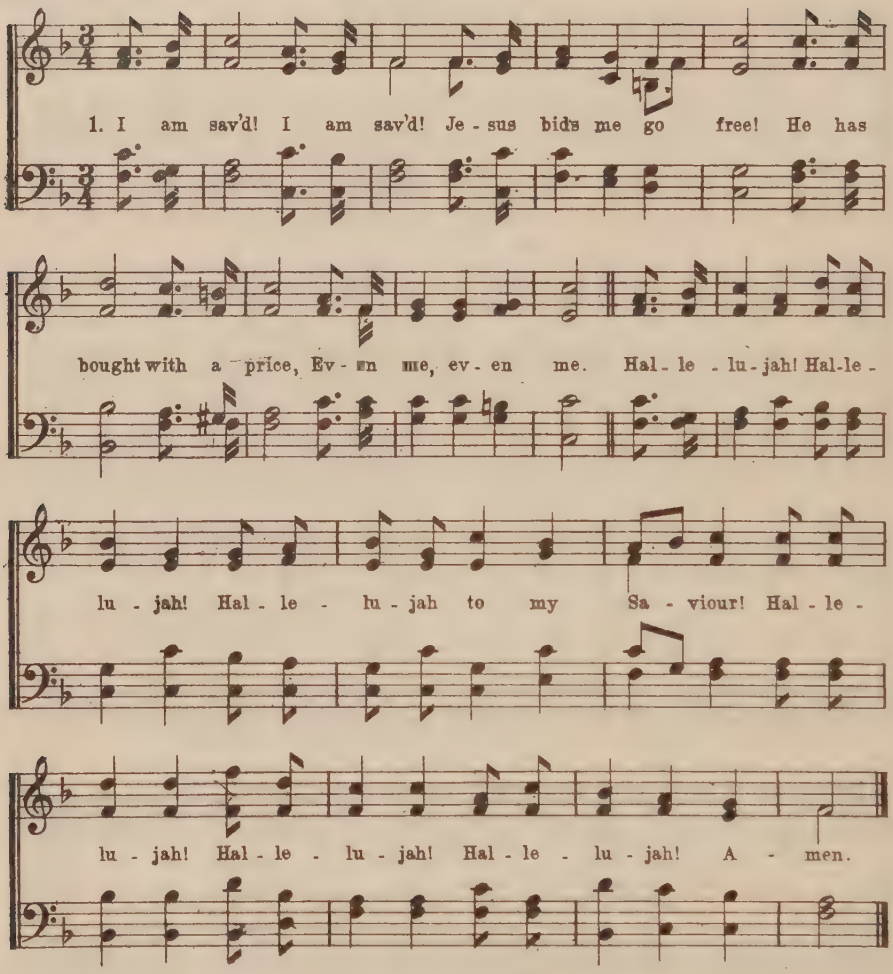
Rev. Dr. H. Bonar. VOX DILECTI. D.C.M. Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's Light;
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down, Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter: thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
I came to Je - sus as I was — Wea - ry and worn, and sad;
*I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream
*I look'd to Je - sus, and I found I Him my Star, my Sun;
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav-elling days are done.

In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:—



I AM SAVED!

162.


1. I am sav'd! I am sav'd! Je - sus bids me go free! He has
bought with a price, Ev - en me, ev - en me. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le -
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to my Sa - viour! Hal - le -
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

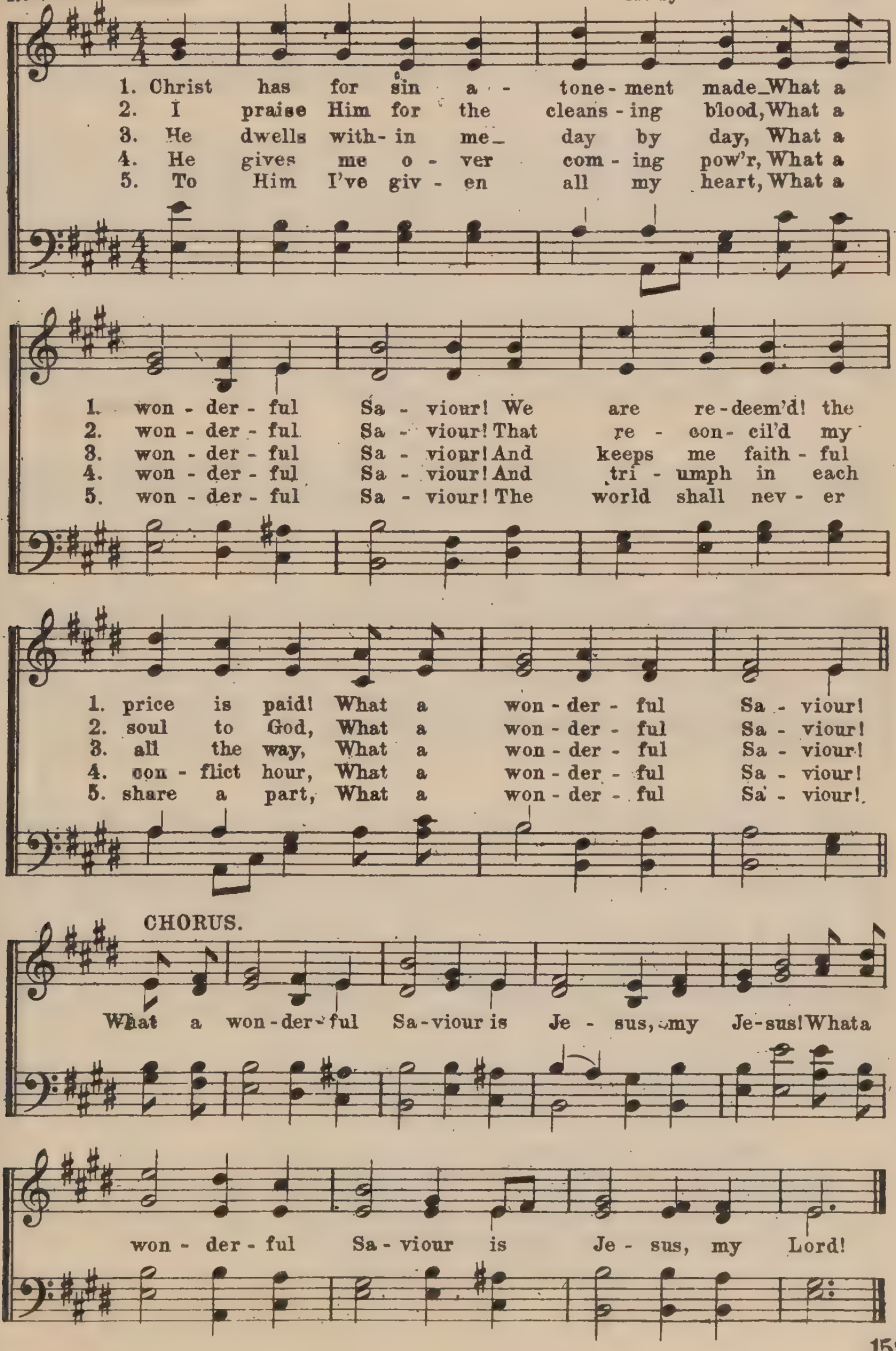
2. I am cleansed! I am cleansed!
I am whiter than snow;
He is mighty to save,
This I know.

3. Wondrous love! wondrous love!
Now the gift I receive;
I have rest in His word—
I believe.

4. I was weak, I am strong,
In the power of His might,
And my darkness He turns
Into light.

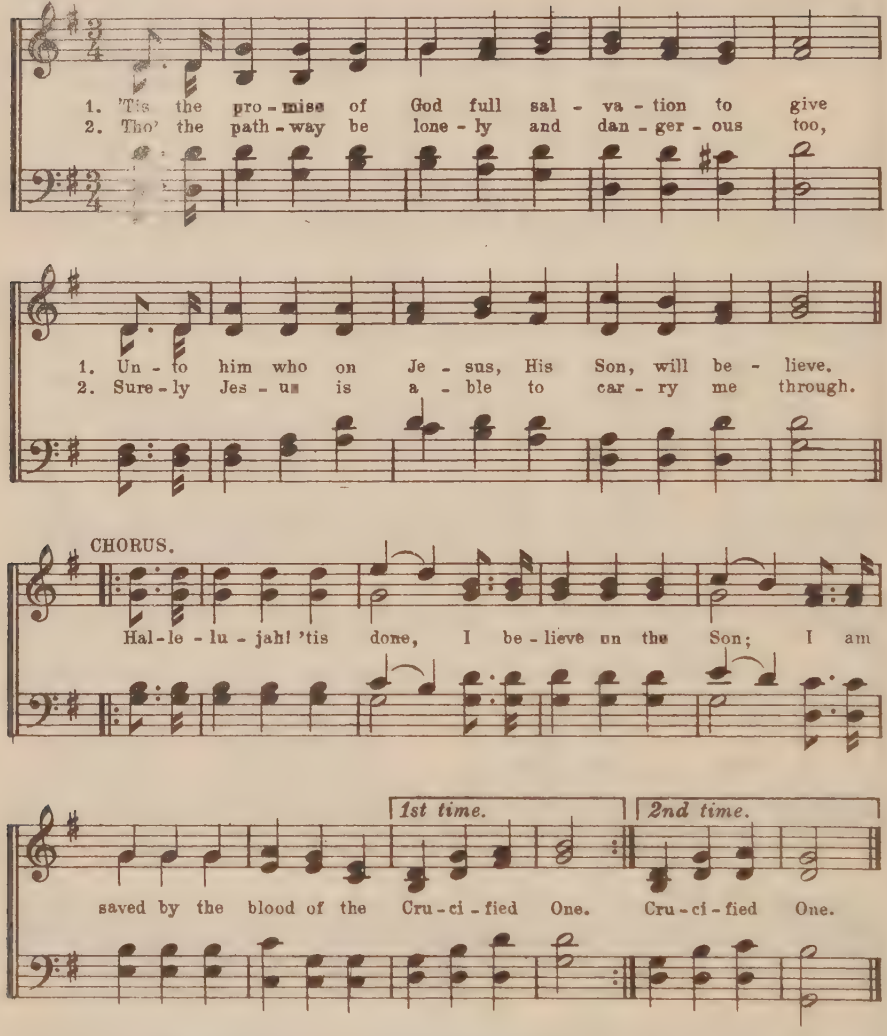
5. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Ye His saints everywhere;
I shall join in the throng
Over there.

163. WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Arr. by James McW. Bonnar.

1. Christ has for sin a - tone - ment made What a
2. I praise Him for the cleans - ing blood, What a
3. He dwells with - in me day by day, What a
4. He gives me o - ver com - ing pow'r, What a
5. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a
1. won - der - ful Sa - viour! We are re - deem'd! the
2. won - der - ful Sa - viour! That re - con - cil'd my
3. won - der - ful Sa - viour! And keeps me faith - ful
4. won - der - ful Sa - viour! And tri - umph in each
5. won - der - ful Sa - viour! The world shall nev - er
1. price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sa - viour!
2. soul to God, What a won - der - ful Sa - viour!
3. all the way, What a won - der - ful Sa - viour!
4. con - flict hour, What a won - der - ful Sa - viour!
5. share a part, What a won - der - ful Sa - viour!
CHORUS.
What a won - der - ful Sa - viour is Je - sus, my Je - sus! What a
won - der - ful Sa - viour is Je - sus, my Lord!

164. HALLELUJAH! 'TIS DONE.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. 'Tis the pro - mise of God full sal - va - tion to give
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly and dan - ger - ous too,
1. Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
2. Sure - ly Jes - us is a - ble to car - ry me through.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis done, I be - lieve on the Son; I am
1st time.
2nd time.
saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One. Cru - ci - fied One.

3. Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:

4. There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing while they march through the streets of pure gold;

5. There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for ever will be:

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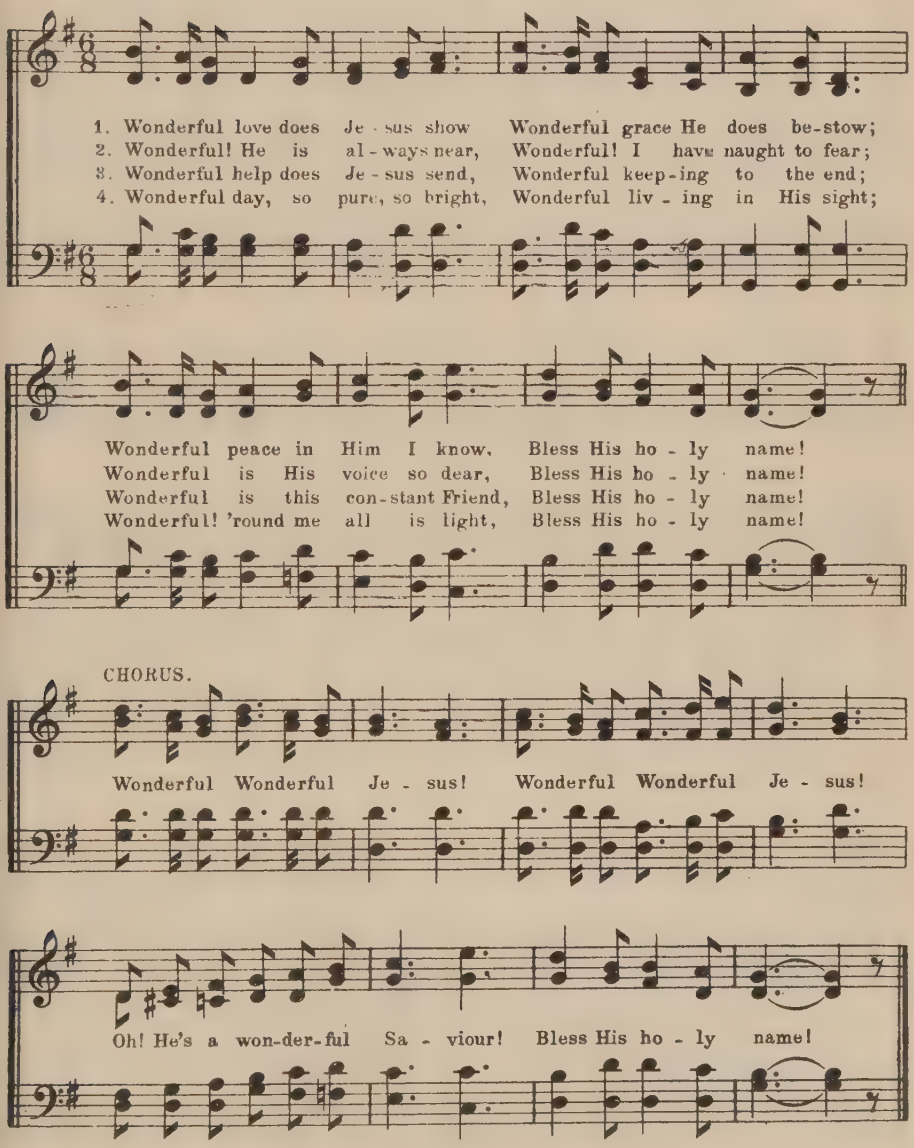
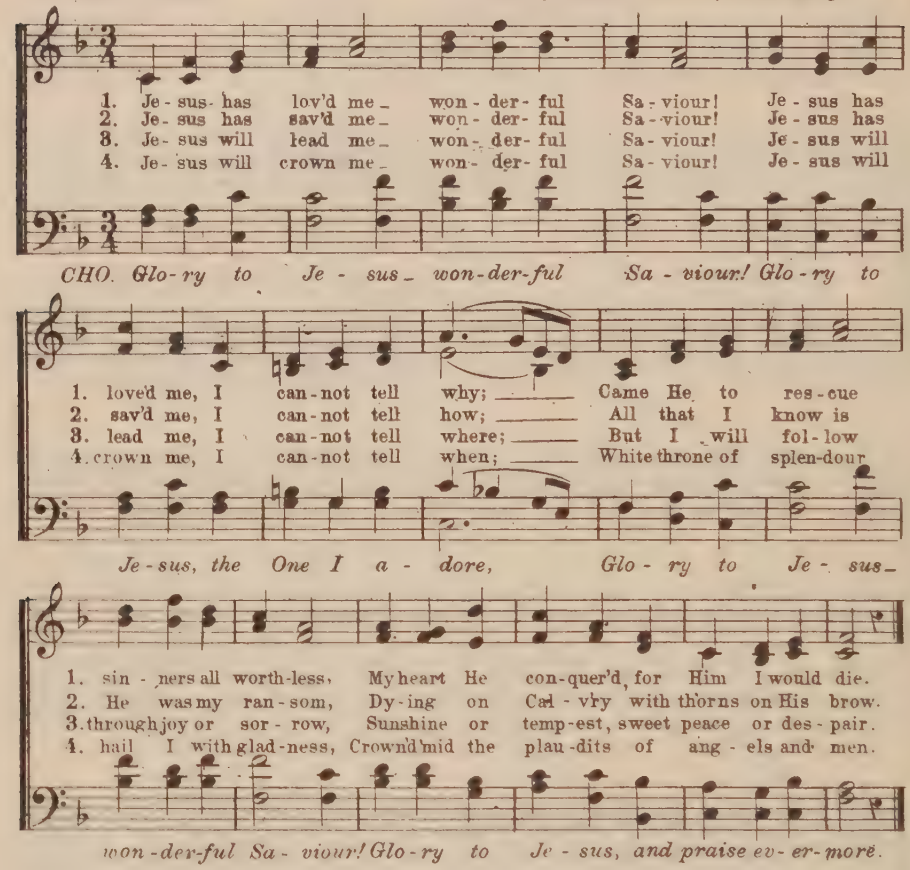
165. WONDERFUL JESUS.

W. J. Stuart. Jno. R. Sweney.

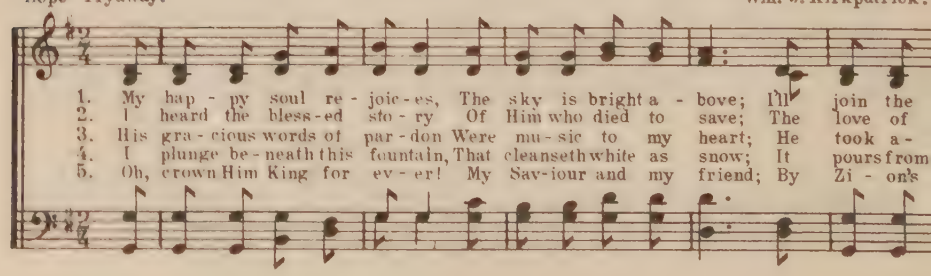

1. Wonderful love does Je - sus show Wonderful grace He does be-stow;
2. Wonderful! He is al - ways near, Wonderful! I have naught to fear;
3. Wonderful help does Je - sus send, Wonderful keep-ing to the end;
4. Wonderful day, so pure, so bright, Wonderful liv - ing in His sight;
Wonderful peace in Him I know, Bless His ho - ly name!
Wonderful is His voice so dear, Bless His ho - ly name!
Wonderful is this con-stant Friend, Bless His ho - ly name!
Wonderful! 'round me all is light, Bless His ho - ly name!
CHORUS.
Wonderful Wonderful Je - sus! Wonderful Wonderful Je - sus!
Oh! He's a won-der-ful Sa - viour! Bless His ho - ly name!

166. GLORY TO JESUS.

J. Wakefield Macgill. Har. by Caroline Wichern and Ella Macgill.

1. Je - sus has lov'd me _ won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has sav'd me _ won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me _ won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me _ won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus will
CHO. Glo - ry to Je - sus _ won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to
1. love'd me, I can - not tell why; _____ Came He to res - cue
2. sav'd me, I can - not tell how; _____ All that I know is
3. lead me, I can - not tell where; _____ But I will fol - low
4. crown me, I can - not tell when; _____ White throne of splen - dour
Je - sus, the One I a - dore, Glo - ry to Je - sus _
1. sin - ners all worth - less, My heart He con - quer'd, for Him I would die.
2. He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal - vary with thorns on His brow.
3. through joy or sor - row, Sunshine or temp - est, sweet peace or des - pair.
4. hail I with glad - ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau - dits of ang - els and men.
won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

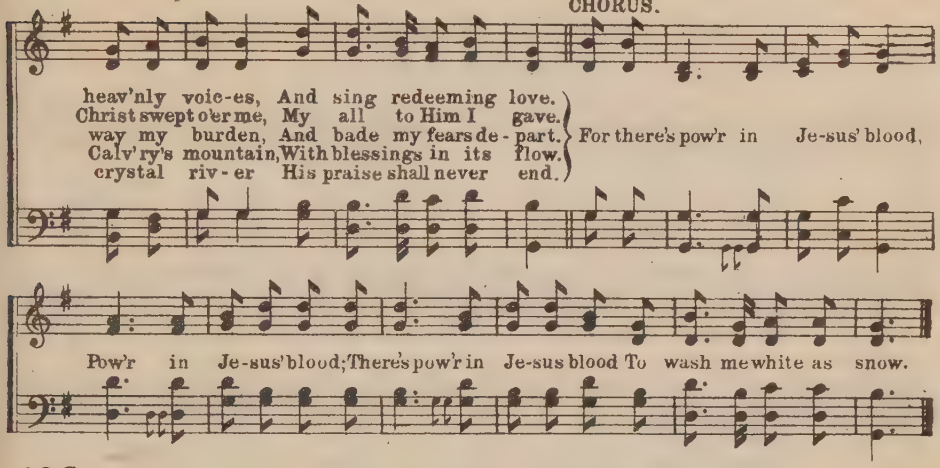
167. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

Hope Tryaway. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
4. I plunge be - neath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. Oh, crown Him King for ev - er! My Sav - iour and my friend; By Zi - on's

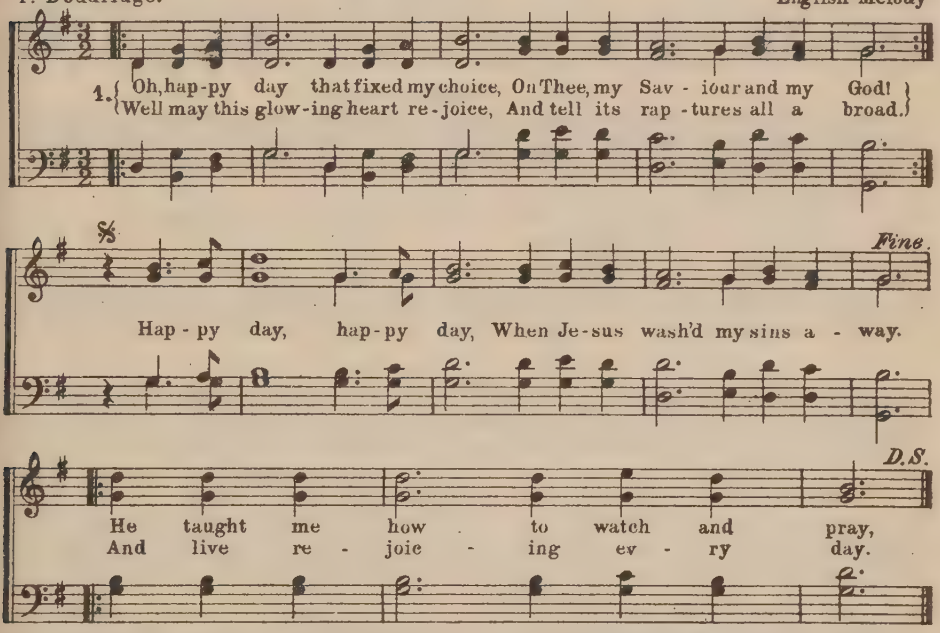
167. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.—*continued.*

CHORUS.


heav'nly voic-es, And sing redeeming love.
Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.
way my burden, And bade my fears de-part.
Calv'ry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.
crystal riv-er His praise shall never end.
For there's pow'r in Je-sus' blood,
Pow'r in Je-sus' blood; There's pow'r in Je-sus blood To wash me white as snow.

168. OH, HAPPY DAY.

P. Doddridge. English Melody


1. Oh, hap-py day that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.
Fine.
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day.

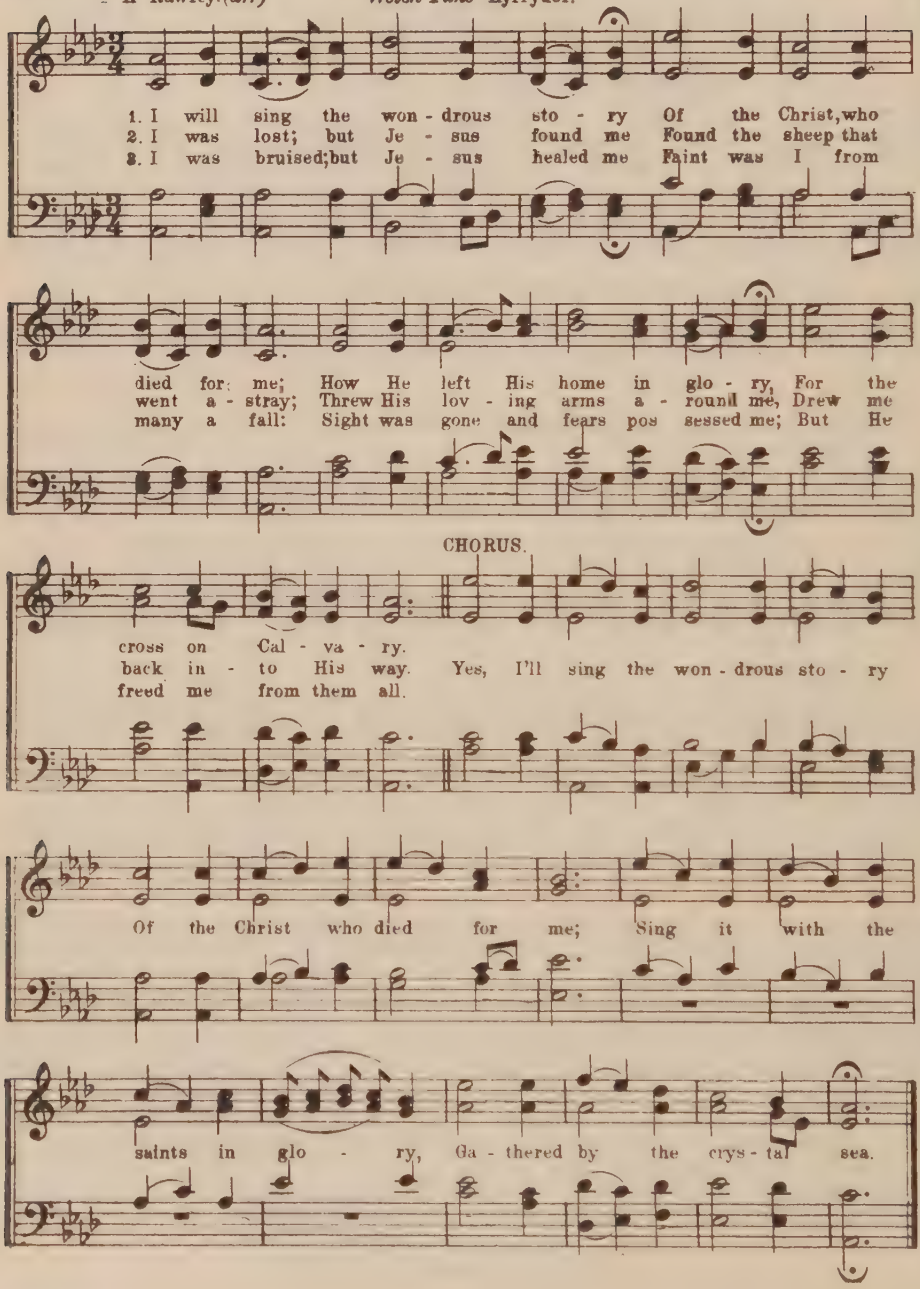
2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

4. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

169. I will sing the Wondrous Story.

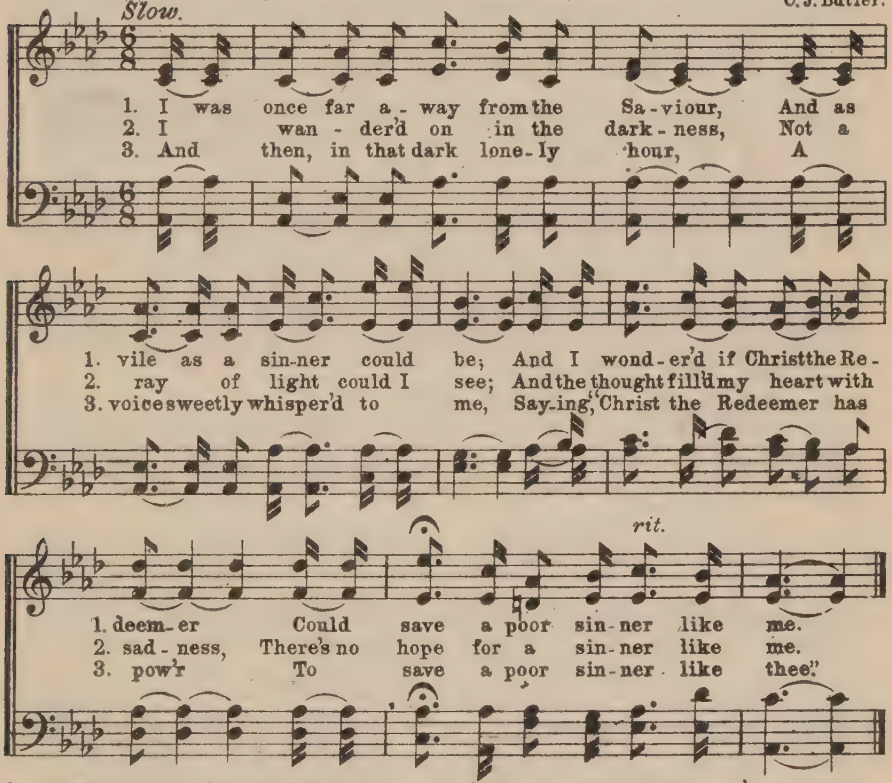
F H Rawley.*(arr)* *Welsh Tune*—Hyfrydol.


1. I will sing the won - drous sto - ry Of the Christ, who
2. I was lost; but Je - sus found me Found the sheep that
3. I was bruised; but Je - sus healed me Faint was I from
died for me; How He left His home in glo - ry, For the
went a - stray; Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me
many a fall: Sight was gone and fears pos sessed me; But He
CHORUS.
cross on Cal - va - ry.
back in - to His way. Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry
freed me from them all.
Of the Christ who died for me; Sing it with the
saints in glo - ry, Ga - thered by the crys - tal sea.

4 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

170. A SINNER LIKE ME!

C. J. B. "*Christ came into the world to save sinners.*" (1 Tim. i. 15). C. J. Butler.


Slow.
1. I was once far a - way from the Sa - viour, And as
2. I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour, A
1. vile as a sin-ner could be; And I wond - er'd if Christ the Re -
2. ray of light could I see; And the thought fill'd my heart with
3. voice sweetly whisper'd to me, Say-ing, "Christ the Redeemer has
rit.
1. deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
2. sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
3. pow'r To save a poor sin - ner like thee."

4. I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5. I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me

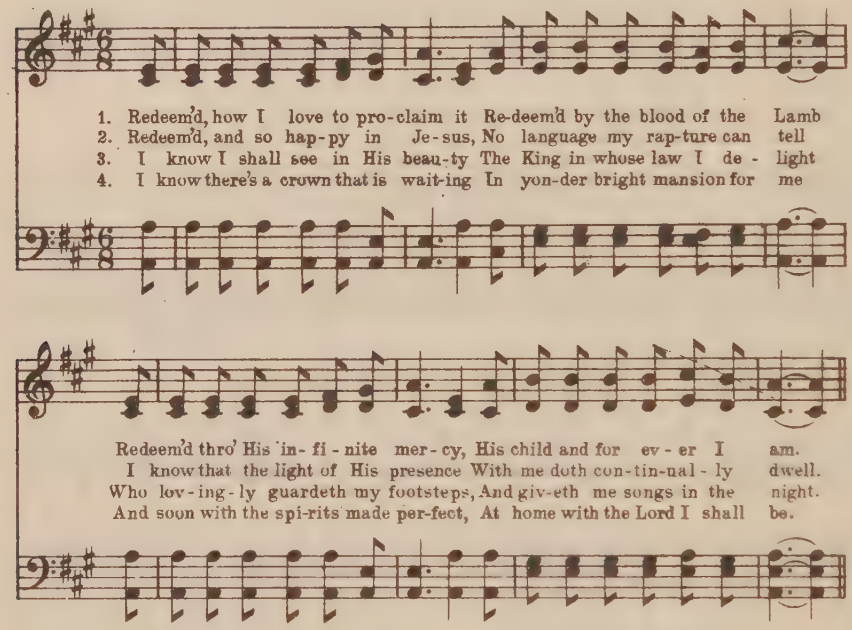
6. No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7. And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

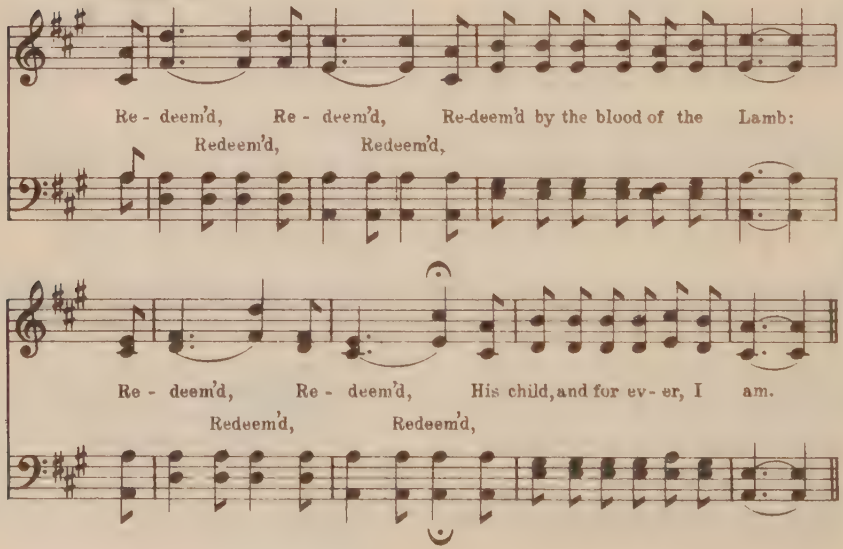
Redeemed.

171.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Redeem'd, how I love to pro-claim it Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb
2. Redeem'd, and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rap-ture can tell
3. I know I shall see in His beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light
4. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yon-der bright mansion for me
Redeem'd thro' His in- fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for ev - er I am.
I know that the light of His presence With me doth con-tin-ual - ly dwell.
Who lov - ing - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spi-rits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

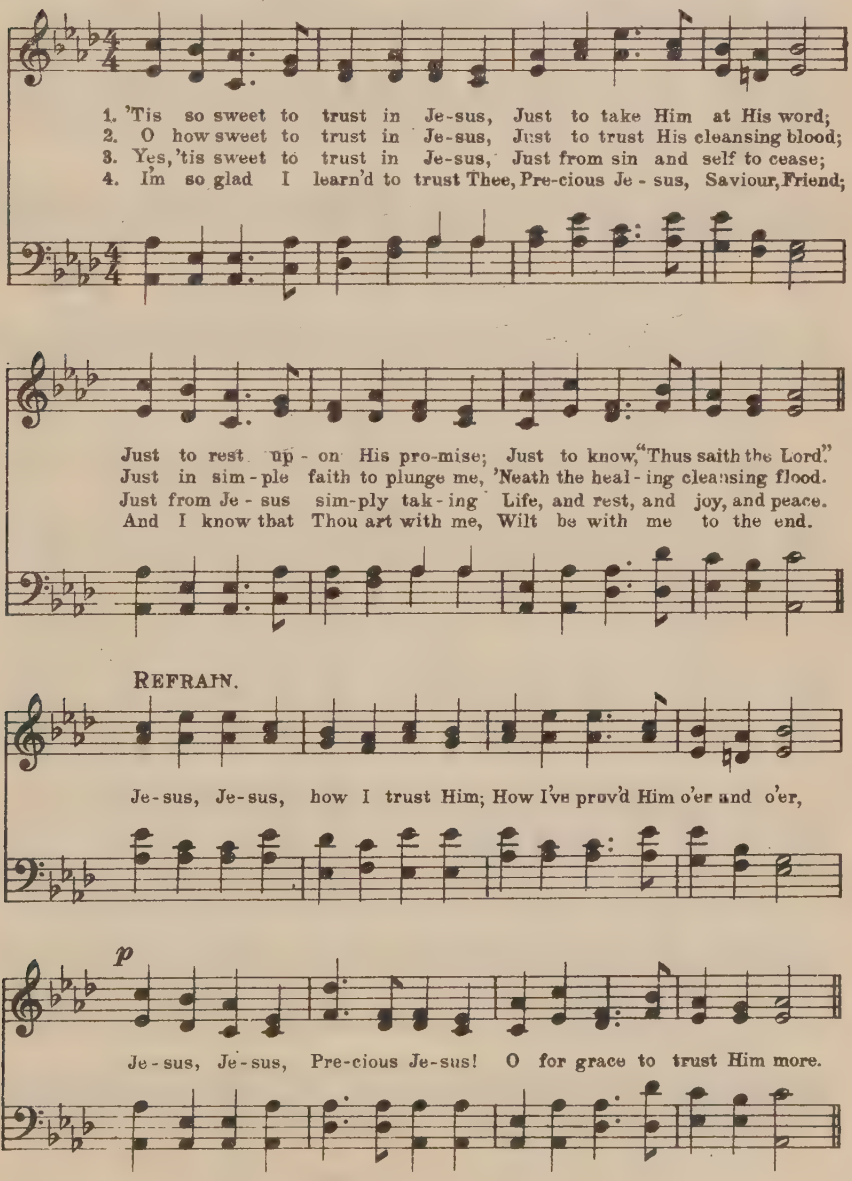
REFRAIN.


Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb:
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,
Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child, and for ev - er, I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus.

172. *"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."*— Prov. xvi. 20.

MRS LOUISA M. R. STEAD. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

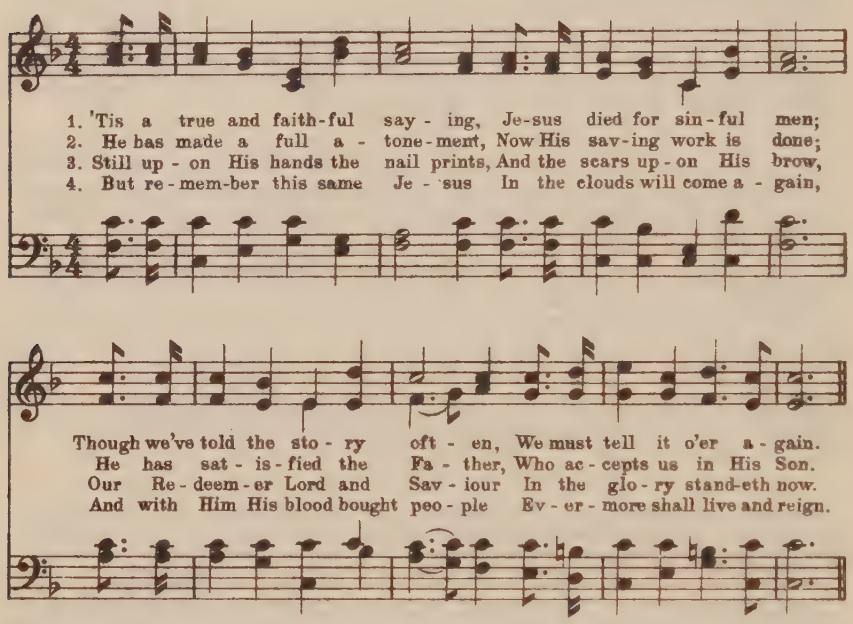

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His pro-mise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me, 'Neath the heal - ing cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
REFRAIN.
Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er,
p
Je-sus, Je-sus, Pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.— John iii. 16.

173.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. 'Tis a true and faith-ful say - ing, Je-sus died for sin-ful men;
2. He has made a full a - tone-ment, Now His sav-ing work is done;
3. Still up - on His hands the nail prints, And the scars up - on His brow,
4. But re-mem-ber this same Je - sus In the clouds will come a - gain,
Though we've told the sto - ry oft - en, We must tell it o'er a - gain.
He has sat - is - fied the Fa - ther, Who ac - cepts us in His Son.
Our Re - deem - er Lord and Sav - iour In the glo - ry stand-eth now.
And with Him His blood bought peo - ple Ev - er - more shall live and reign.
CHORUS.
O glad and glo-rious Gos-pel! With joy we now pro - claim
we now pro-claim
A full and free sal - va - tion, Through faith in Je - sus' Name.

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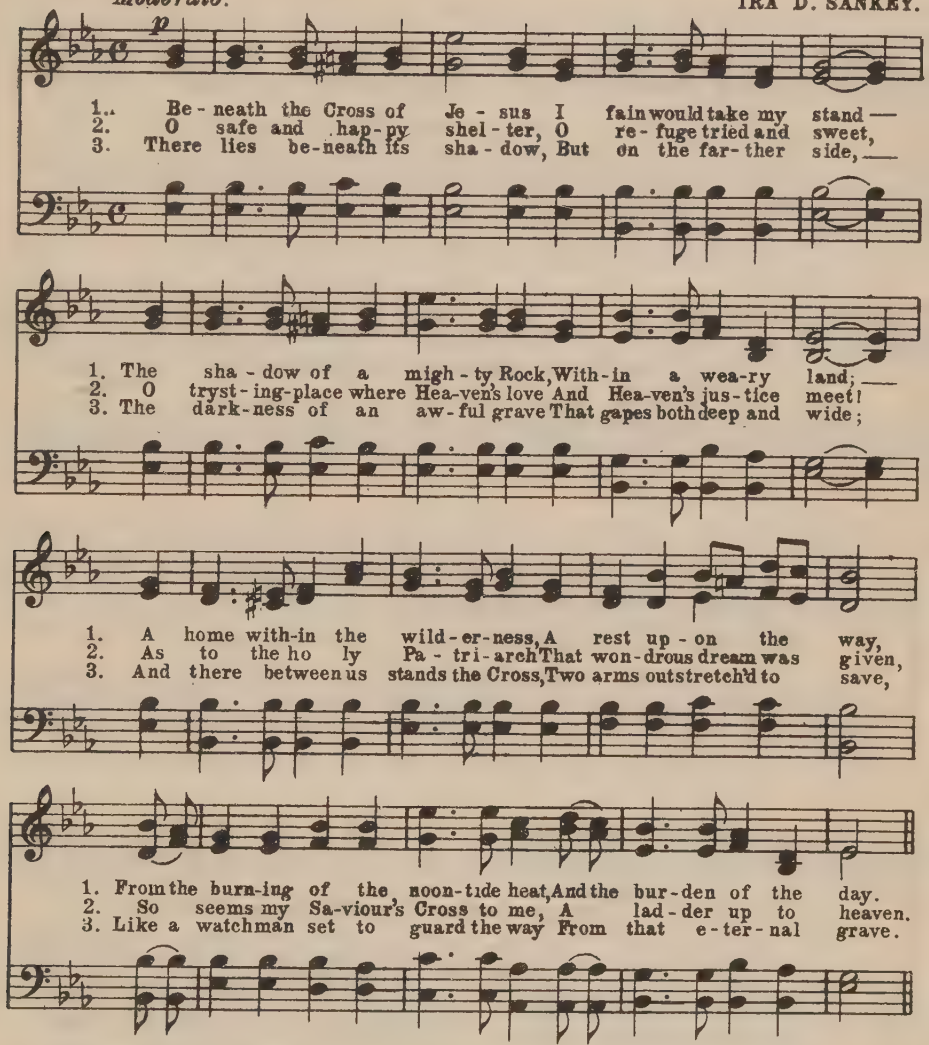
174. BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

Moderato. IRA D. SANKEY.


p
1. Be - neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand —
2. O safe and hap - py shel - ter, O re - fuge tried and sweet,
3. There lies be - neath its sha - dow, But on the far - ther side, —
1. The sha - dow of a migh - ty Rock, With - in a wea - ry land; —
2. O tryst - ing - place where Hea - ven's love And Hea - ven's jus - tice meet!
3. The dark - ness of an aw - ful grave That gapes both deep and wide;
1. A home with - in the wild - er - ness, A rest up - on the way,
2. As to the ho ly Pa - tri - arch That won - drous dream was given,
3. And there between us stands the Cross, Two arms outstretch'd to save,
1. From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
2. So seems my Sa - viour's Cross to me, A lad - der up to heaven.
3. Like a watchman set to guard the way From that e - ter - nal grave.

4. Upon that Cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess,
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5. I take, O Cross, Thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

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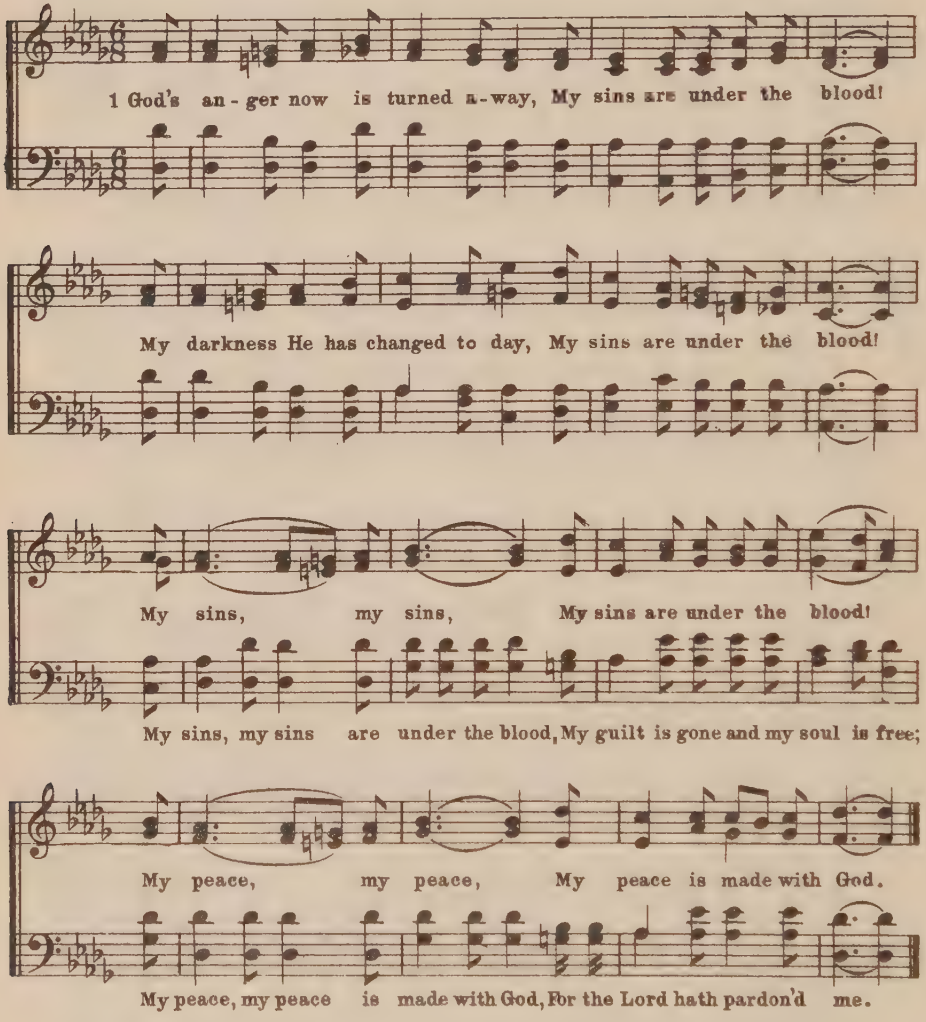
MY SINS ARE UNDER THE BLOOD.

175.


1 God's an - ger now is turned a-way, My sins are under the blood!
My darkness He has changed to day, My sins are under the blood!
My sins, my sins, My sins are under the blood!
My sins, my sins are under the blood, My guilt is gone and my soul is free;
My peace, my peace, My peace is made with God.
My peace, my peace is made with God, For the Lord hath pardon'd me.

2. How sweet the Lord's alone to be!
What joy to know He cleanses me!

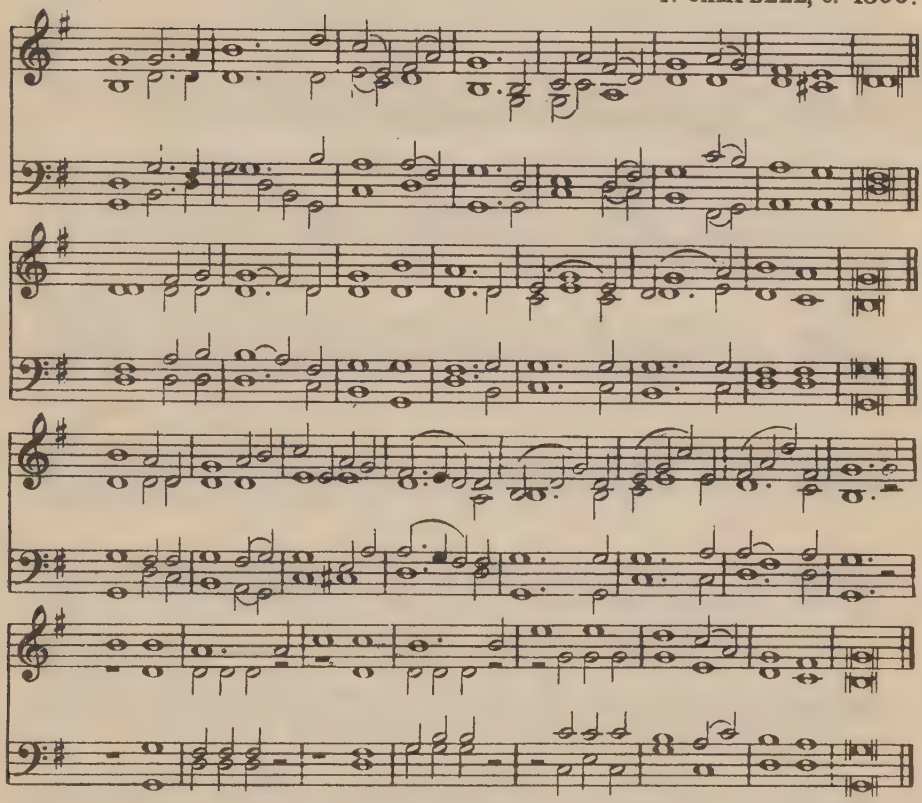
3. In every step His hand doth lead,
And He supplies my every need.

4. When sorrow's waves around me roll,
In perfect peace He keeps my soul.

5. He'll keep me faithful to the end,
And when in death He'll be my Friend.

176. AND CAN IT BE.

SAGINA. T. CAMPBELL, c. 1800.



1. And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2. 'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3. He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

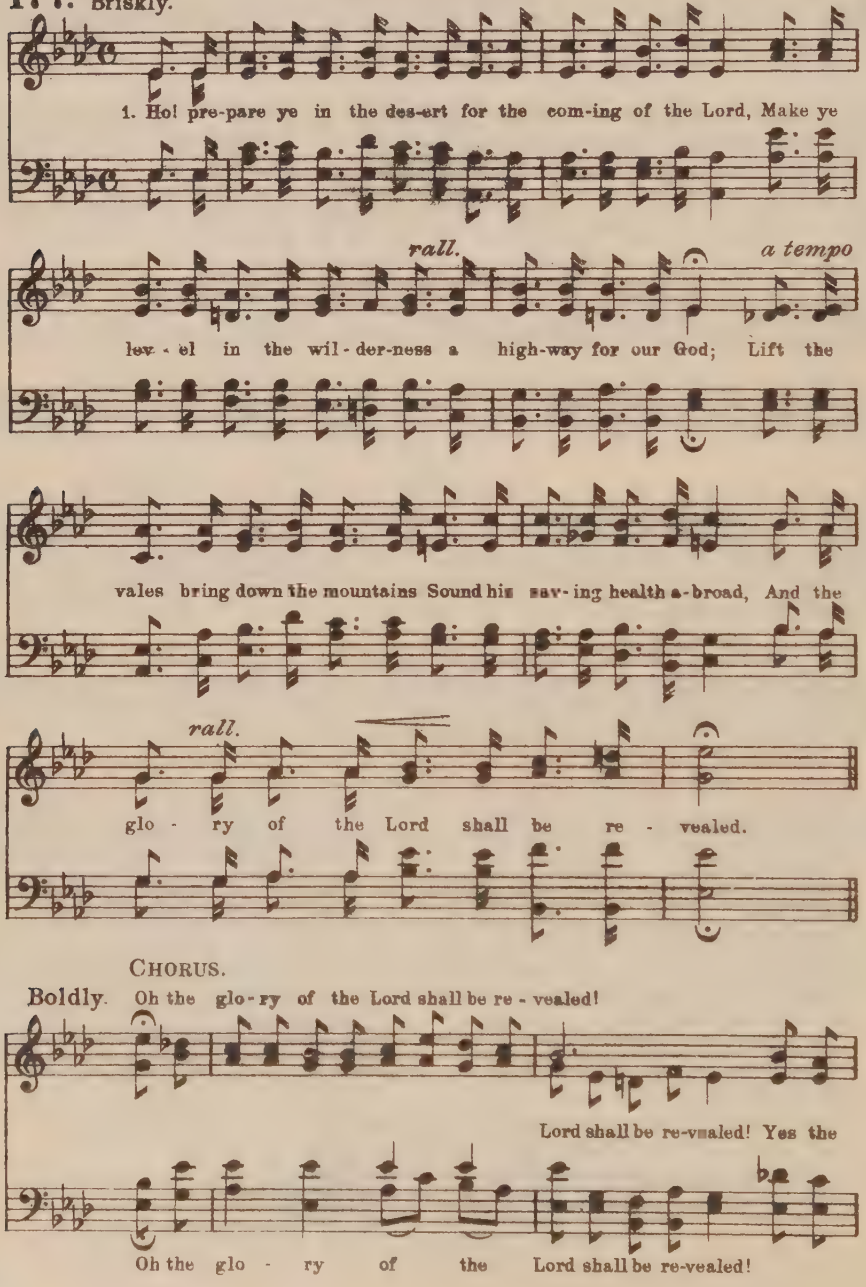
5. No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

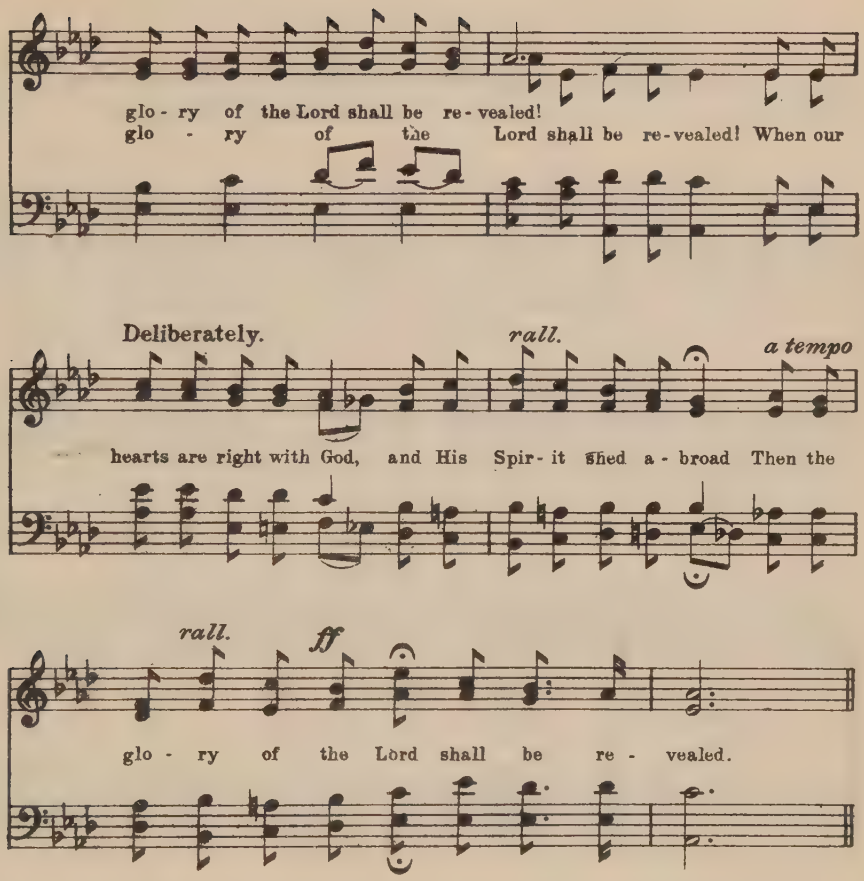
C. WESLEY.

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

H. E. GOVAN. "BEHOLD YOUR GOD"!-(Isa. xl. 3-10) S. F. CUPPLES.

177. Briskly. THEOPHANIA P.M.


1. Ho! pre-pare ye in the des-ert for the com-ing of the Lord, Make ye
rall.
a tempo
lev - el in the wil - der-ness a high-way for our God; Lift the
vales bring down the mountains Sound his sav-ing health a-broad, And the
rall.
glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - vealed.
CHORUS.
Boldly. Oh the glo-ry of the Lord shall be re - vealed!
Lord shall be re-vealed! Yes the
Oh the glo - ry of the Lord shall be re-vealed!


glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - vealed!
glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - vealed! When our
Deliberately.
rall.
a tempo
hearts are right with God, and His Spir - it shed a - broad Then the
rall.
ff
glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - vealed.

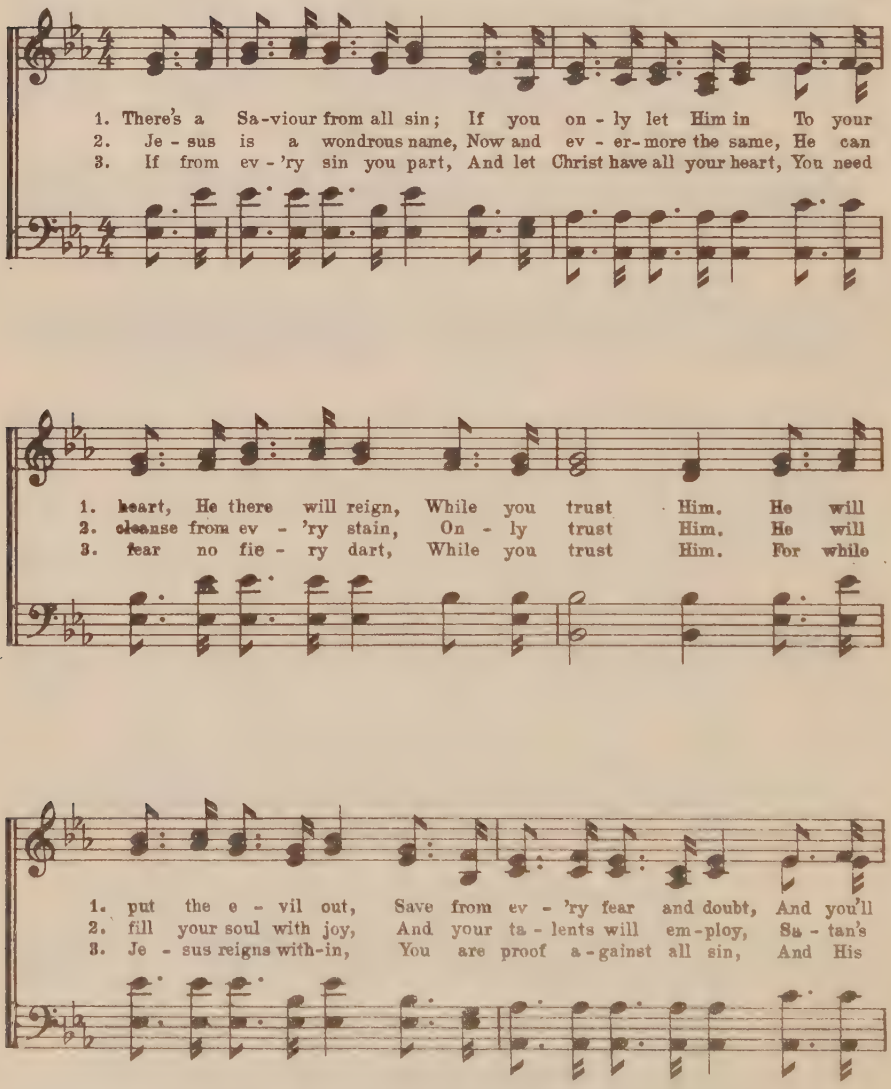
2. If by pride we are uplifted and have claimed for self the crown
If by unbelief and fearfulness and hopelessness cast down,
If the rough place and the crooked place His royal rights disown
Can the glory of Jehovah be revealed?

3. When His suff'rings on the cruel Cross the veil asunder tore,
Then the way of access home to God was open evermore;
Now, in answer to His people's prayers, His blessing He doth pour,
And the glory of Jehovah is revealed.

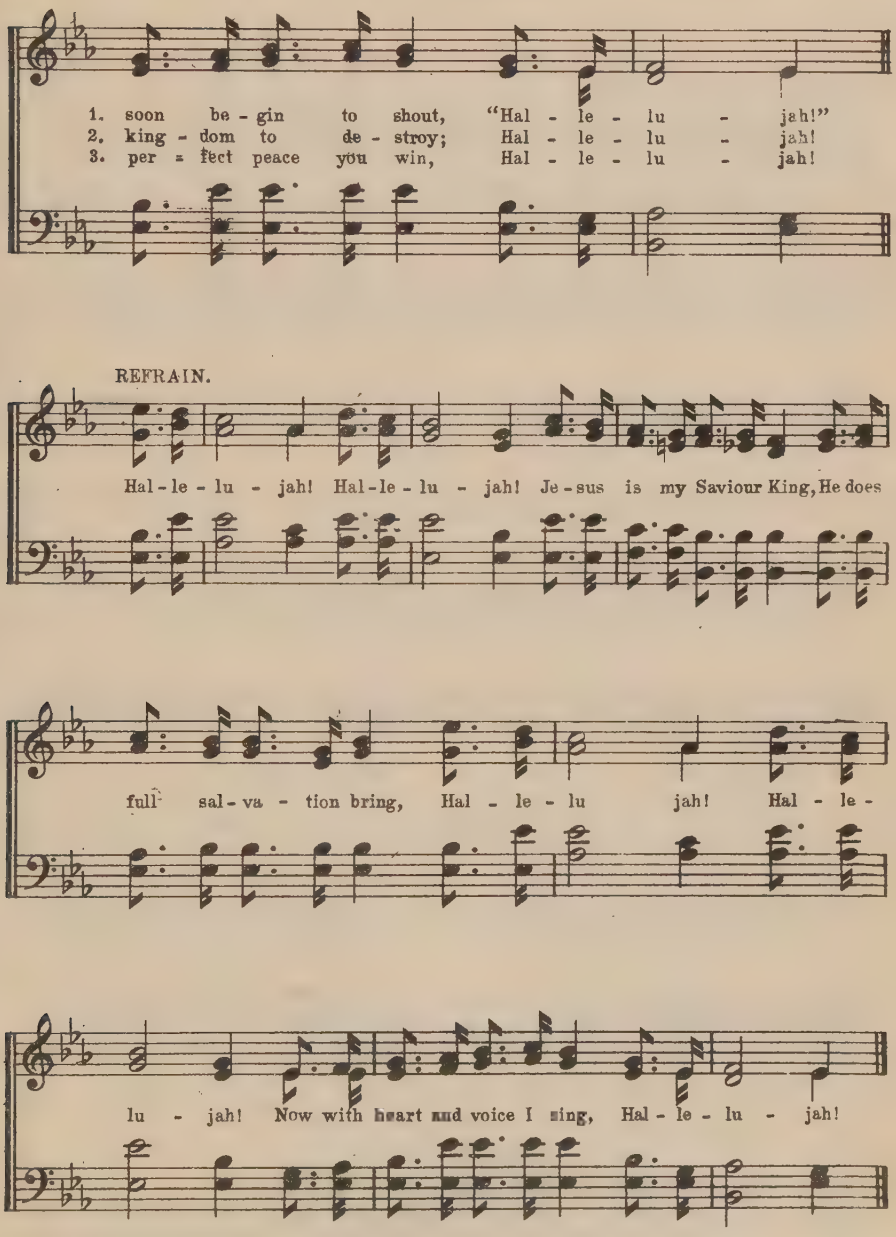
4. See, the heav'nly gates are open for His mighty coming forth!
Highest blessings are assured us by our Saviour's priceless worth,
Fling ye wide the earthly portals! Hail the new creation's birth!
And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

178. THERE'S A SAVIOUR FROM ALL SIN.

J. G. G. J. R. Murray.


1. There's a Sa-viour from all sin; If you on-ly let Him in To your
2. Je-sus is a wondrous name, Now and ev-er-more the same, He can
3. If from ev-'ry sin you part, And let Christ have all your heart, You need
1. heart, He there will reign, While you trust Him. He will
2. cleanse from ev-'ry stain, On-ly trust Him. He will
3. fear no fie-ry dart, While you trust Him. For while
1. put the e-vil out, Save from ev-'ry fear and doubt, And you'll
2. fill your soul with joy, And your ta-lents will em-ploy, Sa-tan's
3. Je-sus reigns with-in, You are proof a-gainst all sin, And His

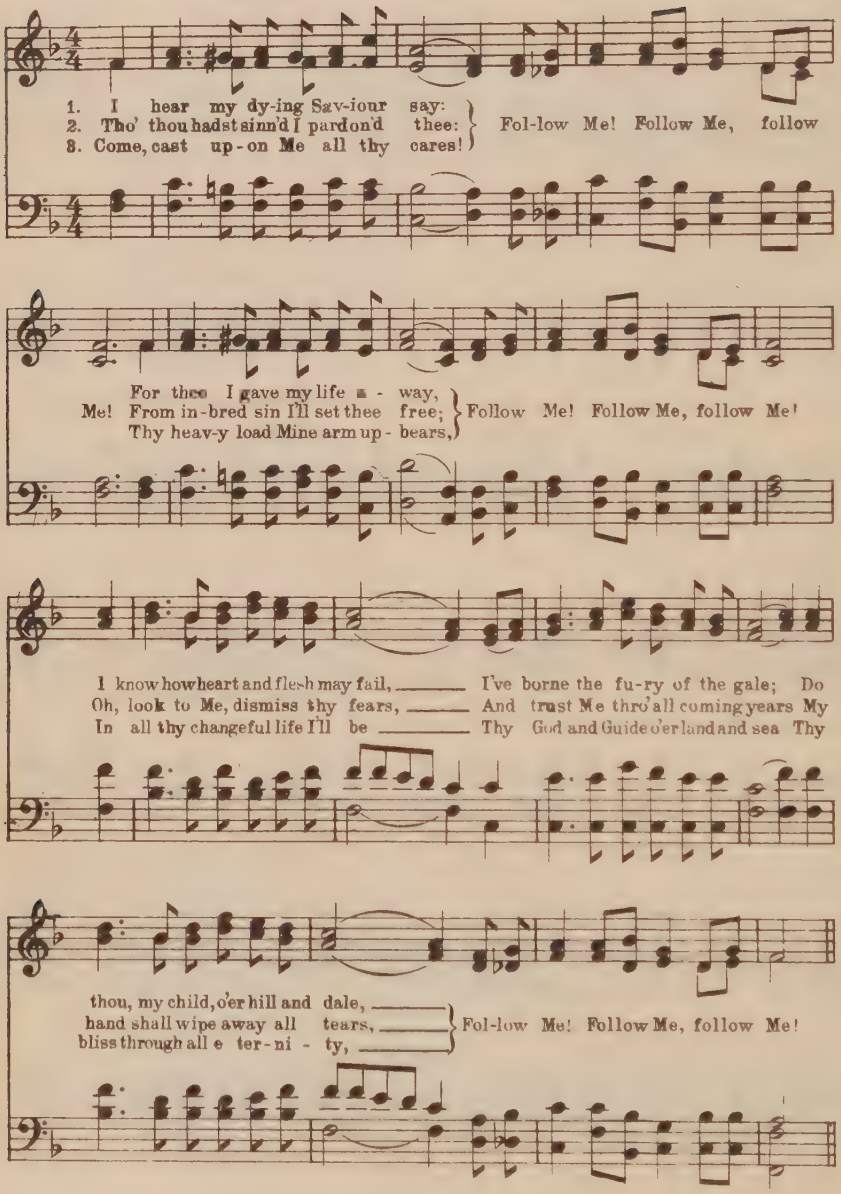
178. THERE'S A SAVIOUR FROM ALL SIN *continued*


1. soon be - gin to shout, "Hal - le - lu - jah!"
2. king - dom to de - stroy; Hal - le - lu - jah!
3. per - fect peace you win, Hal - le - lu - jah!
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus is my Saviour King, He does
full sal - va - tion bring, Hal - le - lu jah! Hal - le -
lu - jah! Now with heart and voice I sing, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Follow Me.

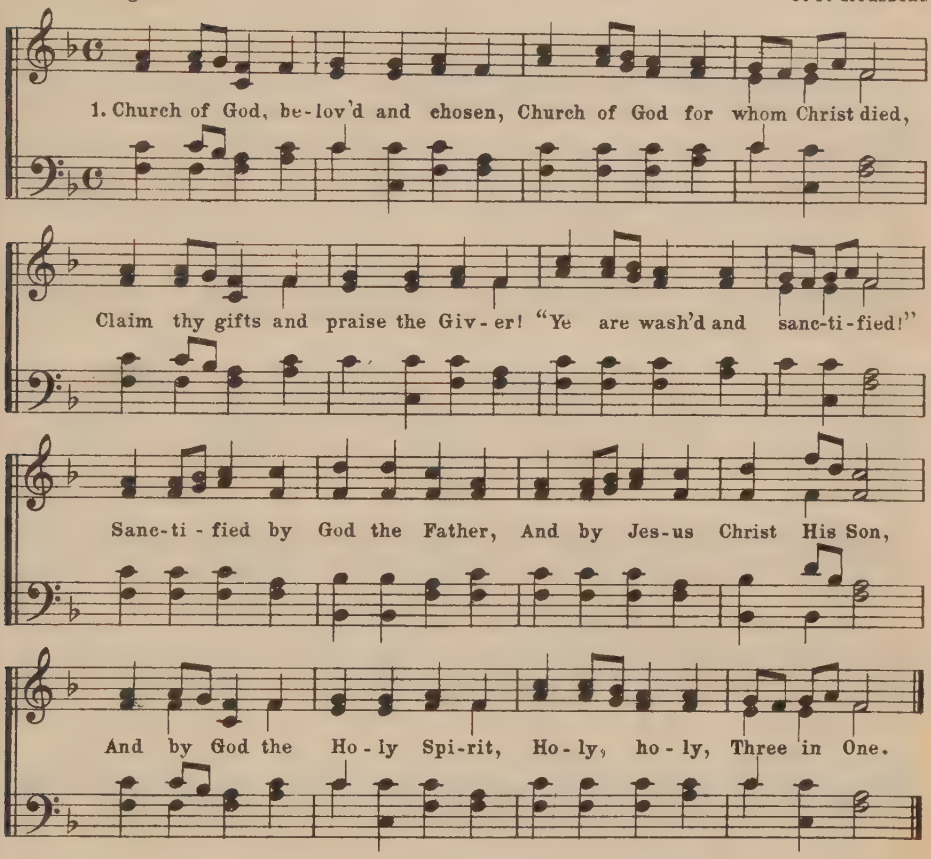
179.

REV. G. D. WATSON D.D.


1. I hear my dy-ing Sav-iour say:
2. Tho' thou hadst sinn'd I pardon'd thee:
3. Come, cast up-on Me all thy cares!
Fol-low Me! Follow Me, follow
For thee I gave my life a - way,
Me! From in-bred sin I'll set thee free;
Thy heav-y load Mine arm up - bears,
Follow Me! Follow Me, follow Me!
I know how heart and flesh may fail, I've borne the fu-ry of the gale; Do
Oh, look to Me, dismiss thy fears, And trust Me thro' all coming years My
In all thy changeful life I'll be Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea Thy
thou, my child, o'er hill and dale,
hand shall wipe away all tears,
bliss through all e ter-ni - ty,
Fol-low Me! Follow Me, follow Me!

180. HOLINESS BY FAITH IN JESUS.

F. R. Havergal. "ROUSSEAU". J. J. Rousseau


1. Church of God, be-lov'd and chosen, Church of God for whom Christ died,
Claim thy gifts and praise the Giv-er! "Ye are wash'd and sanc-ti-fied!"
Sanc-ti-fied by God the Father, And by Jes-us Christ His Son,
And by God the Ho-ly Spi-rit, Ho-ly, ho-ly, Three in One.

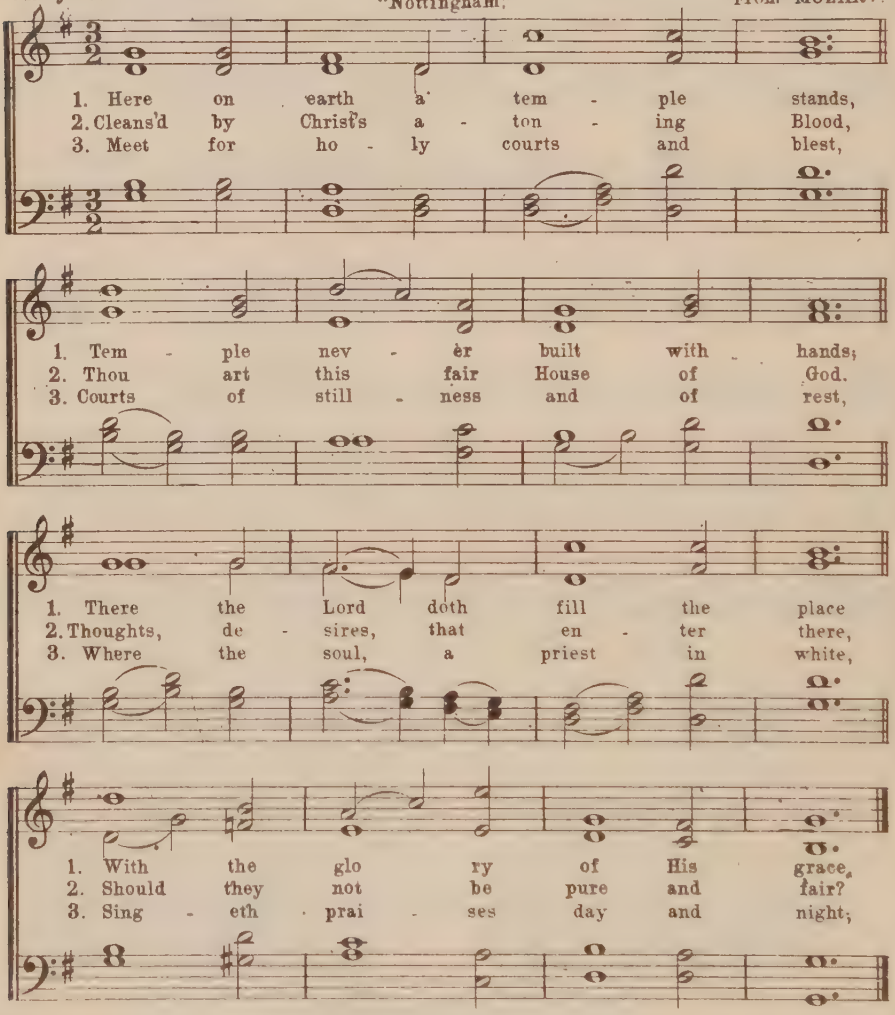
2. By His will He sanctifieth,
By the Spirit's power within;
By the loving hand that chasteneth,
Fruits of righteousness to win;
By His truth, and by His promise,
By His word, His gift unpriced,
By His blood, and by our union
With the risen life of Christ.

3. Holiness by faith in Jesus,
Not by effort of thine own,
Sin's dominion crushed and broken
By the power of grace alone;
God's own holiness within thee,
His own beauty on thy brow,
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
This thy blessed portion now.

4. He will sanctify thee wholly;
Body, spirit, soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming
In His glorious majesty!
He hath perfected for ever
Those whom He hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious and holy
Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

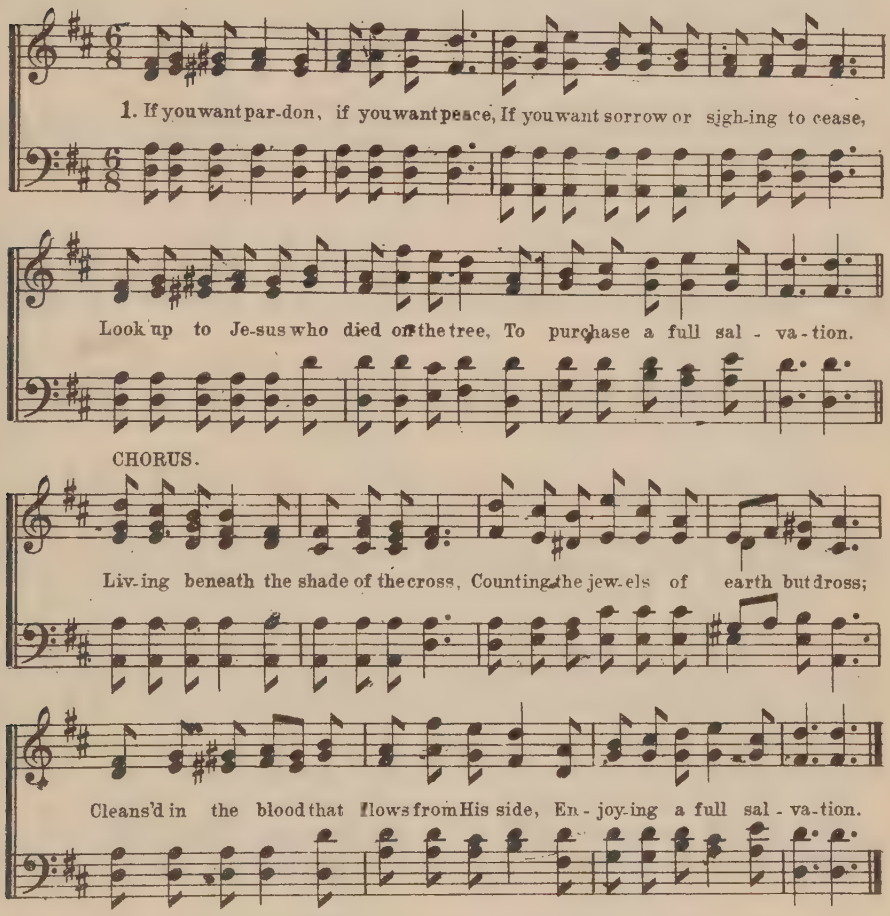
181. THE HABITATION OF GOD.

(Ps. xxvii. 4).

Tr. by Frances Bevan. "Nottingham" From MOZART.

1. Here on earth a tem - ple stands,
2. Cleans'd by Christ's a - ton - ing Blood,
3. Meet for ho - ly courts and blest,
1. Tem - ple nev - er built with hands;
2. Thou art this fair House of God.
3. Courts of still - ness and of rest,
1. There the Lord doth fill the place
2. Thoughts, de - sires, that en - ter there,
3. Where the soul, a priest in white,
1. With the glo - ry of His grace,
2. Should they not be pure and fair?
3. Sing - eth prai - ses day and night;

THE SHADE OF THE CROSS.

182. *The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.* (I John I. 7).


1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sorrow or sigh-ing to cease,
Look up to Je-sus who died on the tree, To purchase a full sal - va-tion.
CHORUS.
Liv-ing beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of earth but dross;
Cleans'd in the blood that flows from His side, En - joy-ing a full sal - va-tion.

2. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul,
Plunge in the fountain, and you shall be whole;
Washed in the blood of the Crucified One,
Enjoying a full salvation.

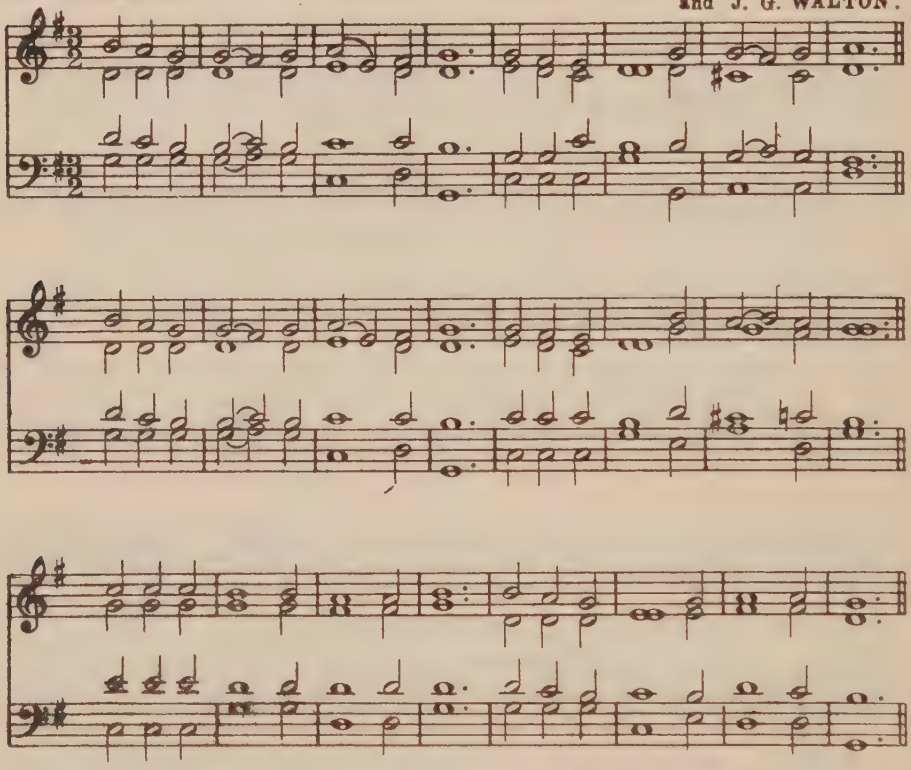
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight;
If you want purity, walk in the light;
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

4. If you want holiness, cling to the cross,
Counting the riches of earth as dross;
Down at His feet you'll be cleans'd and made free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

183. ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO HIM.

ST. CATHERINE.

H. F. HENRY
and J. G. WALTON.



1. All things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe;
Lord, I no more Thy name blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive.
I can, I do believe in Thee;
All things are possible to me.

2. 'Twas most impossible of all
That here sin's reign in me should cease.
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, I trust Thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

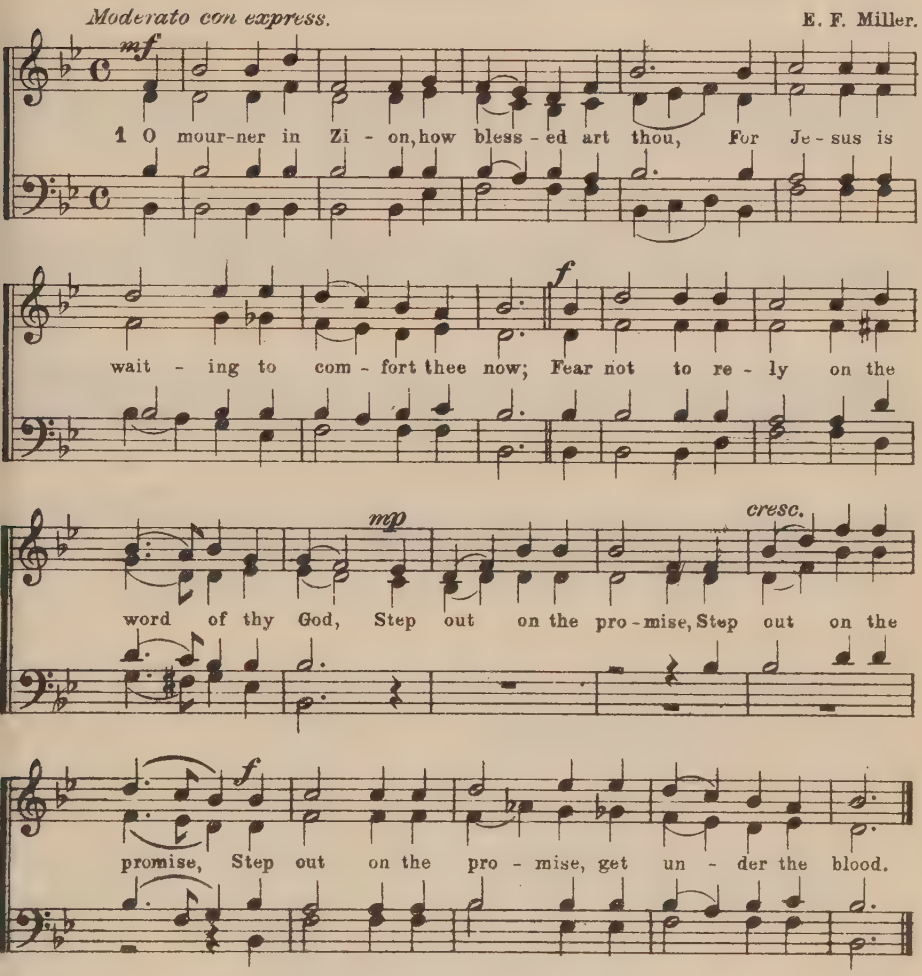
3. Though earth and hell the Word gainsay,
The Word of God shall never fail:
The Lord can break sin's iron sway;
'Tis certain, though impossible.
The thing impossible shall be.
All things are possible to me.

4. All things are possible to God;
To Christ, the power of God in man;
To me, when I am all renewed,
In Christ am fully formed again,
And from the reign of sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

5. All things are possible to God;
To Christ, the power of God in me;
Now shed Thy mighty Self abroad,
Let me no longer live, but Thee;
Give me this hour in thee to prove
The sweet omnipotence of love.

C. Wesley.

184. Step out on the Promise.


Moderato con express.
E. F. Miller.
mf
1 O mour-ner in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is
f
wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
mp
cresc.
word of thy God, Step out on the pro - mise, Step out on the
f
promise, Step out on the pro - mise, get un - der the blood.

2. O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice,
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.

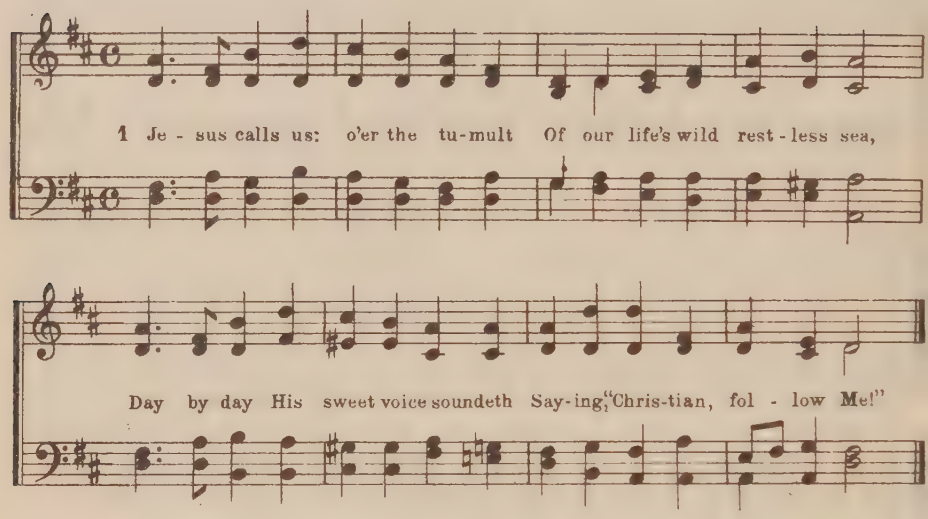
3. Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O, poor troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God;
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.

4. The promise can't save, tho' the promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us thro',
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God!
I rest on the promise, I'm under the blood.

JESUS CALLS US.

185.

ST. OSWALD.

C. F. Alexander. J. B. Dykes

1 Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low Me!"

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

186.

1. Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

2. Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light!
Brother clasps the hand of brother
Stepping fearless through the night.

3. One the light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

4. One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

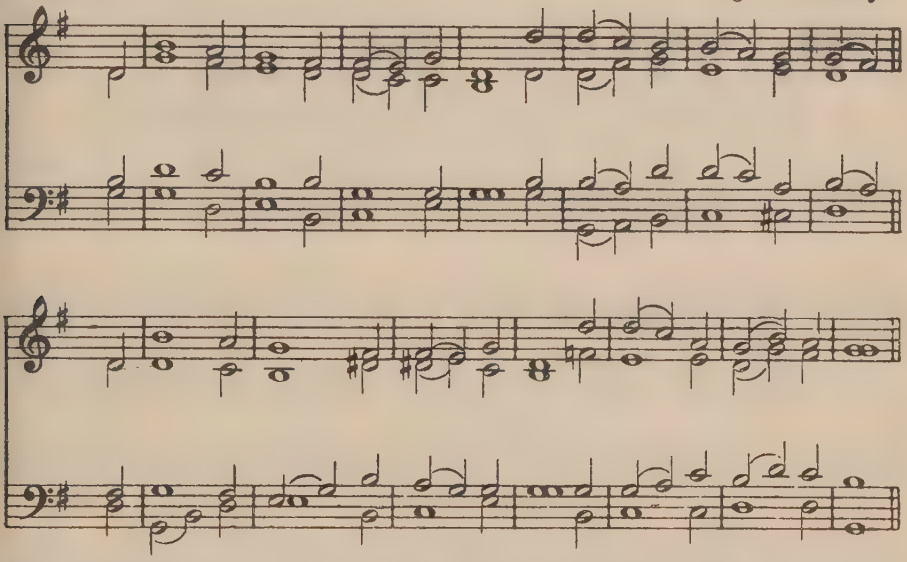
5. One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

6. Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

S. BARING-GOULD(b

187. LORD, I BELIEVE A REST REMAINS.

BELMONT. Islington Psalmody.



1. Lord, I believe a rest remains
   To all Thy people known;
   A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
   And Thou art loved alone.

2. A rest, where all our soul's desire
   Is fixed on things above;
   Where fear and sin and grief expire,
   Cast out by perfect love.

3. Oh that I now the rest might know,
   Believe, and enter in;
   Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
   And let me cease from sin.

4. Remove this hardness from my heart,
   This unbelief remove:
   To me the rest of faith impart,
   The Sabbath of Thy love.

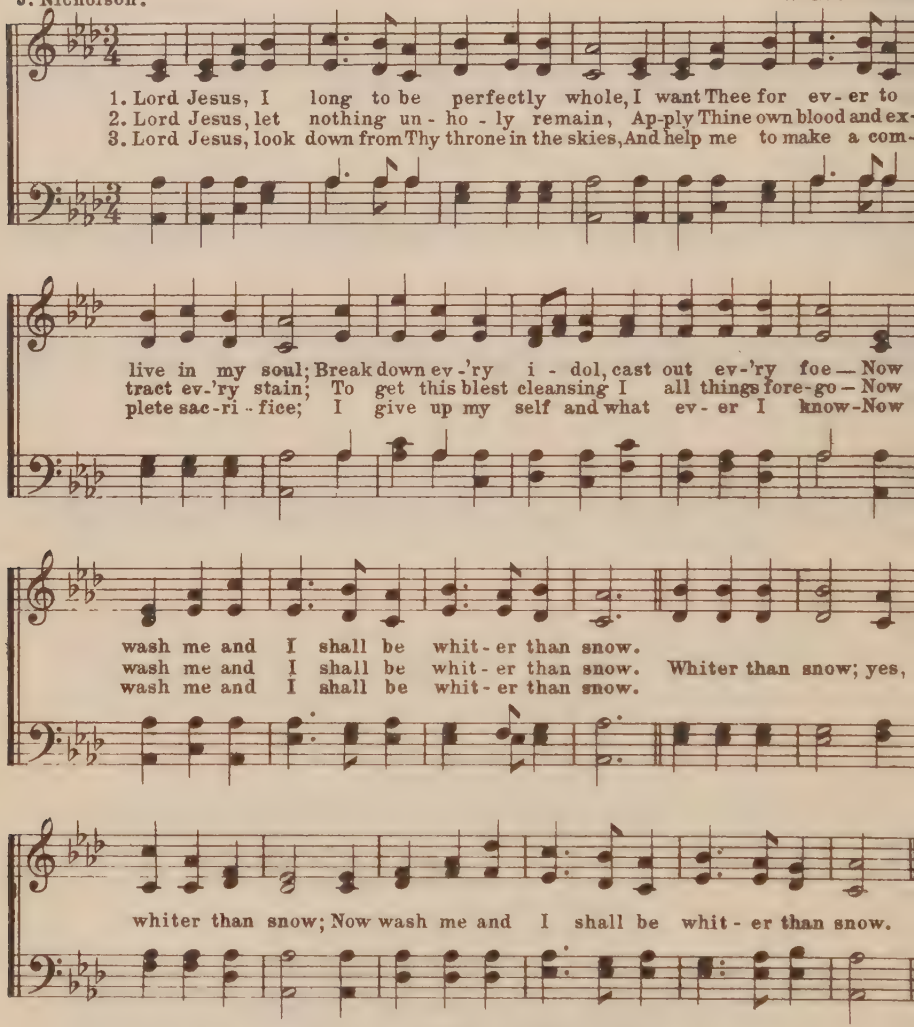
5. I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
   And have Thee all my own;
   Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
   I want, and Thee alone.

C. WESLEY.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

188.

J. Nicholson. W. G. Fischer


1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole, I want Thee for ev-er to
2. Lord Jesus, let nothing un-ho-ly remain, Ap-ply Thine own blood and ex-
3. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe — Now
tract ev-'ry stain; To get this blest cleansing I all things fore-go — Now
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my self and what ev-er I know-Now
wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whiter than snow; yes,
wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

4. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a clean heart create;
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst, No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

189. AT THY FEET I FALL.

C. Booth. Clibborn, by per.

Andante. C.B-C.

mp

1. O Lamb of God! Thou wonderful sin-bearer, Hard
2. I mourn, I mourn, the sin that drove Thee from me, And
3. Descend the heav'ns, Thou whom my soul adoreth! Ex-
4. Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing, Des-

1. after Thee my soul doth follow on; As pants the hart for
2. blackest darkness brought in to my soul; Now, I renounce th'ac-
3. change Thy throne for my poor longing heart. For Thee! for Thee! I
4. troy the works of sin, the self, the pride; Burn, burn in me, my

1. streams in desert dreary, So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou
2. cursed thing that hinder'd, And come once more to Thee, to be
3. watch, as for the morning; No rest or peace is mine from my
4. idols overthrowing; Prepare my heart for Him— for my

mf CHORUS.

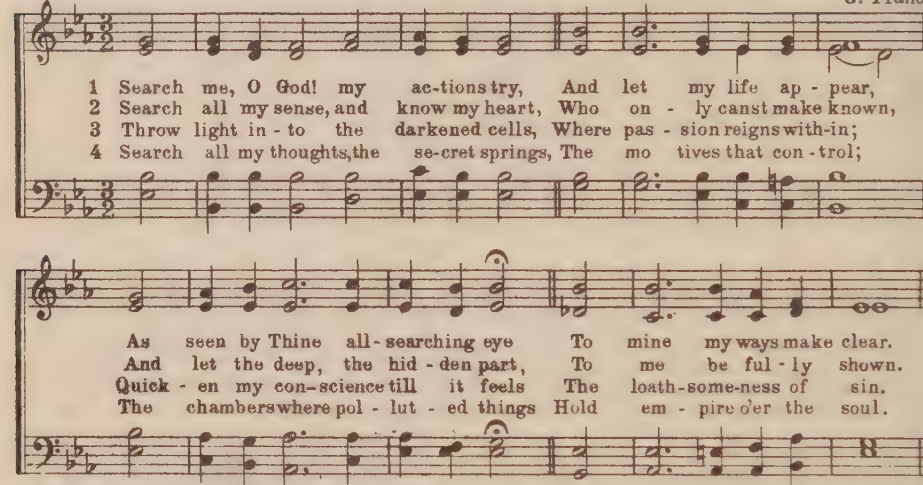
1. life-giving One.
2. made fully whole.
3. Saviour apart.
4. Lord crucified!

At Thy feet I fall, Yield Thee up my all, To

suffer, live or die For my Lord crucified.

190. SEARCH ME, O GOD

Rev. F. Bottome. G. Franc


1 Search me, O God! my ac-tions try, And let my life ap - pear,
2 Search all my sense, and know my heart, Who on - ly canst make known,
3 Throw light in - to the darkened cells, Where pas - sion reigns with-in;
4 Search all my thoughts, the se-cret springs, The mo tives that con - trol;
As seen by Thine all-searching eye To mine my ways make clear.
And let the deep, the hid - den part, To me be ful - ly shown.
Quick - en my con-science till it feels The loath-some-ness of sin.
The chambers where pol - lut - ed things Hold em - pire o'er the soul.

5 Search, till Thy fiery glance has cast
Its holy light through all,
And I by grace am brought at last
Before Thy face to fall.

6 Thus prostrate I shall learn of Thee,
What now I feebly prove,
That God alone in Christ can be
Unutterable love!

191.

(To tune on opposite page.)

1. Oh, for a life to please my God,
In every little thing,—
A holy life, that day by day
To Him will glory bring!

2. A life liv'd only "unto Him,"
No double aim in view,
The outcome of a Christ-like heart,
By God made pure and new.

3. A life which Jesus guides alone,
O'er which He has control!
A life which others seeing, say,
That Jesus owns the whole.

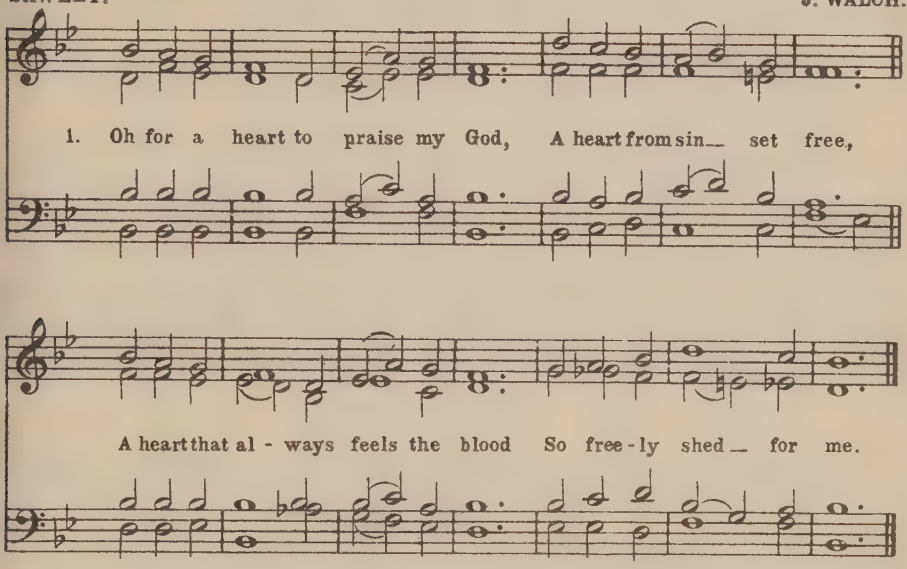
4. Jesus, complete Thy work in me—
The work Thou hast begun:
Each day may I grow more like Thee,
Until my race is run.

J. H. WATSON.

OH FOR A HEART SET FREE.

192.

SAWLEY. J. WALCH.



2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3. A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. WESLEY.

193. A HEART LIKE THINE.

George Jackson
Met. ♩. = 68

Allegretto
mf

1. I want, dear Lord, a heart that's true and clean; A
2. I want, dear Lord, a love that feels for all; A
3. I want, dear Lord, a soul on fire for Thee; A
4. I want, dear Lord, a faith that looks to Thee To
5. I want, dear Lord, a hope stead-fast and sure, A

sun - lit heart, with not a cloud be - tween. A
deep strong love that an - swers ev - ery call. A
soul bap - tised with heaven - ly en - er - gy. A
cheer the way when naught but clouds I see; A
hope that holds to things that will en dure; A

heart like Thine, a heart di-vine, A heart as white as snow; On
love like Thine, a love di-vine, A love for high and low; On
will - ing mind, a read - y hand To do what-e'er I know, To
faith su-blime, a faith di-vine, A faith that will not fail To
hope in heav'n, a hope in Thee, A hope that's bright and clear, Dis -

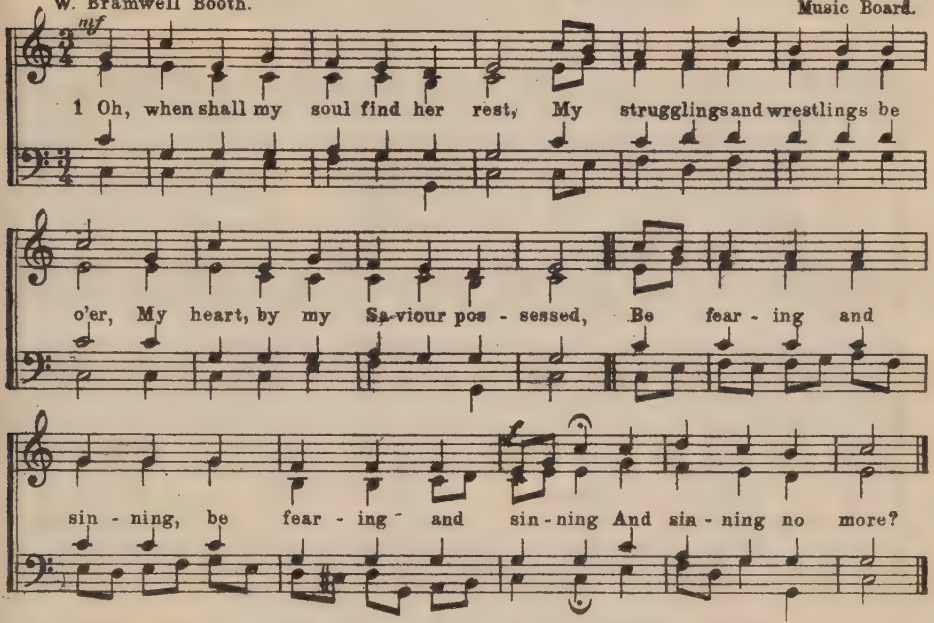
me, dear Lord, a heart like this be - stow.
me, dear Lord, a love like this be - stow.
spread Thy light where - ev - er I may go.
trust in Thee and o - ver sin pre - vail.
- pel - ling doubt and conquering ev - 'ry fear.

By kind permission of Star Hall Book room, Manchester

194. When shall my Soul find Rest?

By kind perm. of the Salv. Army Music Board.

W. Bramwell Booth.


1 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, My strugglings and wrestlings be
o'er, My heart, by my Sa-viour pos - sessed, Be fear - ing and
sin - ning, be fear - ing and sin - ning And sin - ning no more?

2 Now search me and try me, O Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See! Helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

3 My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee who gave;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

4 O Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see,
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full present, and free!

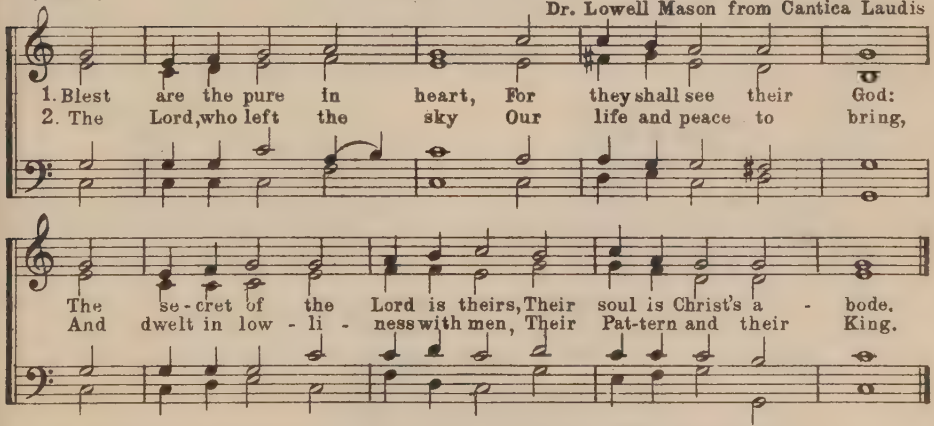
5 O Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy, so high and so deep;
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

195. "Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

J. Kehle.

"Boylston" (S. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason from Cantica Laudis

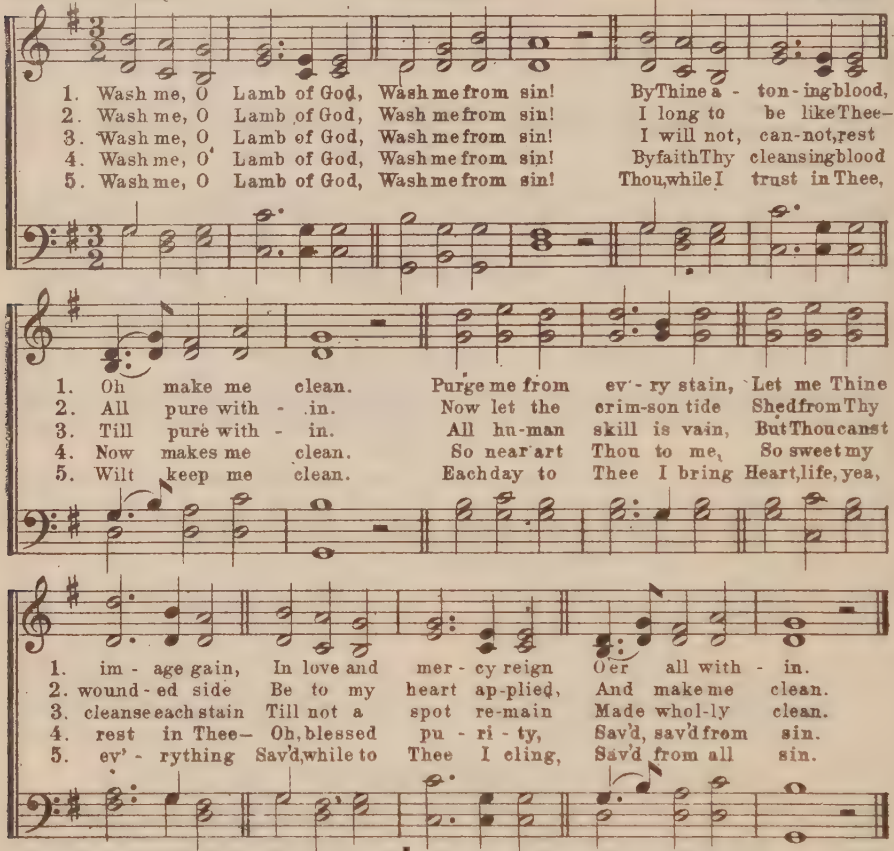

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see their God:
2. The Lord, who left the sky Our life and peace to bring,
The se - cret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's a - bode.
And dwelt in low - li - ness with men, Their Pat-tern and their King.

3. Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4. Lord, we Thy presence seek!
Ours may this blessing be!
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for Thee!

WASH ME FROM SIN.

196. H. B. Beagle. "BETHANY." Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin! By Thine a - ton - ing blood,
2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin! I long to be like Thee—
3. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin! I will not, can-not, rest
4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin! By faith Thy cleansing blood
5. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin! Thou, while I trust in Thee,
1. Oh make me clean. Purge me from ev'-ry stain, Let me Thine
2. All pure with - in. Now let the crim-son tide Shed from Thy
3. Till pure with - in. All hu-man skill is vain, But Thou canst
4. Now makes me clean. So near art Thou to me, So sweet my
5. Wilt keep me clean. Each day to Thee I bring Heart, life, yea,
1. im - age gain, In love and mer - cy reign O'er all with - in.
2. wound - ed side Be to my heart ap-plied, And make me clean.
3. cleanse each stain Till not a spot re-main Made whol-ly clean.
4. rest in Thee— Oh, blessed pu - ri - ty, Sav'd, sav'd from sin.
5. ev' - rything Sav'd, while to Thee I cling, Sav'd from all sin.

197. *To above Tune.*

1. Jesus, my Saviour King,
I will be Thine!
Only to Thee I cling;
I will be Thine!
Mine not the worldling's gain,
Mine not his pleasures vain!
Man's honours I disdain—
I will be Thine!

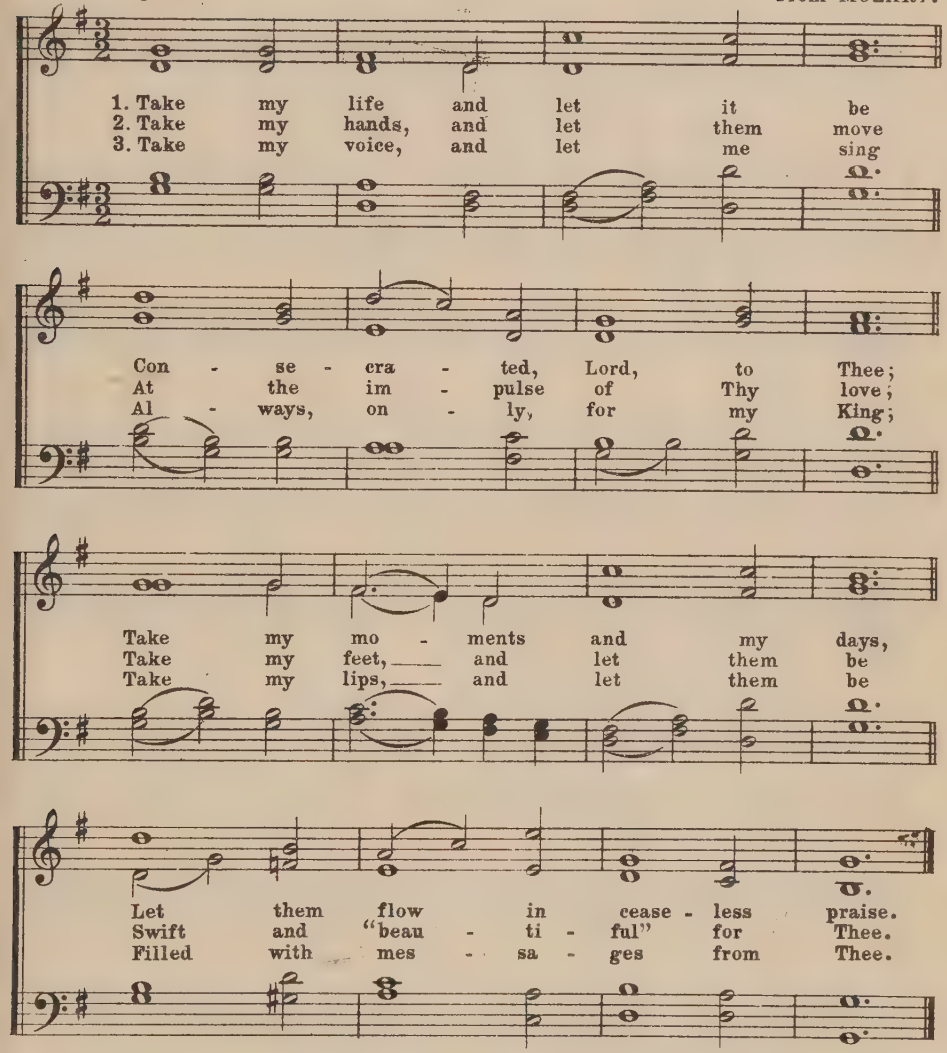
2. Let others seek their own,
I will be Thine!
I'll live for Thee alone!
I will be Thine!
Riches and earthly fame,
Each mean or selfish aim,
Forever I disclaim,—
I will be Thine!

3. Whate'er Thou wilt I'll do;
I will be Thine!
Gladly I'll suffer, too;
I will be Thine!
Only possess my heart,
Bid sin and fear depart,
Oh, let us never part!
I will be Thine!

G. RAILTON.

198. TAKE MY LIFE.

F. R. Havergal. From MOZART.


1. Take my life and let it be
2. Take my hands, and let them move
3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
At the im - pulse of Thy love;
Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
Take my mo - ments and my days,
Take my feet, and let them be
Take my lips, and let them be
Let them flow in cease - less praise.
Swift and "beau - ti - ful" for Thee.
Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.

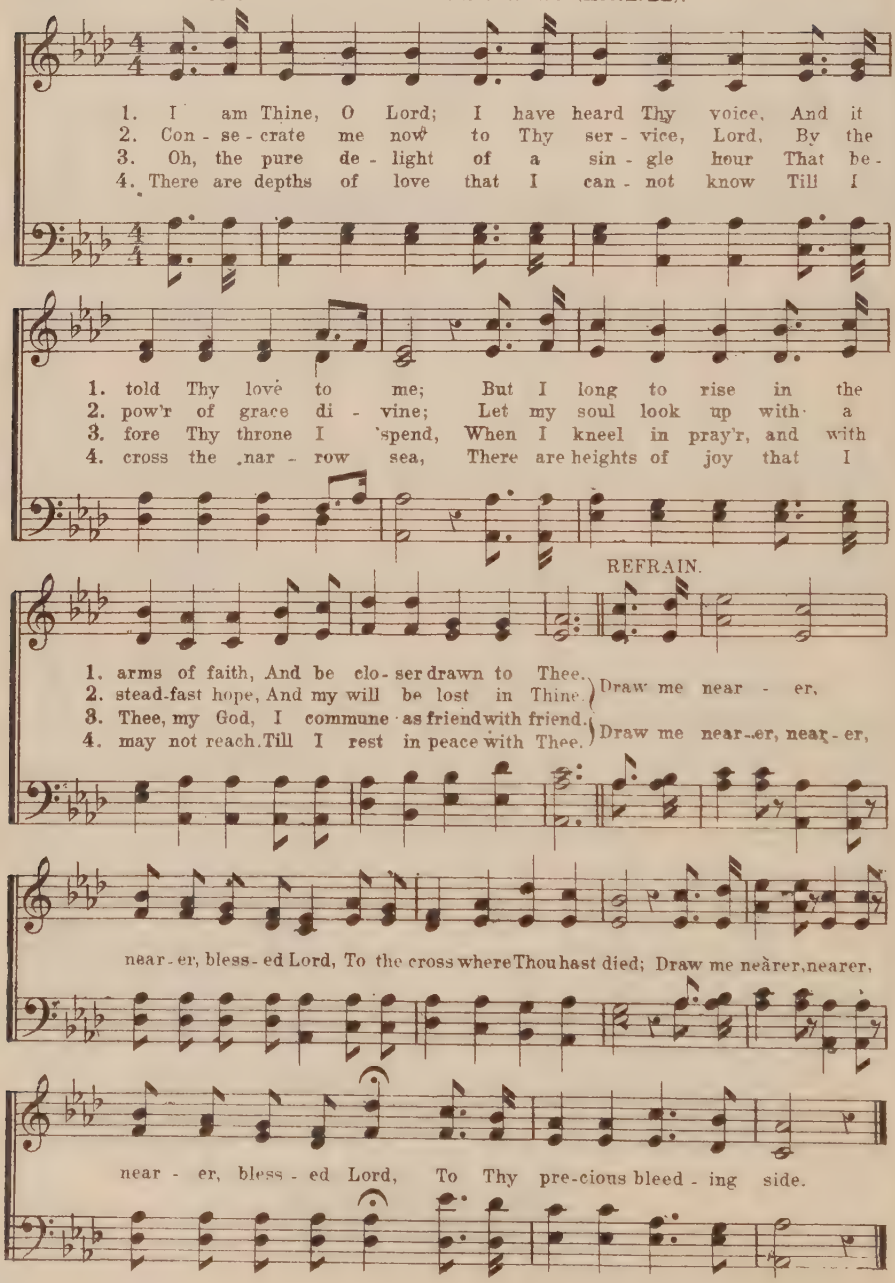
4. Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Ev'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

5. Take my will, and make it Thine!
It shall be no longer mine,
Take my heart—it is Thine own—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6. Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

199. I AM THINE, O LORD.

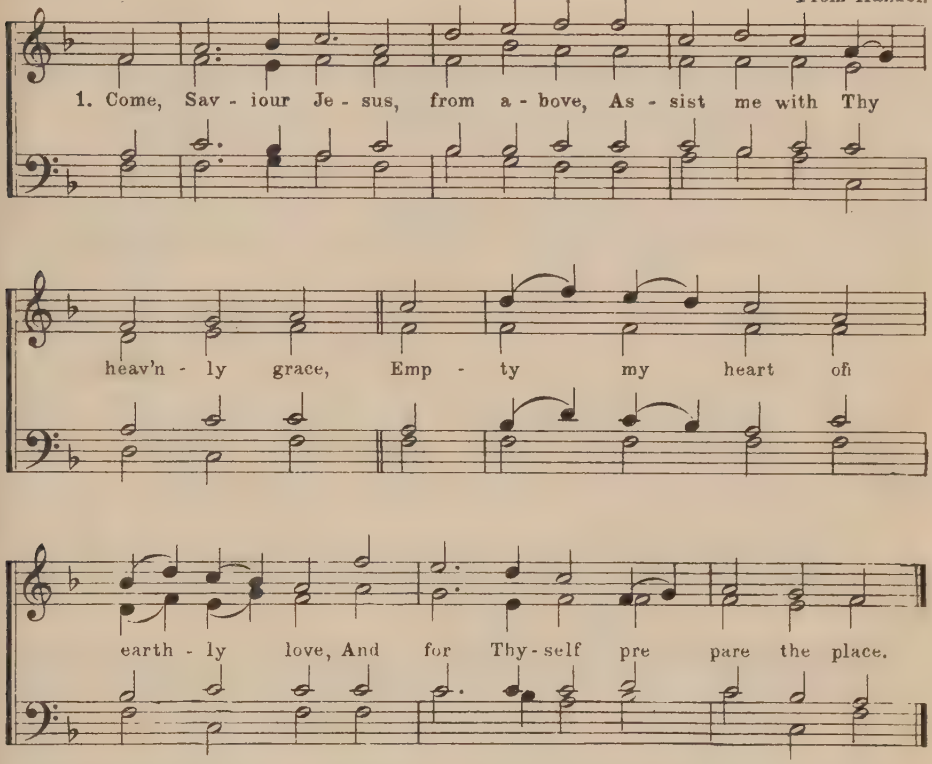
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

"*Let us draw near with a true heart*" (Heb. x. 22).

1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be -
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I
1. told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
2. pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
3. fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
4. cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I
REFRAIN.
1. arms of faith, And be clo - ser drawn to Thee,
2. stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine
3. Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend,
4. may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Draw me near - er,
Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me nearer, nearer,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious bleed - ing side.

200. SINGLE HEARTEDNESS.

"SAMSON" (L.M.)

C. Wesley. From Handel.


1. Come, Sav - iour Je - sus, from a - bove, As - sist me with Thy
heav'n - ly grace, Emp - ty my heart of
earth - ly love, And for Thy-self pre pare the place.

2. Oh, let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
To have, henceforth, no other will
But day and night to follow Thee.

3. While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4. Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

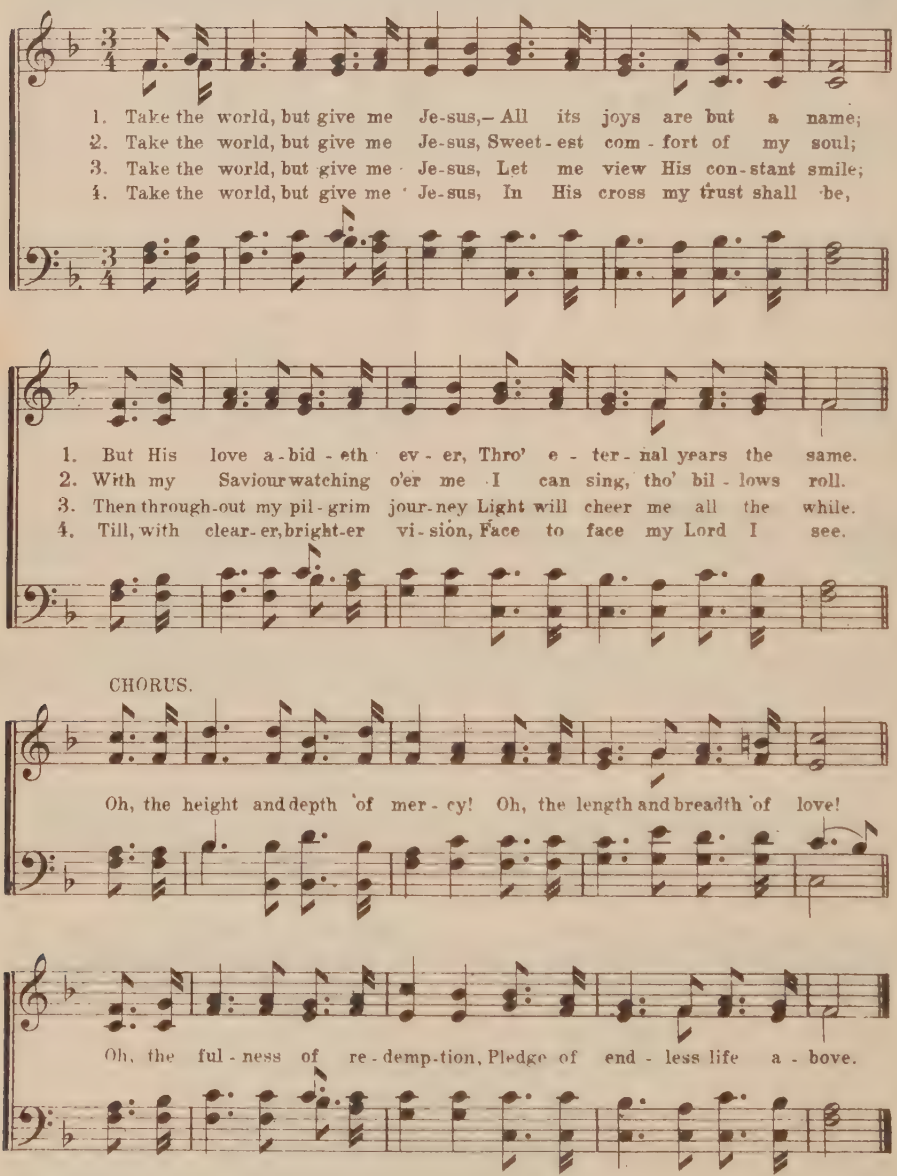
5. Henceforth let no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6. Thee would I love, and Thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss;
To know Thou tak'st me for Thine own
Oh, what a happiness is this!

GIVE ME JESUS.

201.

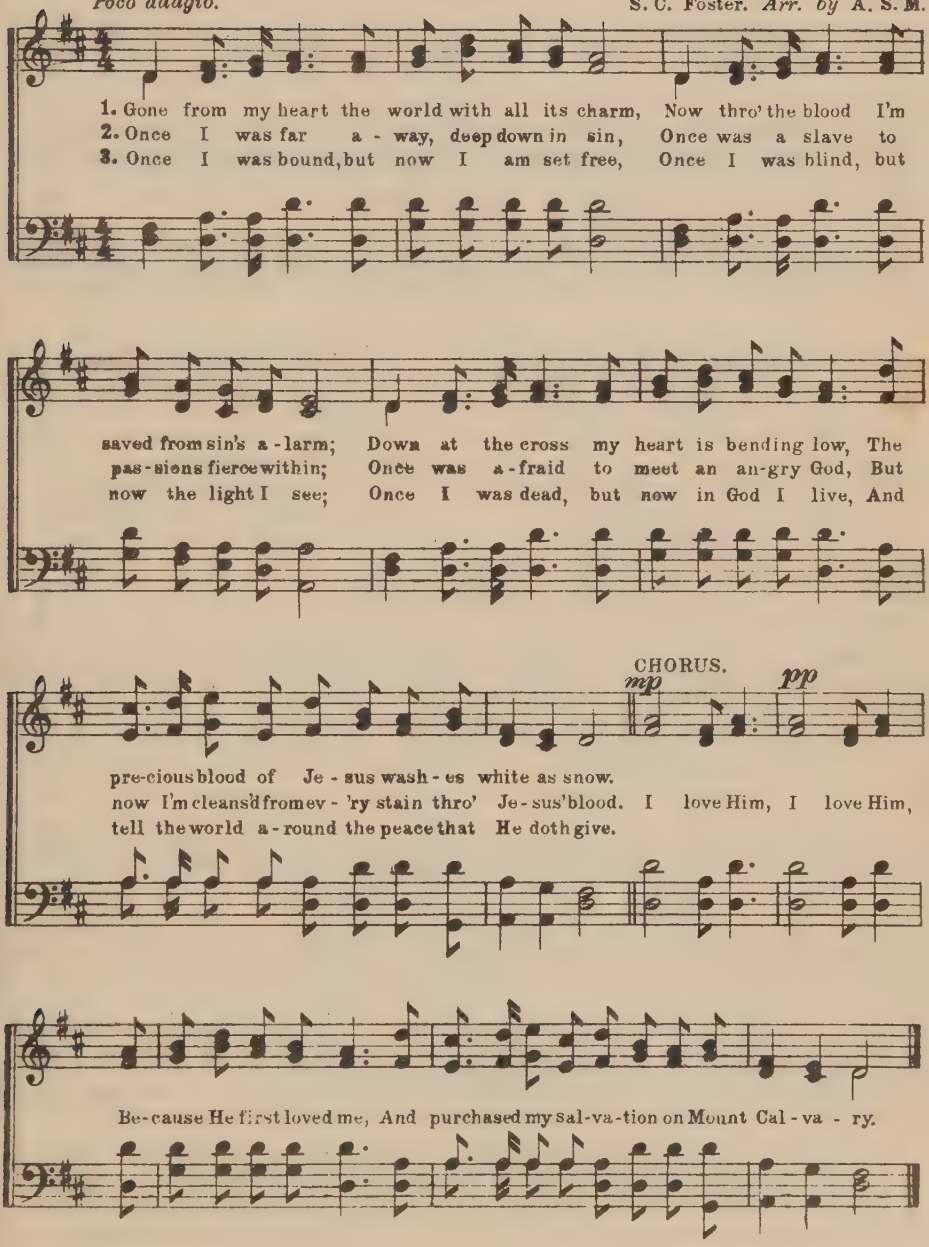
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Take the world, but give me Je-sus,– All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Sweet-est com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, In His cross my trust shall be,
1. But His love a-bid-eth ev-er, Thro' e-ter-nal years the same.
2. With my Saviour watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
3. Then through-out my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
4. Till, with clear-er, bright-er vi-sion, Face to face my Lord I see.
CHORUS.
Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the ful-ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a-bove.

202. I LOVE HIM.

C. F. O.

Poco adagio. S. C. Foster. *Arr. by* A. S. M.

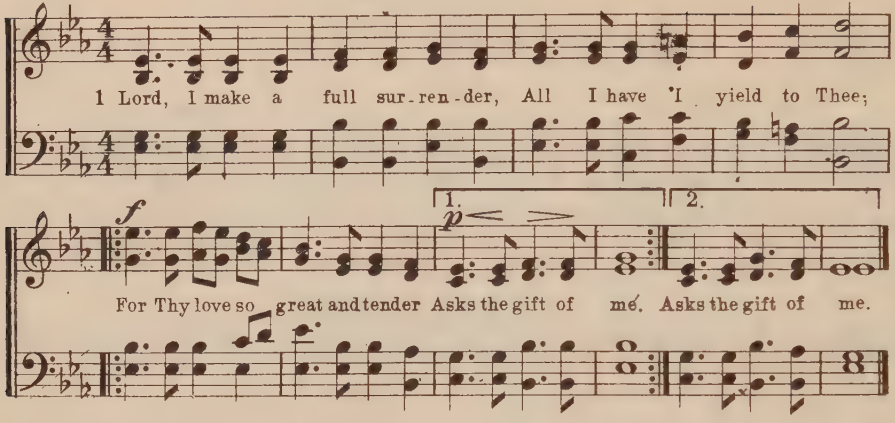

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was far a - way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but
saved from sin's a - larm; Down at the cross my heart is bending low, The
pas - sions fierce within; Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And
CHORUS.
mp
pp
pre - cious blood of Je - sus wash - es white as snow.
now I'm clean's'd from ev - 'ry stain thro' Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world a - round the peace that He doth give.
Be - cause He first loved me, And purchased my sal - va - tion on Mount Cal - va - ry.

FULL SURRENDER.

203.

"FAR, FAR AT SEA".

Dr. L. Mason.


1 Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, All I have I yield to Thee;
f
1.
p
2.
For Thy love so great and tender Asks the gift of me. Asks the gift of me.

2. Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own,
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

3. Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine:
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.

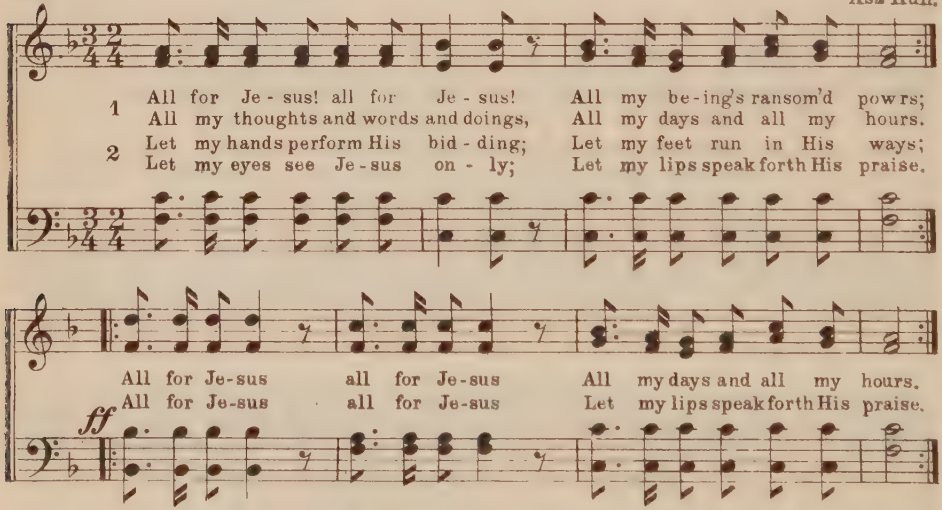
4. Lord, my life I lay before Thee;
Here, this hour, the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

5. Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I have given my all to God;
And I now have full salvation,
Through the precious blood.

204.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Mary D. James.

Asa Hull.

1 All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs;
All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
2 Let my hands perform His bid-ding; Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly; Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je-sus all for Je-sus All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus all for Je-sus Let my lips speak forth His praise.
ff

3. Since my eyes were fix'd on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchain'd my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
All for Jesus,
All for Jesus crucified!

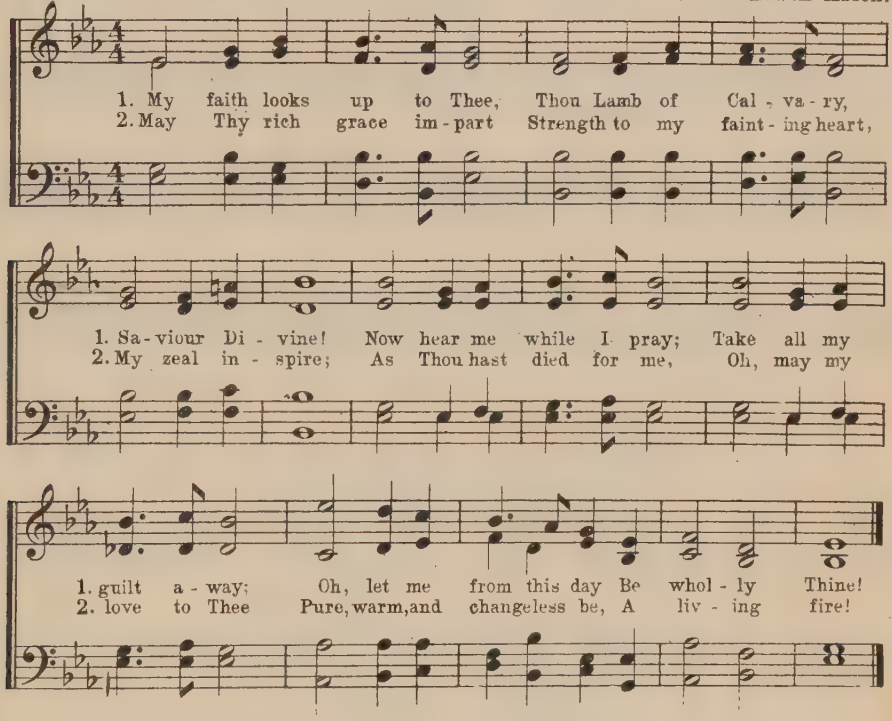
4. Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of Kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Let me rest beneath His wings
Hallelujah!
Resting now beneath His wings.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

205.

"OLIVET."

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

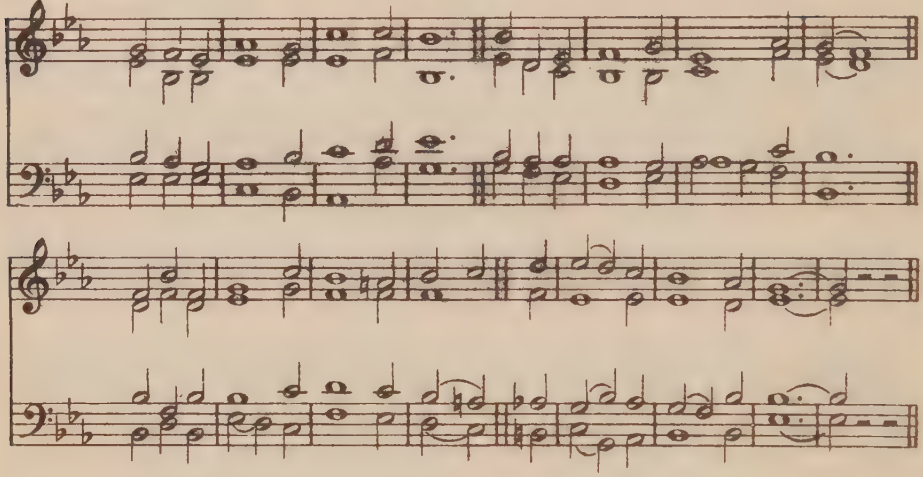

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
1. Sa - viour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
2. My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
1. guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

206. DRAWN TO THE CROSS.

MISERICORDIA. H. SMART.



1. Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blest,
With healing gifts for souls distrest,
To find in Thee my Life, my Rest,
Christ crucified, I come.

2. Weary of selfishness and pride,
False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,
Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide,
Christ crucified, I come.

3. Wash me, and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ crucified, I come.

4. A life of labour, prayers, and love,
Which shall my heart's conversion prove,
Till to a glorious rest above,
Christ crucified, I come.

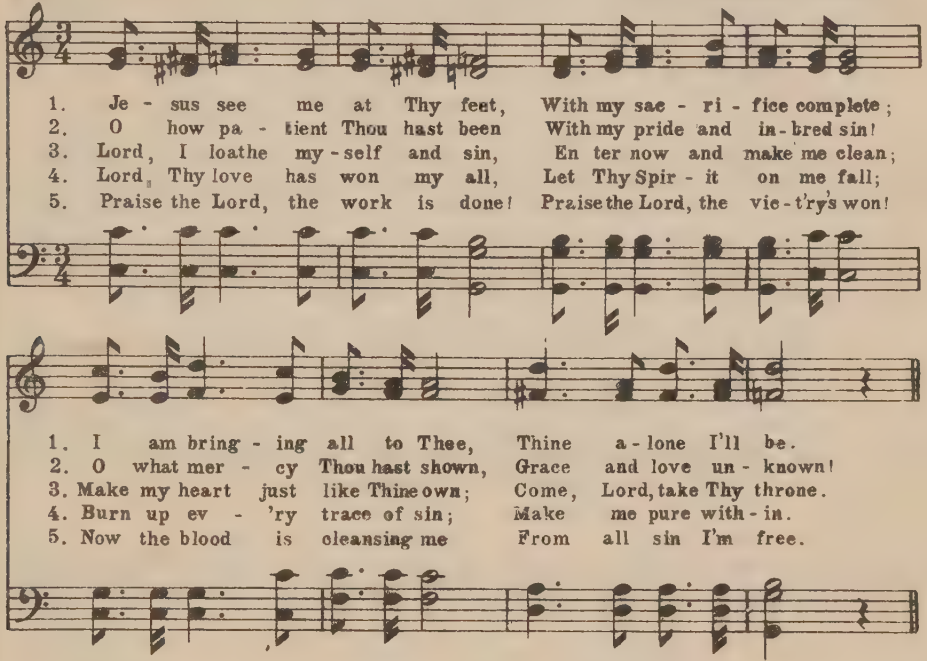
5. To share with Thee Thy Life divine,
Thy Righteousness, Thy Likeness mine,
Since Thou hast made my nature Thine,
Christ crucified, I come.

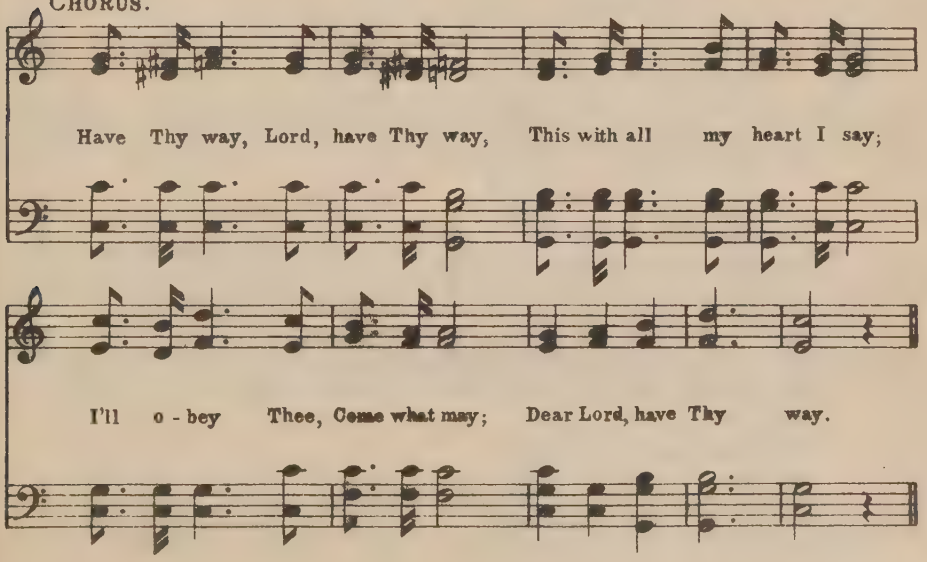
6. To be what Thou wouldst have me be,
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,
Through what Thy grace shall work in me,
Christ crucified, I come.

G. M. IRONS.

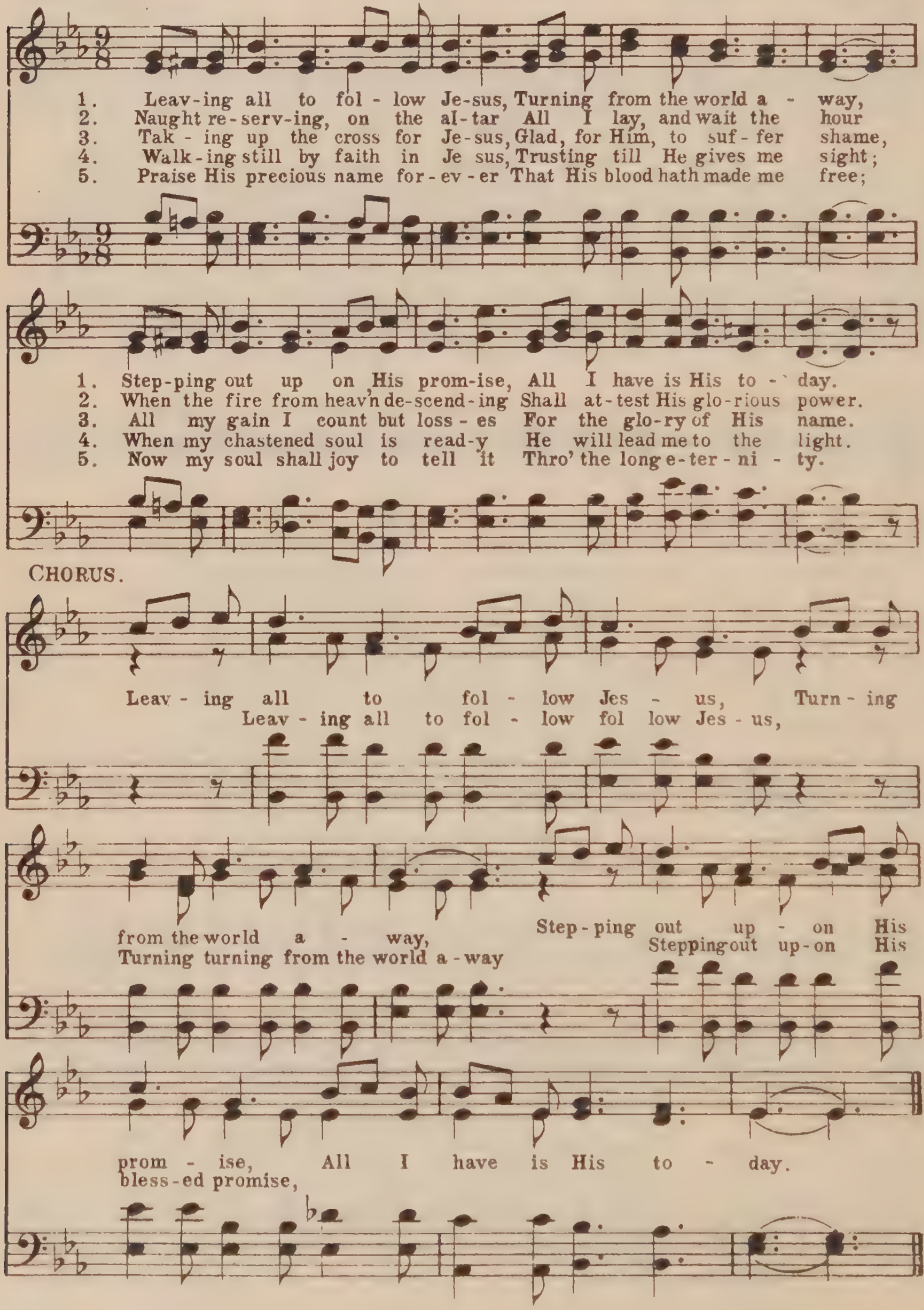
207. JESUS SEE ME AT THY FEET.

G. B. REV. GEORGE BENNARD.


1. Je - sus see me at Thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice complete;
2. O how pa - tient Thou hast been With my pride and in-bred sin!
3. Lord, I loathe my-self and sin, En ter now and make me clean;
4. Lord, Thy love has won my all, Let Thy Spir - it on me fall;
5. Praise the Lord, the work is done! Praise the Lord, the vic-t'ry's won!
1. I am bring - ing all to Thee, Thine a-lone I'll be.
2. O what mer - cy Thou hast shown, Grace and love un - known!
3. Make my heart just like Thine own; Come, Lord, take Thy throne.
4. Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin; Make me pure with-in.
5. Now the blood is cleansing me From all sin I'm free.

CHORUS.

208. LEAVING ALL TO FOLLOW JESUS.

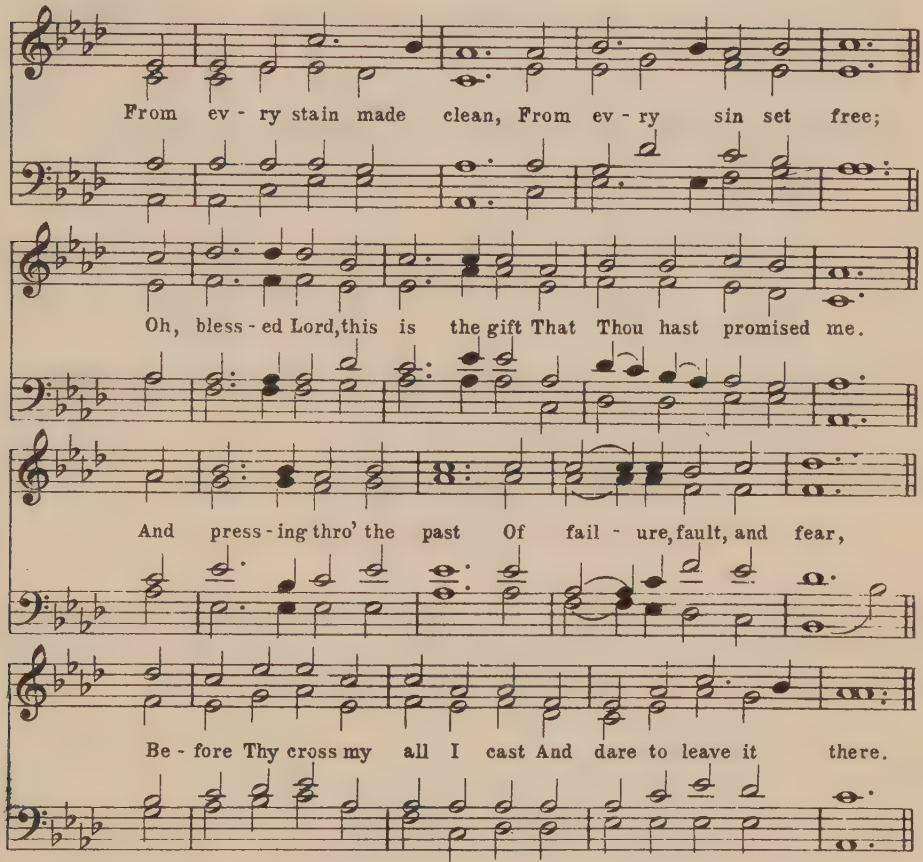
IDA M. BUDD CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Leav-ing all to fol - low Je-sus, Turning from the world a - way,
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak - ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad, for Him, to suf - fer shame,
4. Walk-ing still by faith in Je sus, Trusting till He gives me sight;
5. Praise His precious name for-ev-er That His blood hath made me free;
1. Step-ping out up on His prom-ise, All I have is His to - day.
2. When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at-test His glo-rious power.
3. All my gain I count but loss - es For the glo-ry of His name.
4. When my chastened soul is read-y He will lead me to the light.
5. Now my soul shall joy to tell it Thro' the long e-ter-ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Leav - ing all to fol - low Jes - us, Turn - ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low fol low Jes - us,
from the world a - way,
Turning turning from the world a - way
Step-ping out up - on His
Stepping out up-on His
prom - ise, All I have is His to - day.
bless-ed promise,

209 FROM EVERY STAIN MADE CLEAN.

"MONTGOMERY."

H. H. BOOTH. I. B. WOODBURY.


From ev - ry stain made clean, From ev - ry sin set free;
Oh, bless - ed Lord, this is the gift That Thou hast promised me.
And press - ing thro' the past Of fail - ure, fault, and fear,
Be - fore Thy cross my all I cast And dare to leave it there.

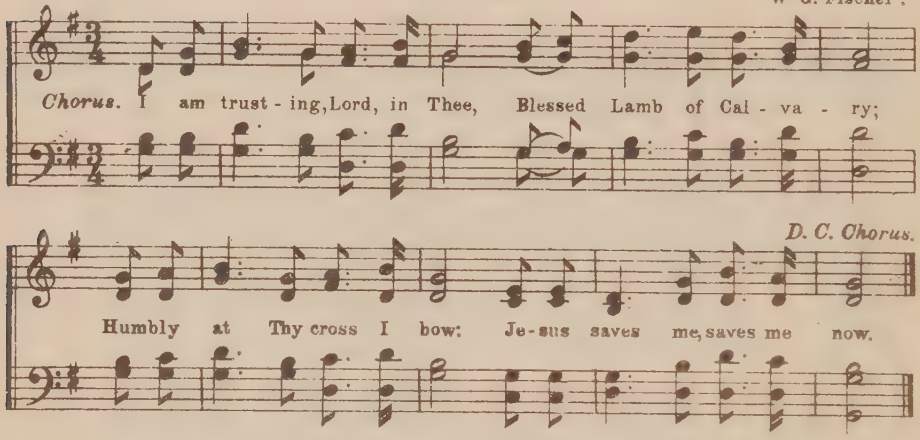
2. From Thee I would not hide
My sin, because of fear
What men may think; I hate my pride,
And as I am appear.
Just as I am, O Lord,
Not what I'm thought to be
Just as I am, a struggling soul
For life and liberty.

3. While in Thy light I stand,
My heart, I seem to see,
Has fail'd to take from Thine own hand
The gifts it offers me.
O Lord, Thy plenteous grace,
Thy wisdom and Thy pow'r,
I here proclaim before Thy face,
Can keep me every hour.

4. Upon the altar here
I lay my treasure down;
I only want to have thee near,
King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn
My ev'ry selfish claim;
And while from them to Thee I turn,
I trust in Thy great name.

5. A heart by blood made clean,
In ev'ry wish and thought;
A heart that by God's pow'r has been
Into subjection brought;
To walk, to weep, to sing,
Within the light of heav'n;—
This is the blessing, Saviour, King,
That Thou to me hast given!

210. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

W MacDonald. W G. Fischer.

1. I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind:
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3. Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be
Wholly Thine for evermore.

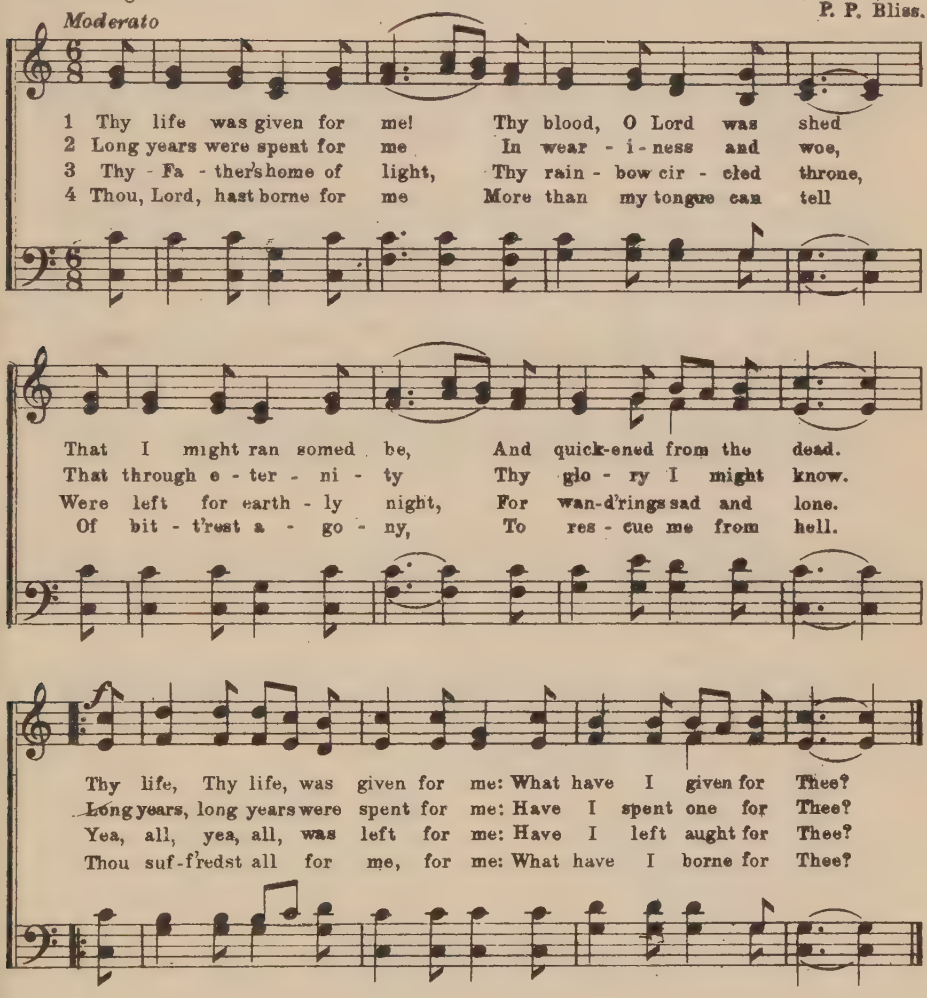
4. In the promises I trust,
Now I know the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

211. THY LIFE WAS GIVEN FOR ME.

F. R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato


1 Thy life was given for me! Thy blood, O Lord was shed
2 Long years were spent for me In wear - i - ness and woe,
3 Thy - Fa - ther's home of light, Thy rain - bow cir - cled throne,
4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me More than my tongue can tell
That I might ran somed be, And quick-ened from the dead.
That through e - ter - ni - ty Thy glo - ry I might know.
Were left for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone.
Of bit - t'rest a - go - ny, To res - cue me from hell.
Thy life, Thy life, was given for me: What have I given for Thee?
Long years, long years were spent for me: Have I spent one for Thee?
Yea, all, yea, all, was left for me: Have I left aught for Thee?
Thou suf-fredst all for me, for me: What have I borne for Thee?

5 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts, great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

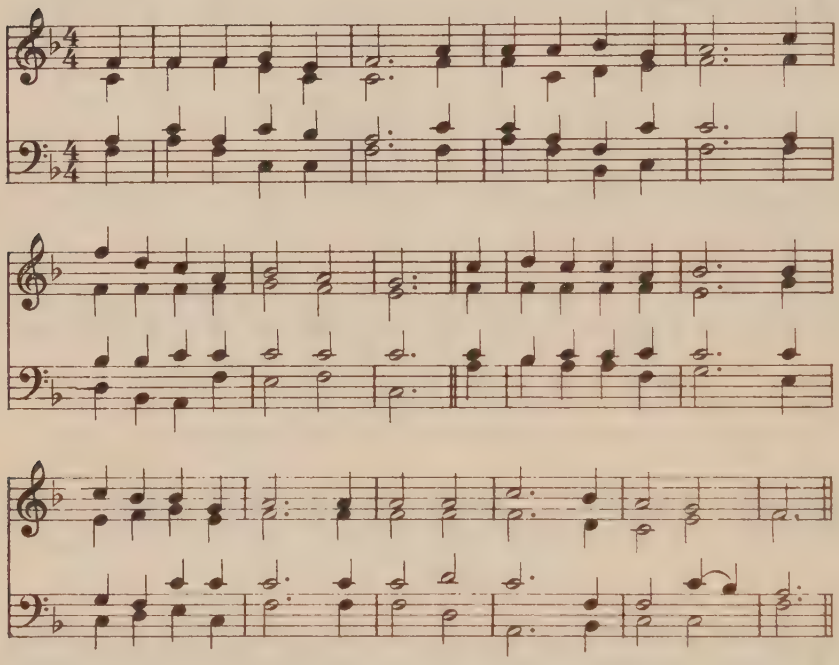
6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
To Thee, to Thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King!

212. Saviour, my sin-stained soul.

"ASCALON."

H. E. GOVAN.

Crusader's Melody.



1.

Saviour, my sin-stained soul
Longs to be fully whole
And all Thy great salvation see.
Haste I to Calvary's flow,
That washes white as snow,
Thy Blood, so freely shed for me.

2.

Long have I vainly tried
To stem back nature's tide
That, surging up, defiles my days.
Foul, helpless, all undone,
Hope in myself is none;
Yet bring me forth to sing Thy praise!

3.

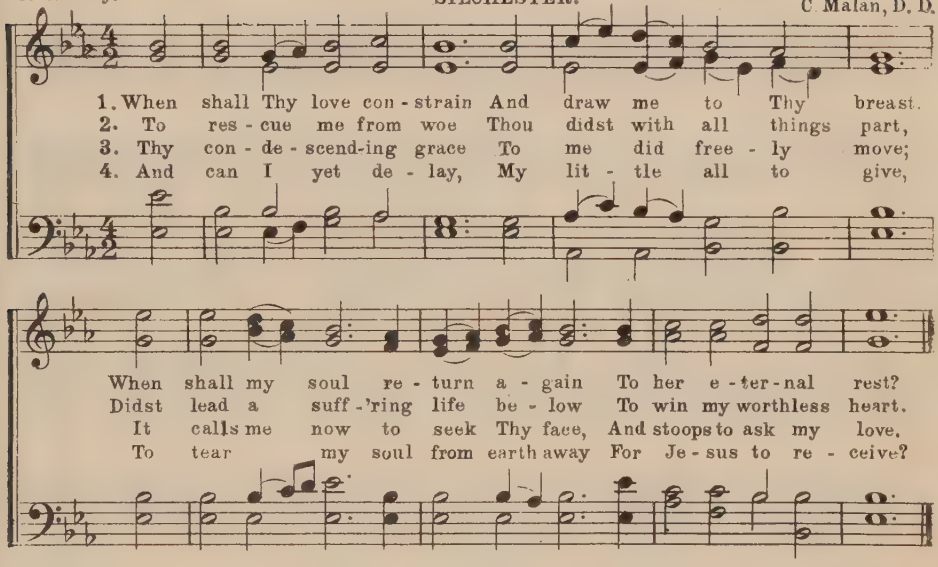
Lord, I Thy word believe
That I in Thee shall live
If I but truly die with Thee.
Make Thou me pure in heart,
Grant me the better part
Secured by Thine own Blood for me.

4

Henceforth Thy life is mine
And I am wholly Thine,
My members under Thy control;
Kept every day and hour,
Held by Thy mighty power,
Thine while eternal ages roll.

213. NAY, BUT I YIELD!

C. Wesley. "SILCHESTER." C. Malan, D. D.

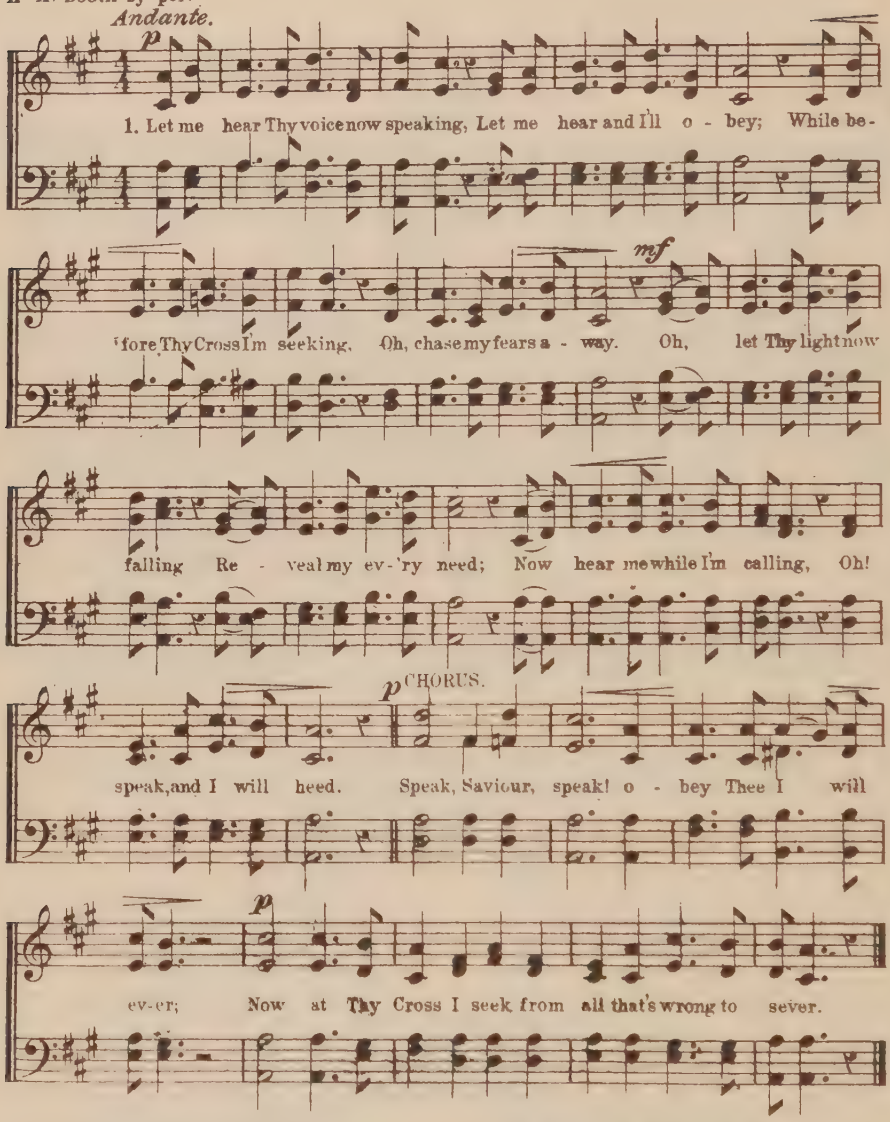

1. When shall Thy love con - strain And draw me to Thy breast.
2. To res - cue me from woe Thou didst with all things part,
3. Thy con - de - scend-ing grace To me did free - ly move;
4. And can I yet de - lay, My lit - tle all to give,
When shall my soul re - turn a - gain To her e - ter - nal rest?
Didst lead a suff - 'ring life be - low To win my worthless heart.
It calls me now to seek Thy face, And stoops to ask my love.
To tear my soul from earth away For Je - sus to re - ceive?

5. Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more!
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

6. My one desire be this
Thy love alone to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below!

214. SPEAK, SAVIOUR, SPEAK!

H. H. Booth by per.

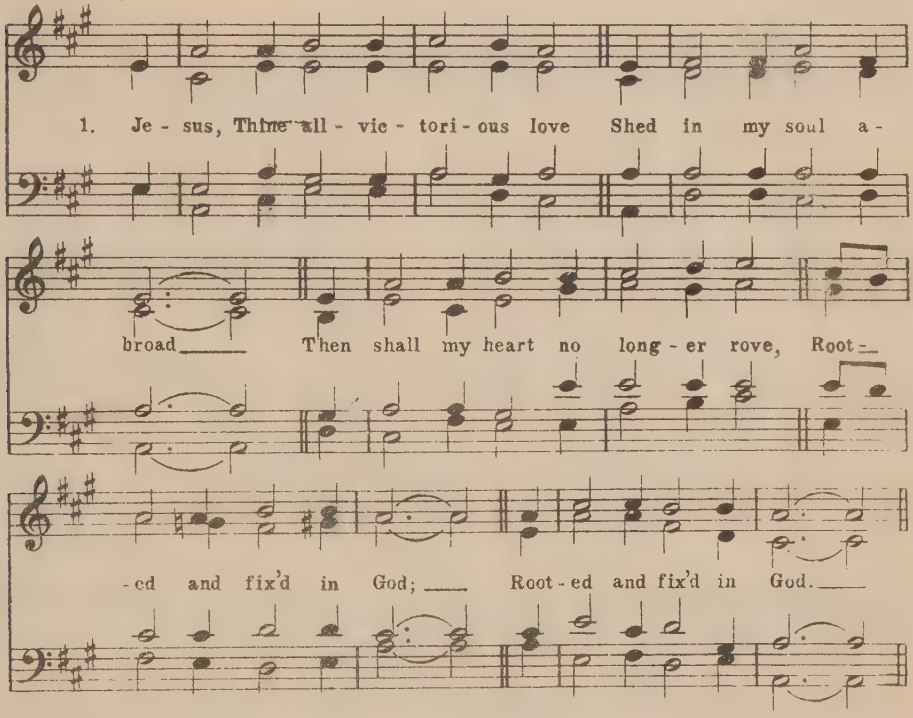

Andante.
p
1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear and I'll o - bey; While be-
mf
fore Thy Cross I'm seeking, Oh, chase my fears a - way. Oh, let Thy light now
falling Re - veal my ev-'ry need; Now hear me while I'm calling, Oh!
p CHORUS.
speak, and I will heed. Speak, Saviour, speak! o - bey Thee I will
p
ev-er; Now at Thy Cross I seek from all that's wrong to sever.

2. Let me hear and I will follow,
Though the path be strewed with thorns;
It is joy to share Thy sorrow,
Thou makest calm the storms.
Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy fulness dwell with me;
Every evil way forsaking,
Thine only I will be.

3. Let the blood of Christ for ever
Flood and cleanse my heart within;
That to grieve Thee I may never
More stain my soul with sin.
Farewell to worldly pleasure,
Farewell to self and pride;
How wondrous is my treasure,
With Jesus at my side!

215. DIVINE LOVE VICTORIOUS.

HASTINGS. Dr. HASTINGS.


1. Je - sus, Thine all - vic - tori - ous love Shed in my soul a -
broad Then shall my heart no long - er rove, Root -
- ed and fix'd in God; Root - ed and fix'd in God.

2. Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow.

3. Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4. Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5. My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

C. WESLEY.

216.

1. Oh, joyful sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear,
I, even I, shall see His face;
I shall be holy here.

2. When Jesus makes my heart His home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! He saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"

3. Be it according to Thy word,
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

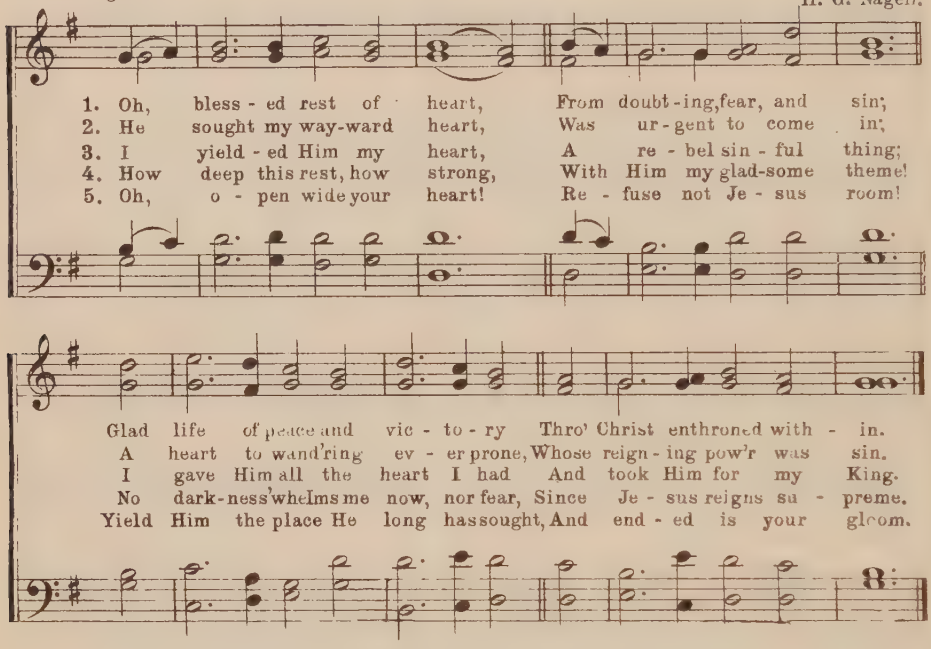
4. Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, Thou;
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

5. 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

C. WESLEY.

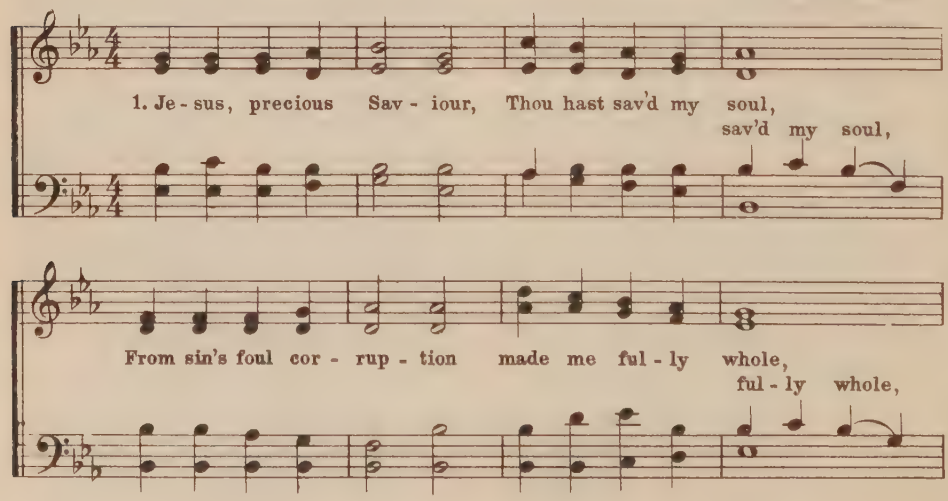
217. HEART REST IN JESUS.

J. S. Haugh. "ZURICH." H. G. Nageli.

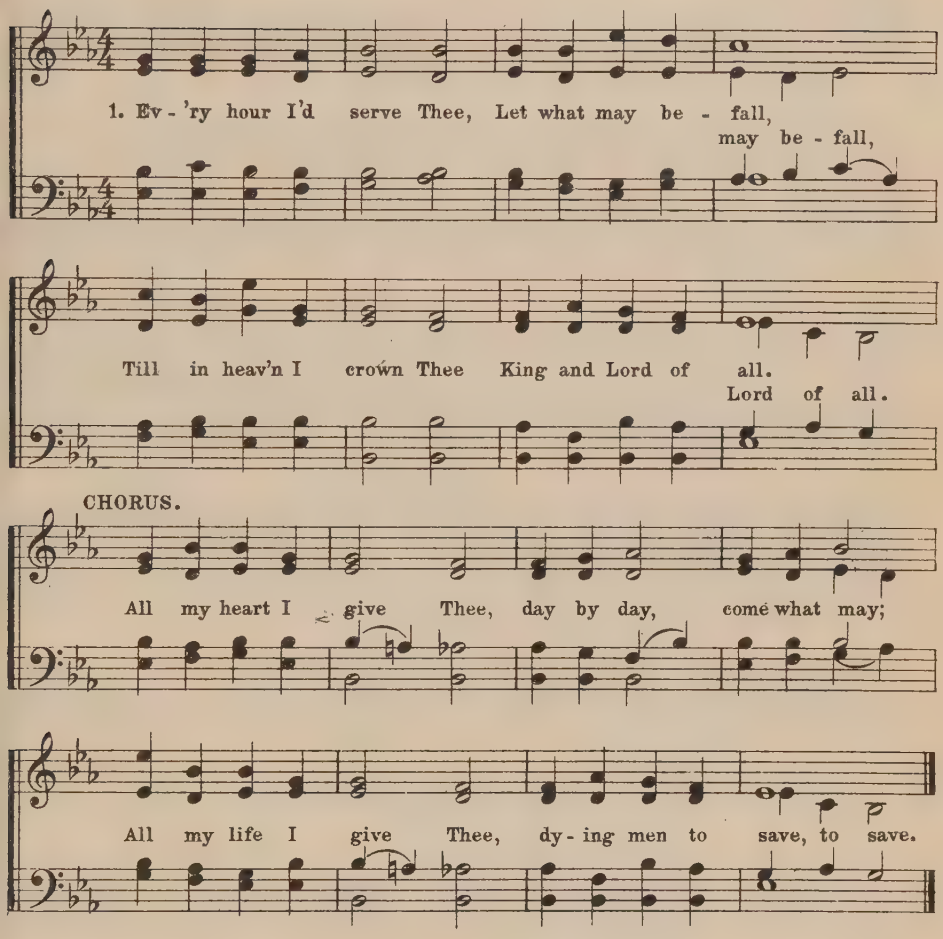

1. Oh, bless - ed rest of heart, From doubt - ing, fear, and sin;
2. He sought my way-ward heart, Was ur - gent to come in;
3. I yield - ed Him my heart, A re - bel sin - ful thing;
4. How deep this rest, how strong, With Him my glad-some theme!
5. Oh, o - pen wide your heart! Re - fuse not Je - sus room!
Glad life of peace and vic - to - ry Thro' Christ enthroned with - in.
A heart to wand'ring ev - er prone, Whose reign - ing pow'r was sin.
I gave Him all the heart I had And took Him for my King.
No dark-ness whelms me now, nor fear, Since Je - sus reigns su - preme.
Yield Him the place He long has sought, And end - ed is your gloom.

ALL MY HEART I GIVE THEE.

218. Harmonised by Jas. McW. Bonnar.



ALL MY HEART I GIVE THEE.—*continued.*

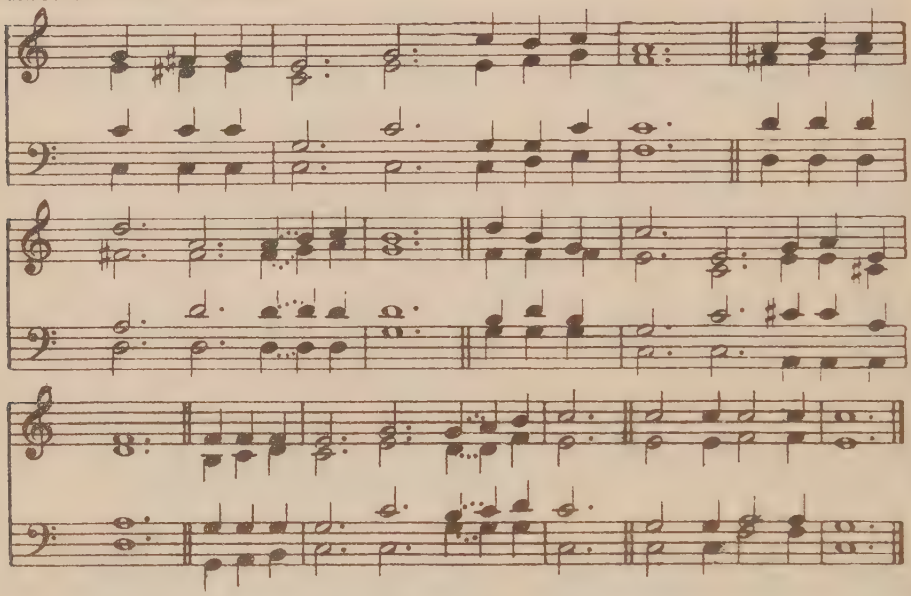
218.

1. Ev - 'ry hour I'd serve Thee, Let what may be - fall,
may be - fall,
Till in heav'n I crown Thee King and Lord of all.
Lord of all.
CHORUS.
All my heart I give Thee, day by day, come what may;
All my life I give Thee, dy - ing men to save, to save.

2. From the lowly manger, would I follow Thee,
In the desert and the strife ever near Thee be;
In the lonely garden watch with Thee in prayer,
Counting it my glory Thy blest Cross to share.
CHORUS.

3. In the toil and conflict faithful may I be,
All the sufferings gladly bear — they'll be good for me!
Thus to follow in Thy steps, slaves of sin to bring,
Give me holy courage, O my glorious King!
CHORUS.

219. BURIED WITH CHRIST.

RESURRECTION LIFE. T. RYDER.



1. Buried with Christ, and raised with Him too;
What is there left for me to do?
Simply to cease from struggling and strife,
Simply to walk in newness of life.
Glory be to God.

2. Risen with Christ, my glorious Head,
Holiness now the pathway I tread,
Beautiful thought, while walking therein:
He that is dead is freed from sin.
Glory be to God.

3. Living with Christ, who dieth no more,
Following Christ, who goeth before;
I am from bondage utterly freed,
Reckoning self as dead indeed.
Glory be to God.

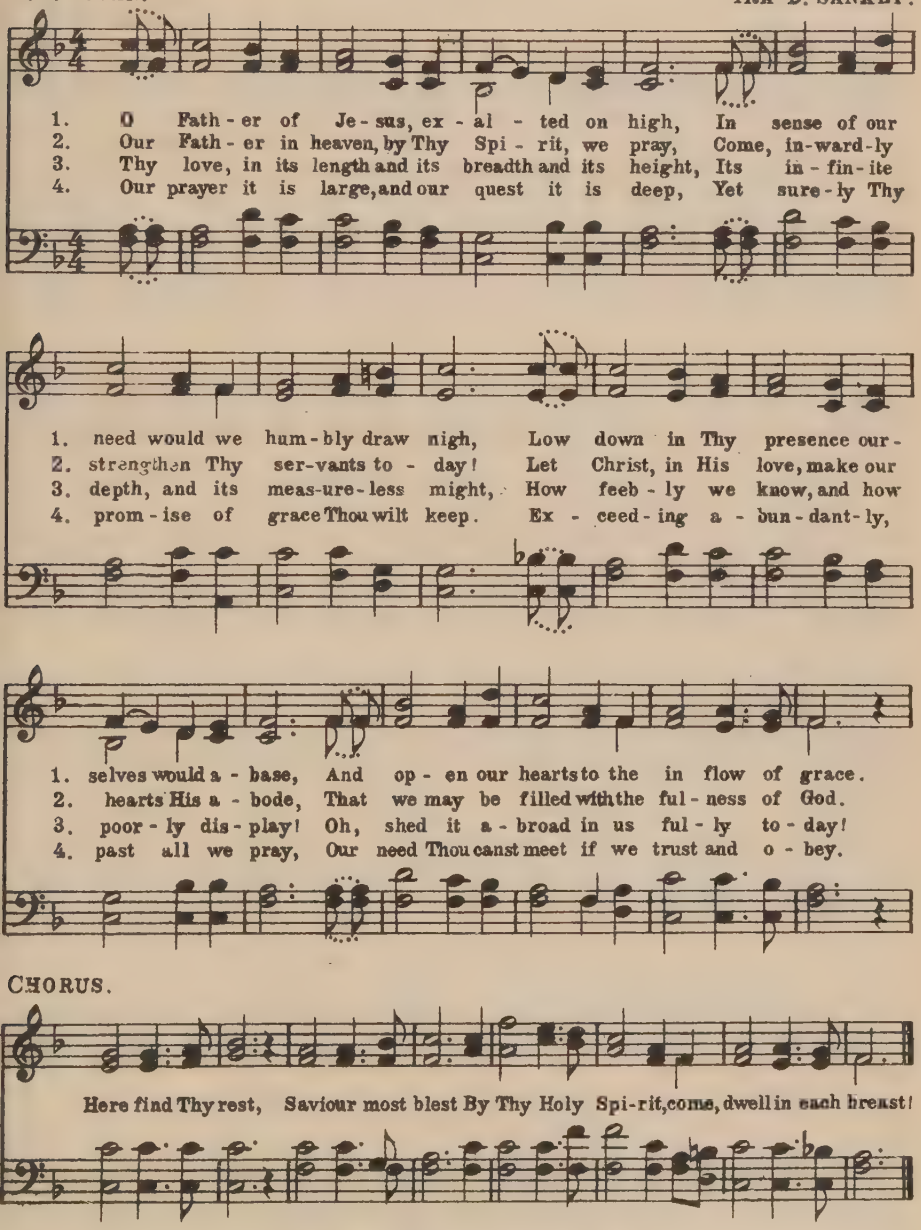
4. Living for Christ, my members I yield,
Servants to God, for evermore sealed,
Not under law, I'm now under grace.
Sin is dethroned, and Christ takes its place,
Glory be to God.

5. Growing in Christ; no more shall be named
Things of which now I'm truly ashamed,
Fruit unto holiness will I bear,
Life evermore, the end I shall share.
Glory be to God.

T. RYDER.

220. O FATHER OF JESUS.

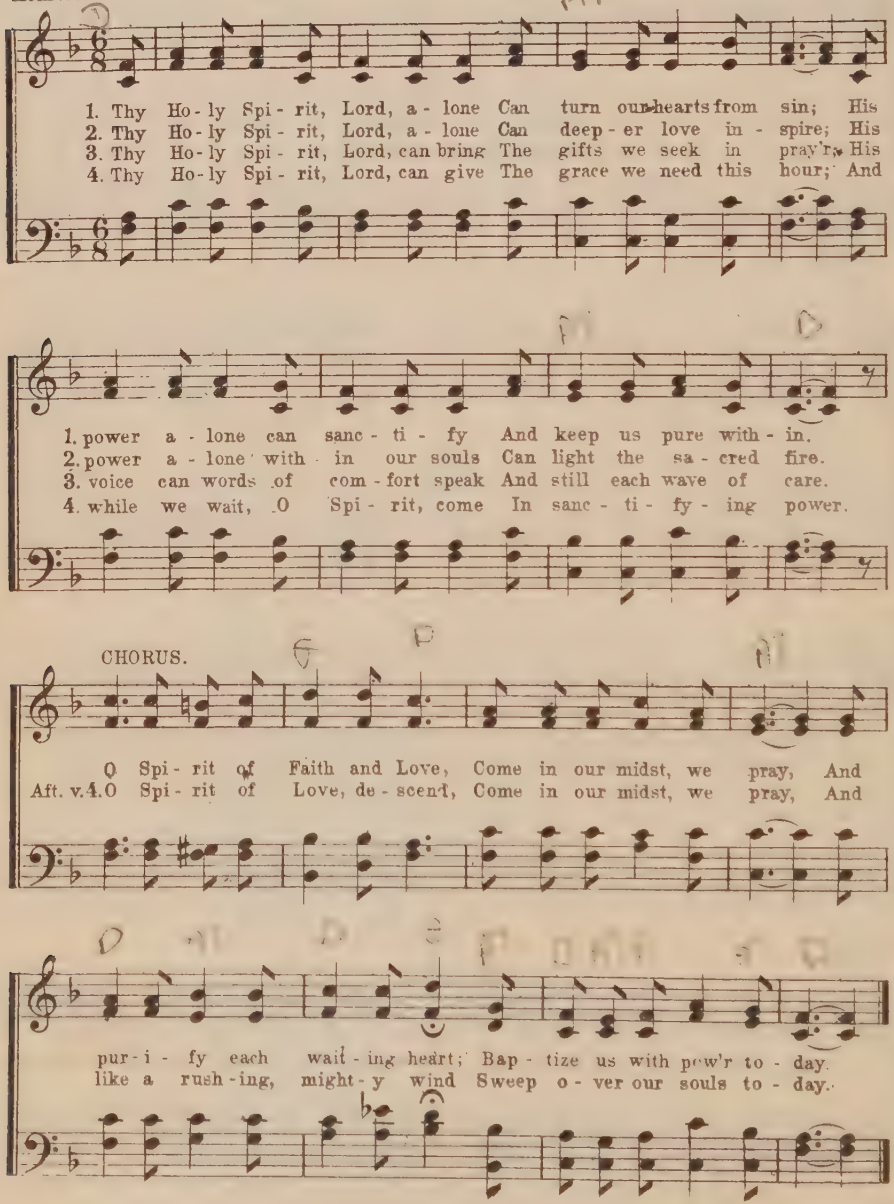
H. E. GOVAN. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O Father of Jesus, exalted on high, In sense of our
2. Our Father in heaven, by Thy Spirit, we pray, Come, inwardly
3. Thy love, in its length and its breadth and its height, Its infinite
4. Our prayer it is large, and our quest it is deep, Yet surely Thy
1. need would we humbly draw nigh, Low down in Thy presence our-
2. strengthen Thy servants to-day! Let Christ, in His love, make our
3. depth, and its measureless might, How feebly we know, and how
4. promise of grace Thou wilt keep. Exceeding abundantly,
1. selves would abase, And open our hearts to the in flow of grace.
2. hearts His abode, That we may be filled with the fulness of God.
3. poorly display! Oh, shed it abroad in us fully to-day!
4. past all we pray, Our need Thou canst meet if we trust and obey.
CHORUS.
Here find Thy rest, Saviour most blest By Thy Holy Spirit, come, dwell in each breast!

By permission of Messrs Marshall, Morgan and Scott, Ltd.

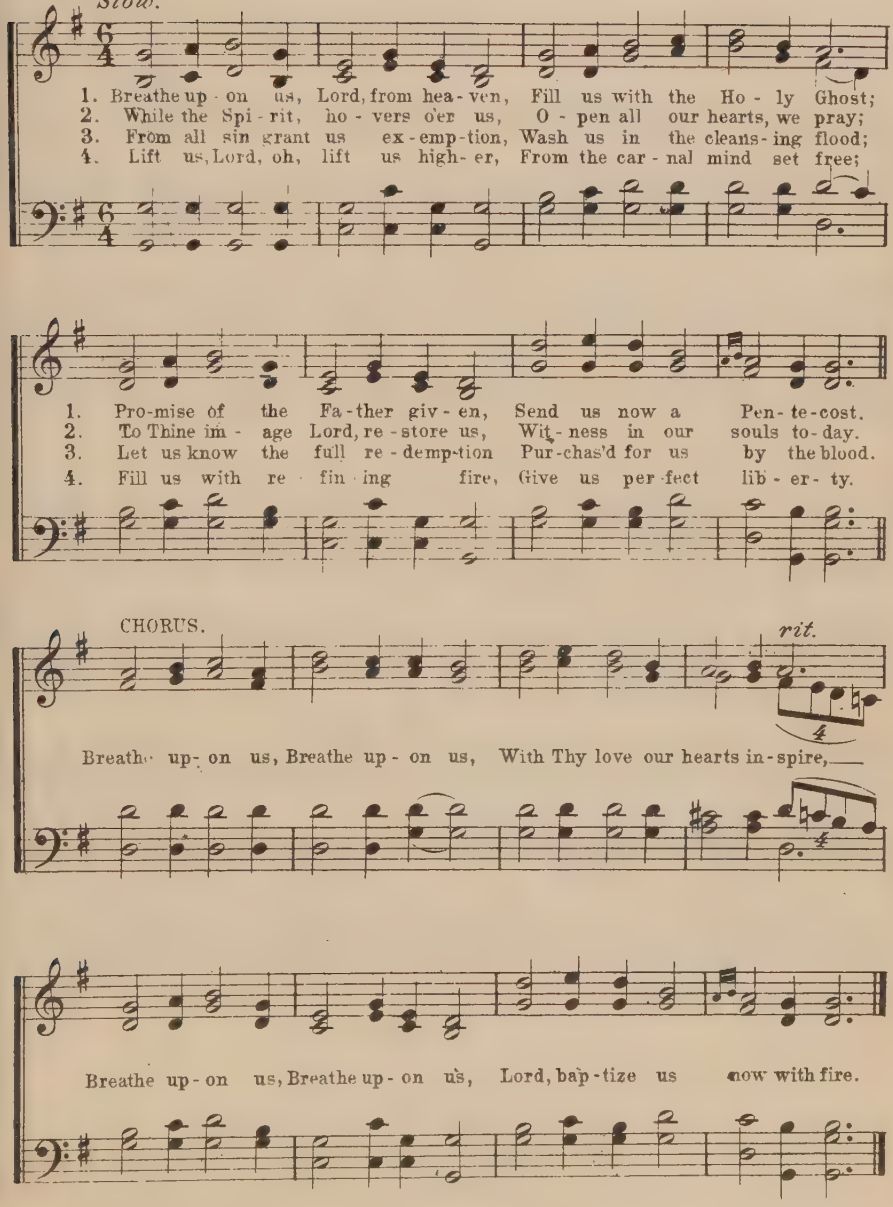
THY HOLY SPIRIT, LORD, ALONE.

221.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

1. Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin; His
2. Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire; His
3. Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in pray'r; His
4. Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour; And
1. power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
2. power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
3. voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
4. while we wait, O Spi - rit, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.
CHORUS.
O Spi - rit of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
Aft. v. 4. O Spi - rit of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And
pur - i - fy each wait - ing heart; Bap - tize us with pow'r to - day.
like a rush - ing, might - y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

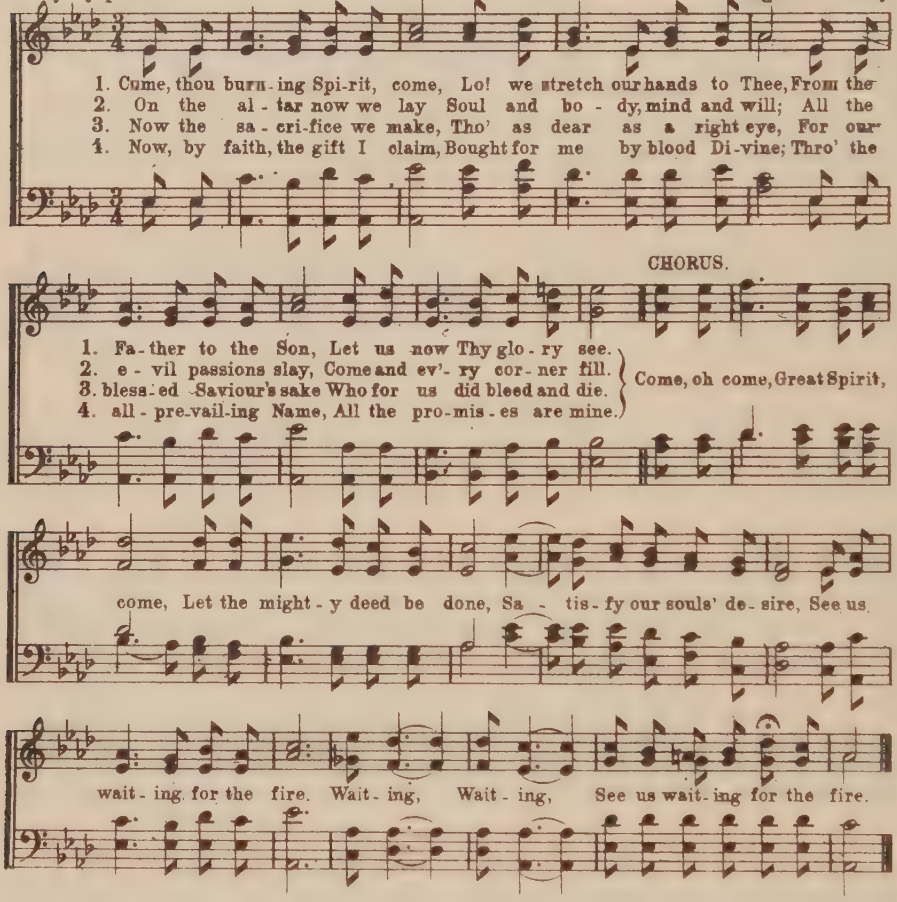
222. BREATHE UPON US.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


Slow.
1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from hea - ven, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spi - rit, ho - vers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. From all sin grant us ex - emp - tion, Wash us in the cleans - ing flood;
4. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;
1. Pro - mise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
2. To Thine im - age Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
3. Let us know the full re - demp - tion Pur - chas'd for us by the blood.
4. Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.
CHORUS.
rit.
Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire,
Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, Lord, bap - tize us now with fire.

223. COME, THOU BURNING SPIRIT, COME.

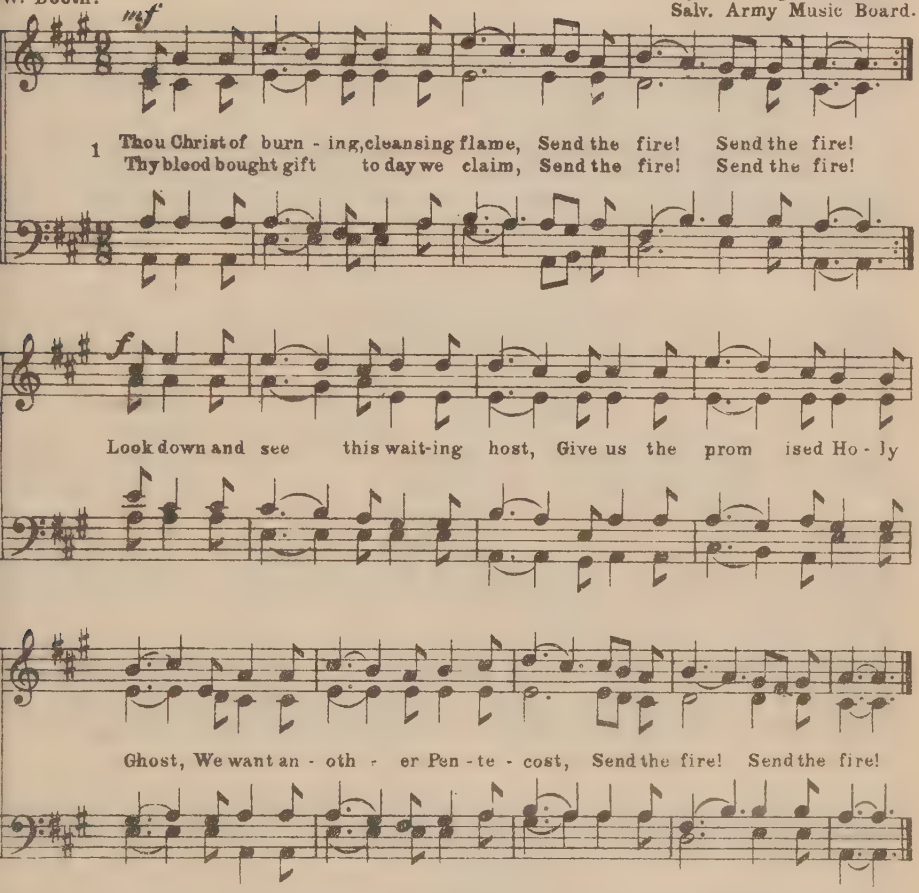
C. Fry by perm. English Melody.


1. Come, thou burn-ing Spi-rit, come, Lo! we stretch our hands to Thee, From the
2. On the al-tar now we lay Soul and bo-dy, mind and will; All the
3. Now the sa-cri-fice we make, Tho' as dear as a right eye, For our
4. Now, by faith, the gift I claim, Bought for me by blood Di-vine; Thro' the
CHORUS.
1. Fa-ther to the Son, Let us now Thy glo-ry see.
2. e-vil passions slay, Come and ev'-ry cor-ner fill.
3. bless-ed Saviour's sake Who for us did bleed and die.
4. all-pre-vail-ing Name, All the pro-mis-es are mine.
Come, oh come, Great Spirit,
come, Let the might-y deed be done, Sa-tis-fy our souls' de-sire, See us
wait-ing for the fire. Wait-ing, Wait-ing, See us wait-ing for the fire.

224. SEND THE FIRE!

W. Booth.

By kind permission of
Salv. Army Music Board.


mf
1 Thou Christ of burn - ing, cleansing flame, Send the fire! Send the fire!
Thy blood bought gift to day we claim, Send the fire! Send the fire!
f
Look down and see this wait-ing host, Give us the prom ised Ho - ly
Ghost, We want an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Send the fire! Send the fire!

2

God of Elijah, hear our cry!
Oh, make us fit to live or die!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin.

3

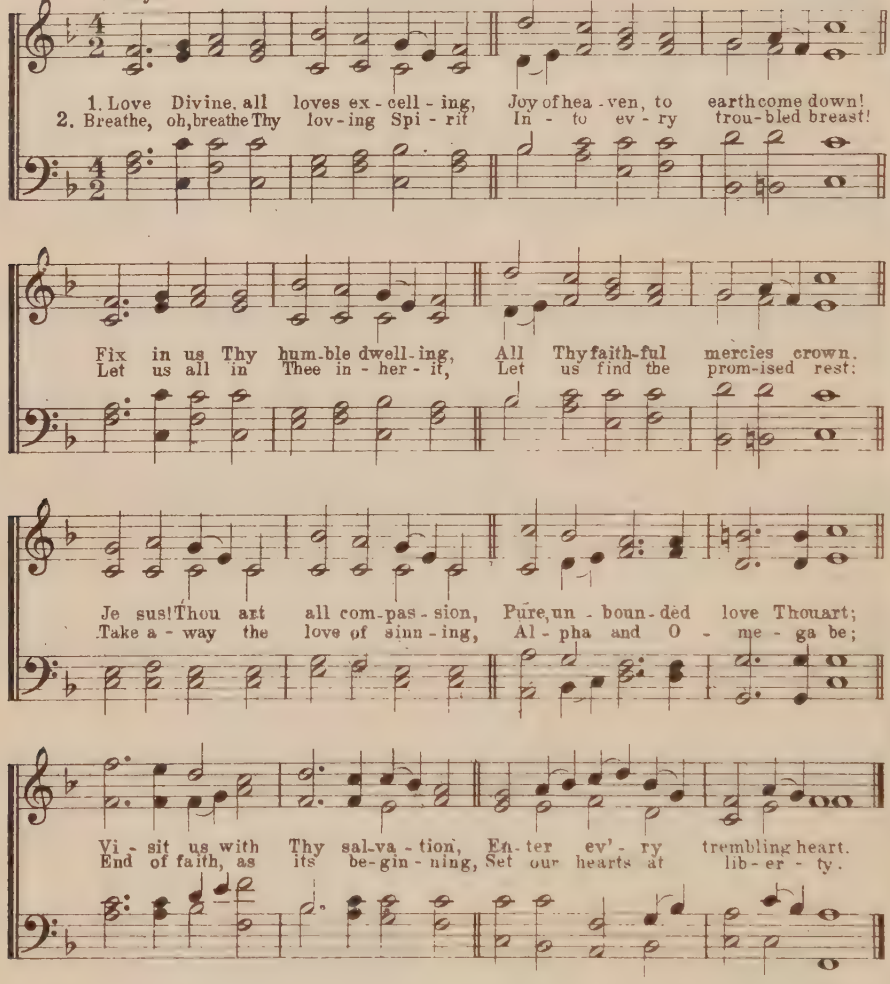
'Tis fire we want for fire we plead,
The fire will me t our every need,
For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For po ver to walk the world in white.

4

To make our weak hearts strong and brave,
To live a dying world to save;
Oh, see us on Thy altar lay
Our lives, our all, this very day;
To crown the offering now, we pray
Send the fire!

LOVE DIVINE.

225.

C. Wesley "AUSTRIAN HYMN." J. Haydn.

1. Love Divine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of hea - ven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spi - rit In - to ev - ry trou - bled breast!
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mercies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest:
Je sus! Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - boun - ded love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sinn - ing, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Vi - sit us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4. Finish, then, Thy new creation!
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

226.

To tune on opposite page.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry-
Let Him hear the loud hossana,
Rising to His throne on high.

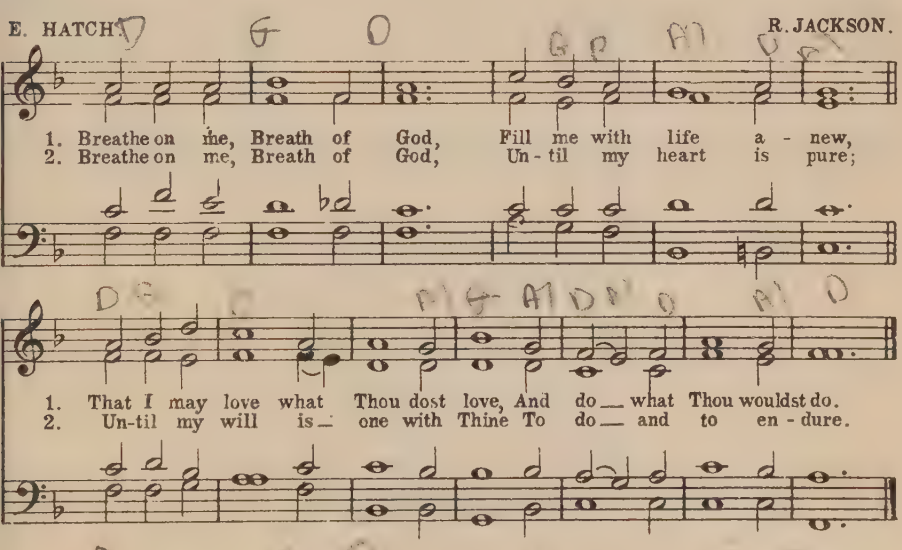
J. NEWTON.

BREATHE ON ME BREATH OF GOD.

227.

TRENTHAM

E. HATCH. R. JACKSON.


1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure;
1. That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
2. Un-til my will is one with Thine To do and to en - dure.

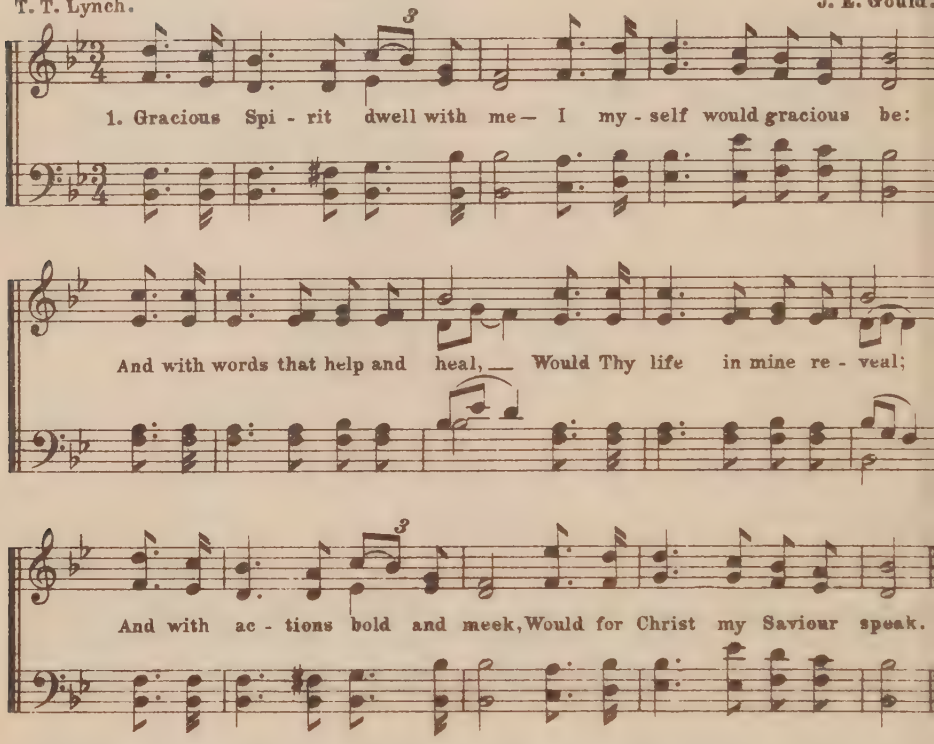
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

"BE STRENGTHENED...BY HIS SPIRIT."

228.

T. T. Lynch. J. E. Gould.


1. Gracious Spi - rit dwell with me— I my - self would gracious be:
And with words that help and heal,— Would Thy life in mine re - veal;
And with ac - tions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2. Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would,
Choose and cherish all things good:
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

3. Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail:
Ever, by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

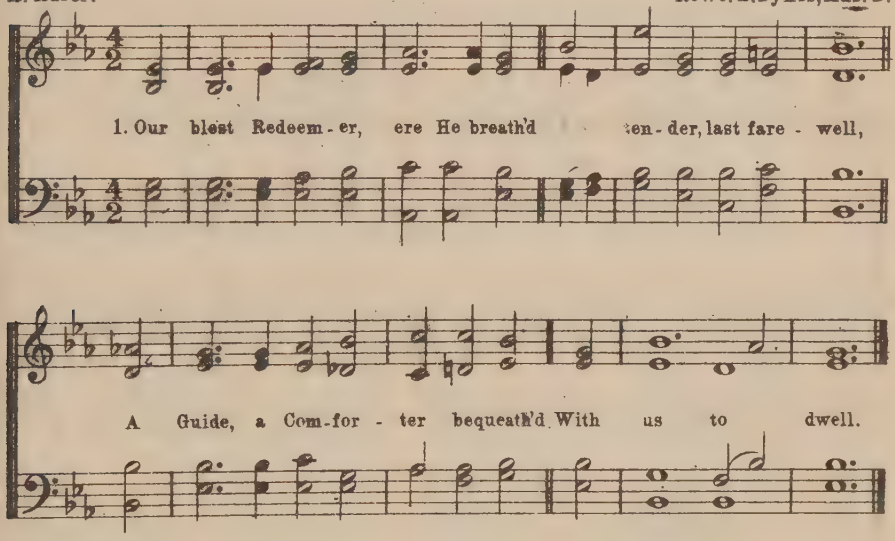
4. Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be!
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

OUR BLEST REDEEMER.

"When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

229. "ST. CUTHBERT."

H. Auber. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.



2. He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3. And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4. And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee.

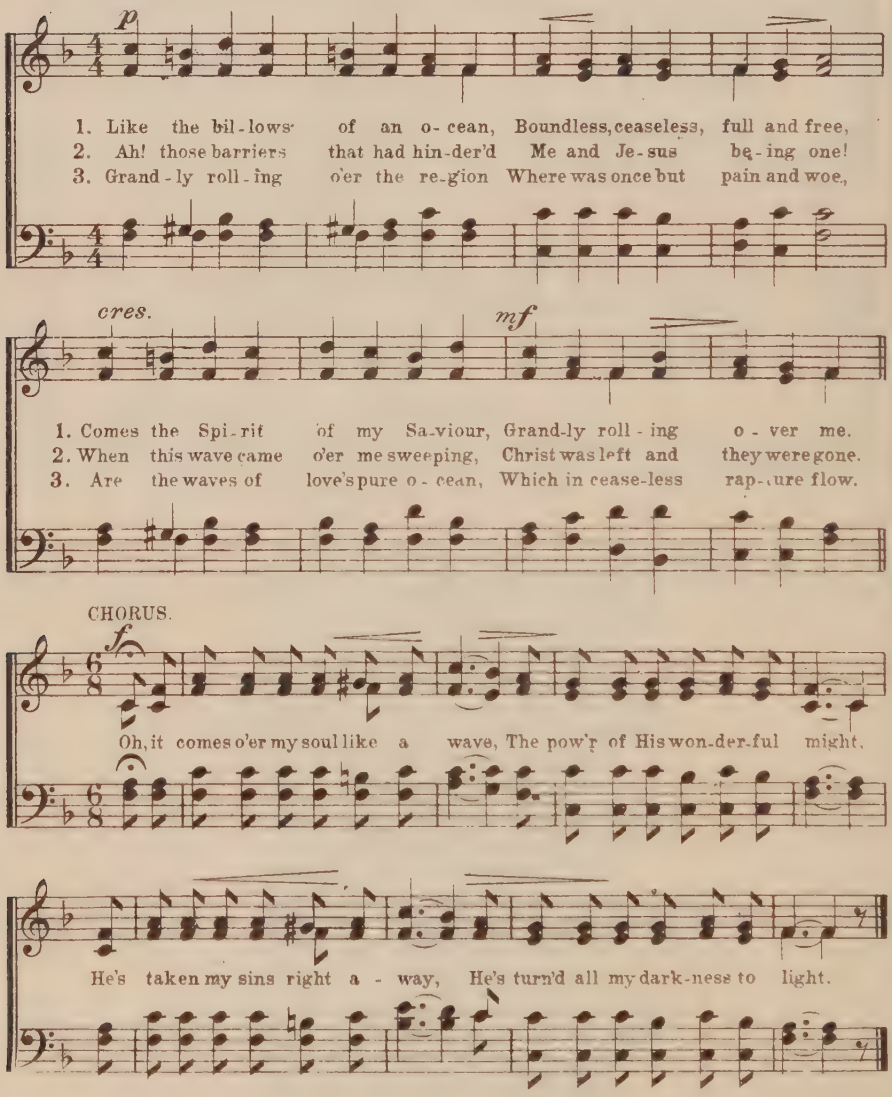
6. O praise the Father, praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

IT COMES O'ER MY SOUL.

230.

"*If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.*" (Rom. viii. 9).

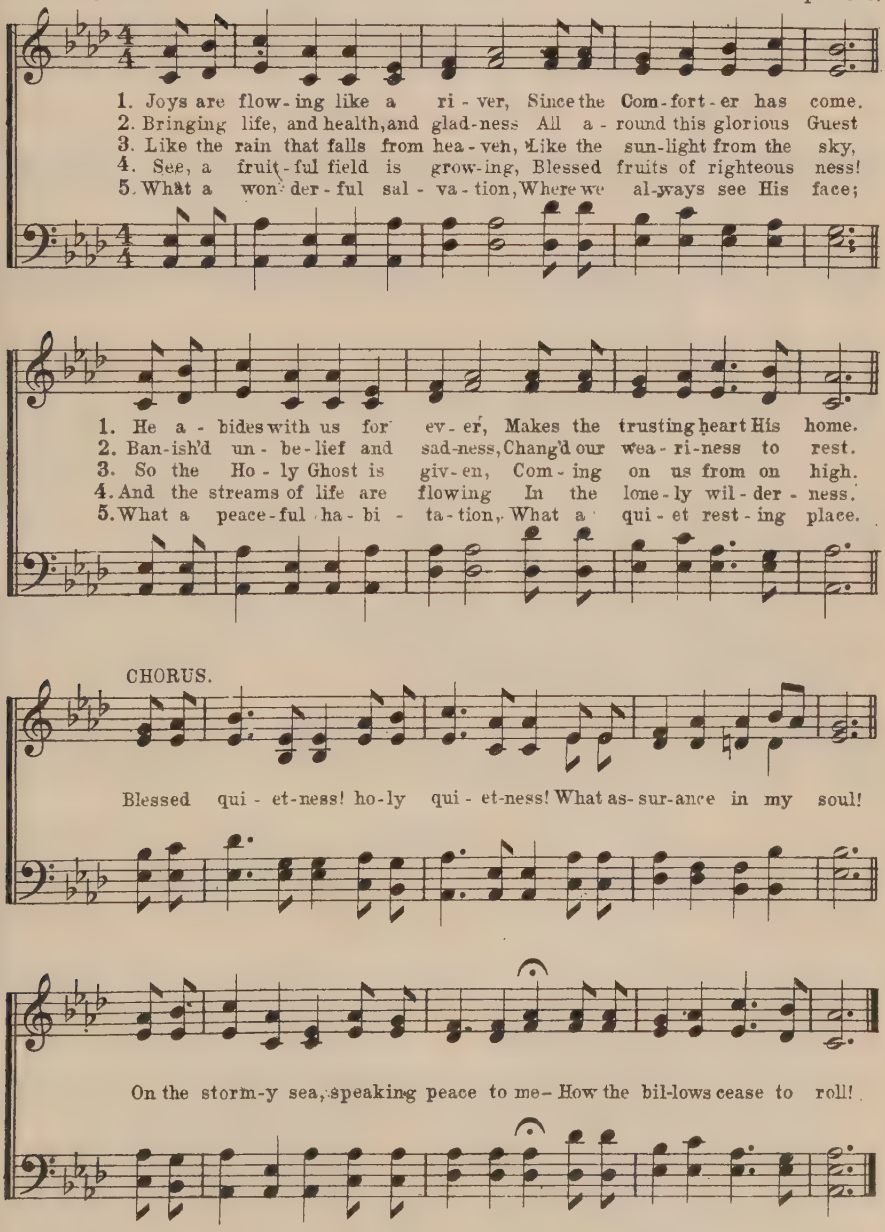
Andante.


p
1. Like the bil-lows of an o-cean, Boundless, ceaseless, full and free,
2. Ah! those barriers that had hin-der'd Me and Je-sus be-ing one!
3. Grand-ly roll-ing o'er the re-gion Where was once but pain and woe,
cres.
mf
1. Comes the Spi-rit of my Sa-viour, Grand-ly roll-ing o-ver me.
2. When this wave came o'er me sweeping, Christ was left and they were gone.
3. Are the waves of love's pure o-cean, Which in cease-less rap-ture flow.
CHORUS.
f
Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave, The pow'r of His won-der-ful might.
He's taken my sins right a-way, He's turn'd all my dark-ness to light.

BLESSED QUIETNESS.

231. *"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."*
(Isaiah xxx. 15).

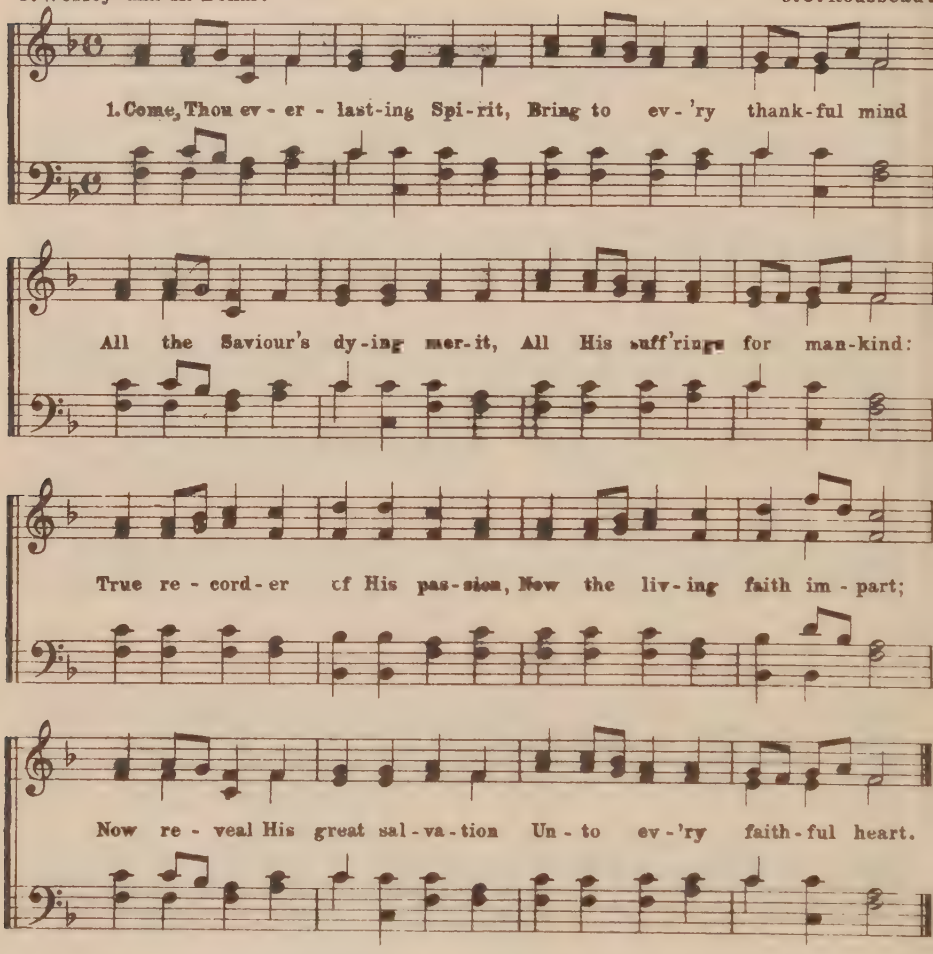
M. P. Ferguson. Wm J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Joys are flow-ing like a ri-ver, Since the Com-fort-er has come.
2. Bringing life, and health, and glad-ness All a-round this glorious Guest
3. Like the rain that falls from hea-ven, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Blessed fruits of righteous ness!
5. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Where we al-ways see His face;
1. He a-bides with us for ev-er, Makes the trusting heart His home.
2. Ban-ish'd un-be-lief and sad-ness, Chang'd our wea-ri-ness to rest.
3. So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high.
4. And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
5. What a peace-ful ha-bi-ta-tion, What a qui-et rest-ing place.
CHORUS.
Blessed qui-et-ness! ho-ly qui-et-ness! What as-sur-ance in my soul!
On the storm-y sea, speaking peace to me— How the bil-lows cease to roll!

"THE COMFORTER,. . HE SHALL TESTIFY."

232.

C. Wesley and H. Bonar. J. J. Rousseau.

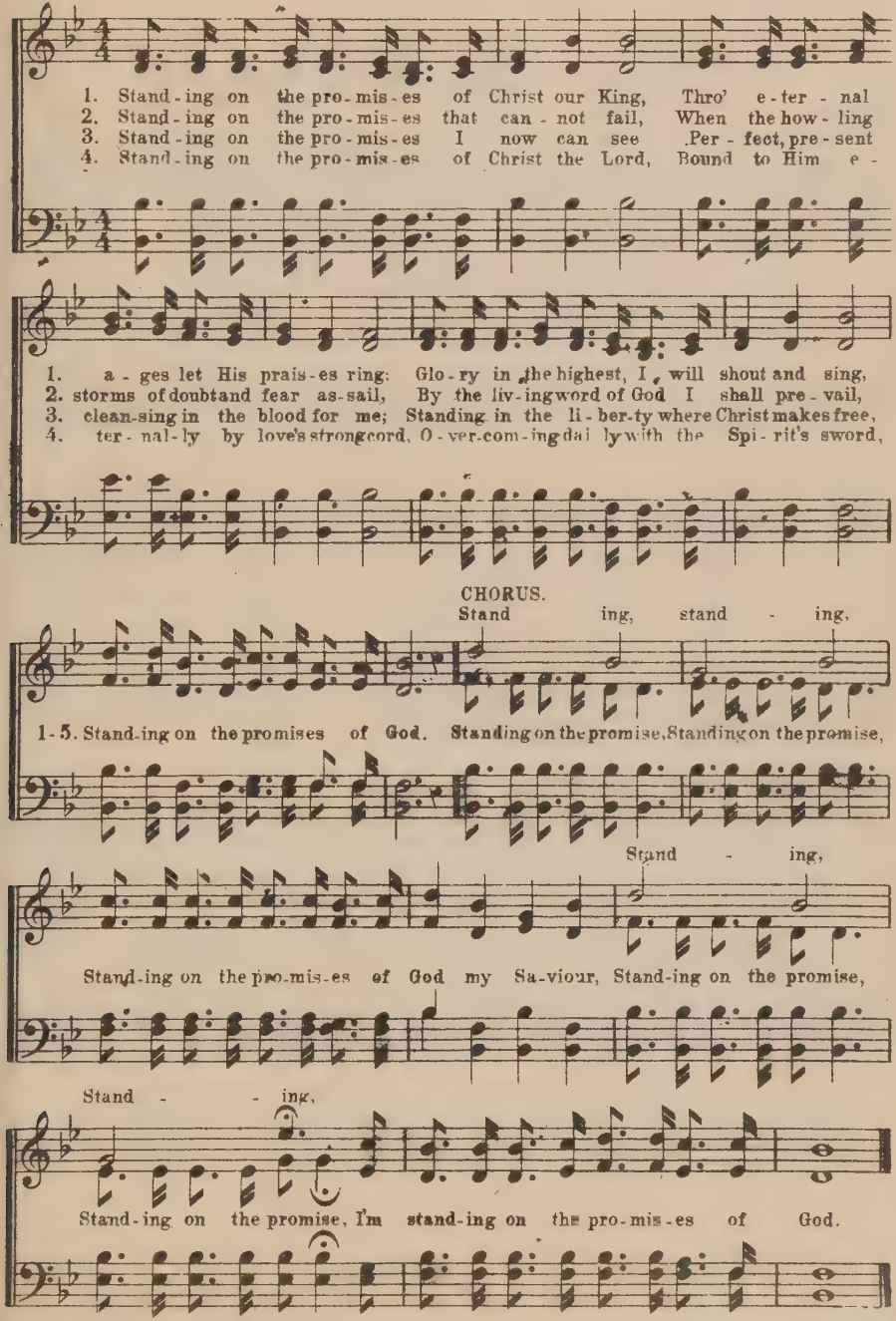

1. Come, Thou ev - er - last-ing Spi-rit, Bring to ev-'ry thank-ful mind
All the Saviour's dy-ing mer-it, All His suff'rings for man-kind:
True re - cord-er of His pas-sion, Now the liv-ing faith im - part;
Now re - veal His great sal-va-tion Un - to ev-'ry faith-ful heart.

2. Come, Thou witness of His dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel Thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine;
Let us groan Thine inward groaning:
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

3. Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyous song of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

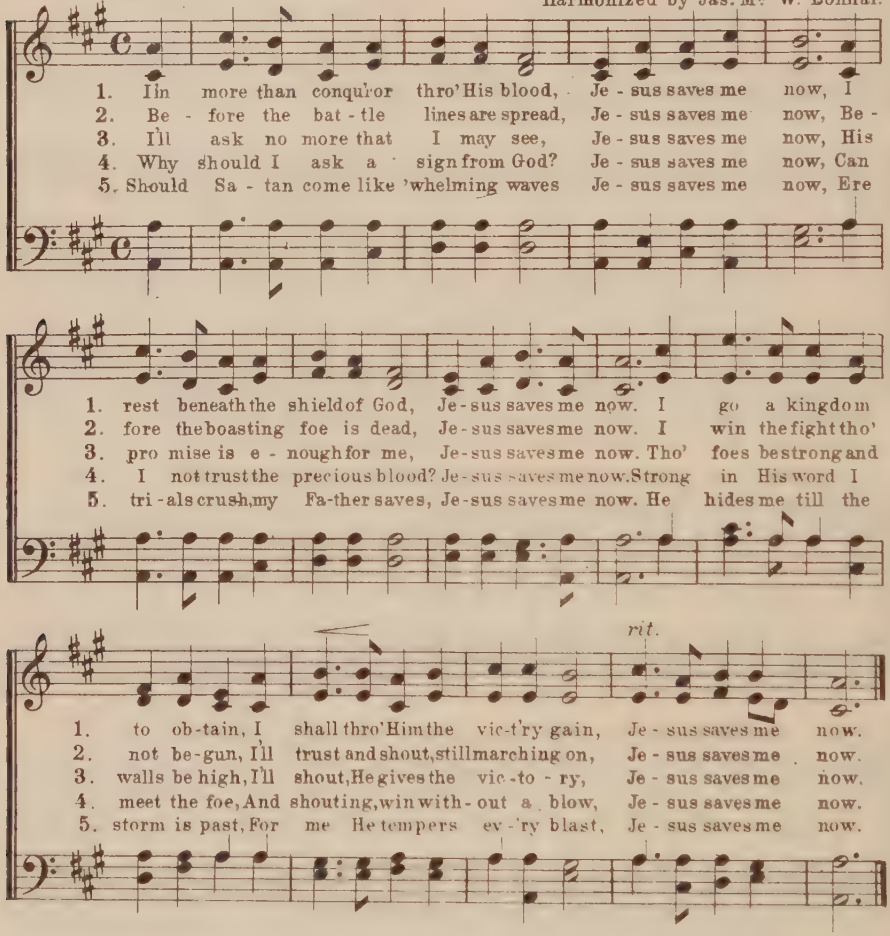
233. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand-ing on the pro-mis-es of Christ our King, Thro' e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the pro-mis-es that can-not fail, When the how-ling
3. Stand-ing on the pro-mis-es I now can see Per-fect, pre-sent
4. Stand-ing on the pro-mis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
1. a-ges let His prais-es ring: Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
2. storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
3. clean-sing in the blood for me; Standing in the li-ber-ty where Christ makes free,
4. ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spi-rit's sword,
CHORUS.
Stand ing, stand - ing,
1-5. Stand-ing on the promises of God. Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,
Stand - ing,
Stand-ing on the pro-mis-es of God my Sa-viour, Stand-ing on the promise,
Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the promise, I'm stand-ing on the pro-mis-es of God.

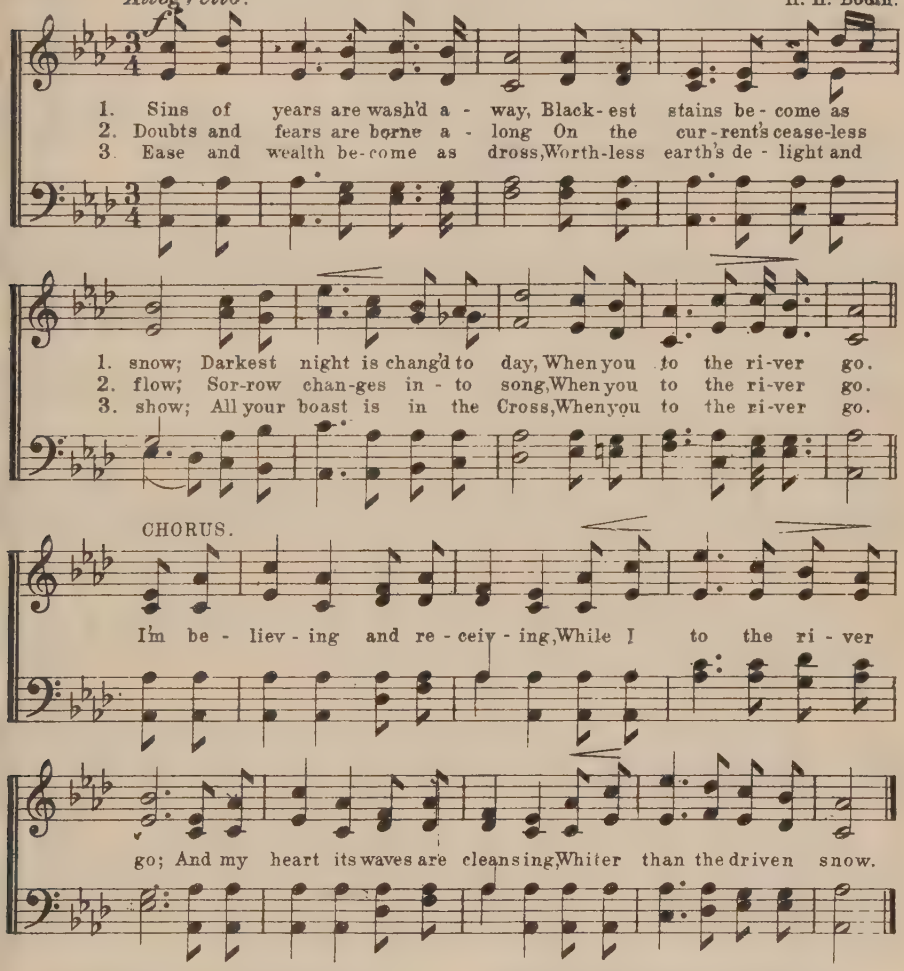
234. I'M MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

Rev. J. Parker D.D.

Harmonized by Jas. Mc W. Bonnar.

1. I'm more than conqu'ror thro' His blood, Je - sus saves me now, I
2. Be - fore the bat - tle lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now, Be -
3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now, His
4. Why should I ask a sign from God? Je - sus saves me now, Can
5. Should Sa - tan come like 'whelming waves Je - sus saves me now, Ere
1. rest beneath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now. I go a kingdom
2. fore the boasting foe is dead, Je - sus saves me now. I win the fight tho'
3. pro mise is e - nough for me, Je - sus saves me now. Tho' foes be strong and
4. I not trust the precious blood? Je - sus saves me now. Strong in His word I
5. tri - als crush, my Fa-ther saves, Je - sus saves me now. He hides me till the
rit.
1. to ob - tain, I shall thro' Him the vic - t'ry gain, Je - sus saves me now.
2. not be - gun, I'll trust and shout, still marching on, Je - sus saves me now.
3. walls be high, I'll shout, He gives the vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves me now.
4. meet the foe, And shouting, win with - out a blow, Je - sus saves me now.
5. storm is past, For me He tempers ev - 'ry blast, Je - sus saves me now.

235. I'M BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

Allegretto. H. H. Booth.

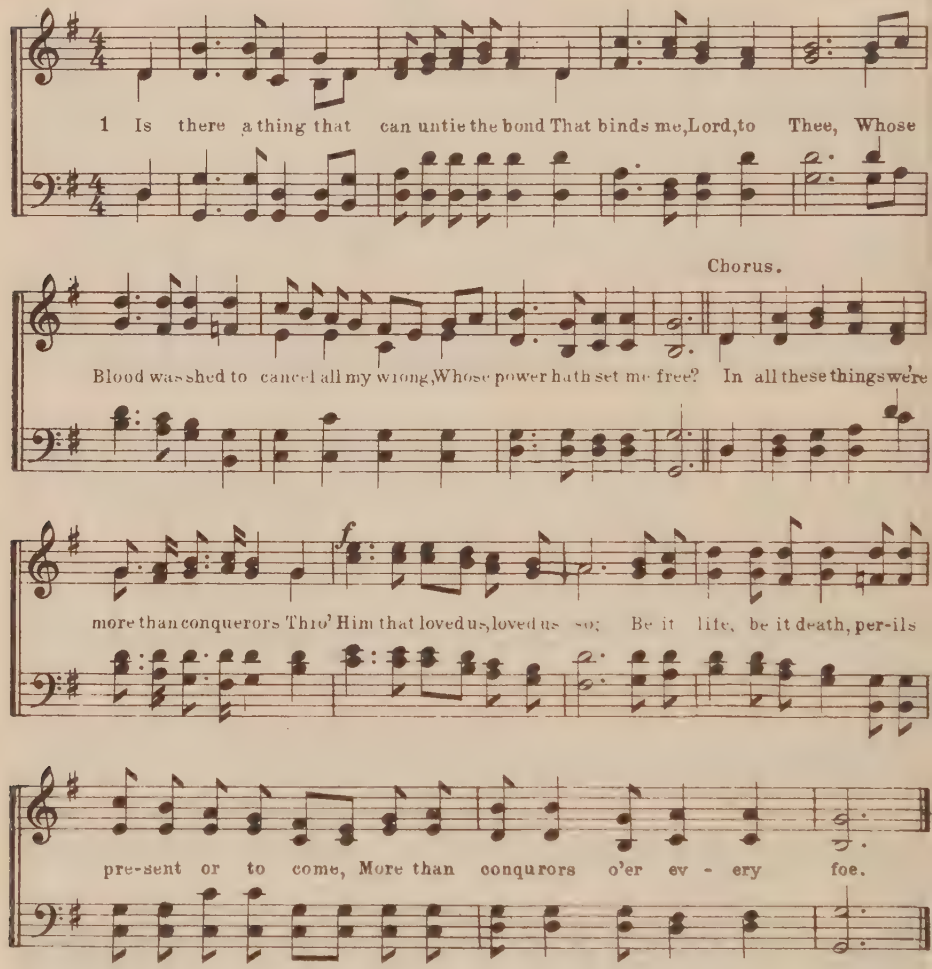

f
1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Black - est stains be - come as
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's cease-less
3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worth-less earth's de - light and
1. snow; Darkest night is chang'd to day, When you to the ri-ver go.
2. flow; Sor-row chan-ges in - to song, When you to the ri-ver go.
3. show; All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the ri-ver go.
CHORUS.
I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the ri - ver
go; And my heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.

4. Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the river go.

5. Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe;
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the river go.

236. MORE THAN VICTORS.

H. E. Govan. (Rom. VIII. 31-39.) (By Permission) J. Mc Granahan.


1 Is there a thing that can untie the bond That binds me, Lord, to Thee, Whose
Chorus.
Blood was shed to cancel all my wrong, Whose power hath set me free? In all these things we're
more than conquerors Thro' Him that loved us, loved us so; Be it life, be it death, per-ils
pre-sent or to come, More than conqurors o'er ev - ery foe.

2

God gave for me His own beloved Son;
And shall He not, with Him,
From His great wealth endow my needy soul,
And fill me to the brim?

3

Let hostile powers in all their might assail,
In Him is strong defence;
No trial, distress, or anguish can prevail
'Gainst His omnipotence.

4

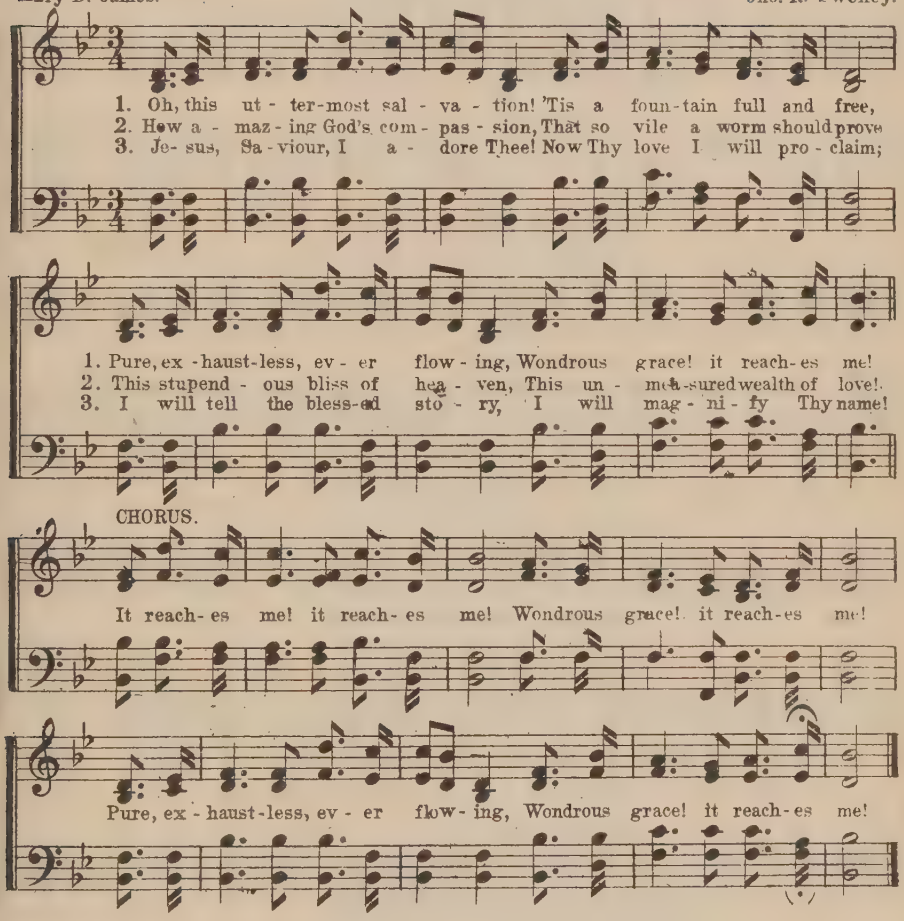
Not death, not life, not any hosts of ill
Can tear me from His side;
In vain they seek to snare the weakest soul
That dares in Christ abide.

5

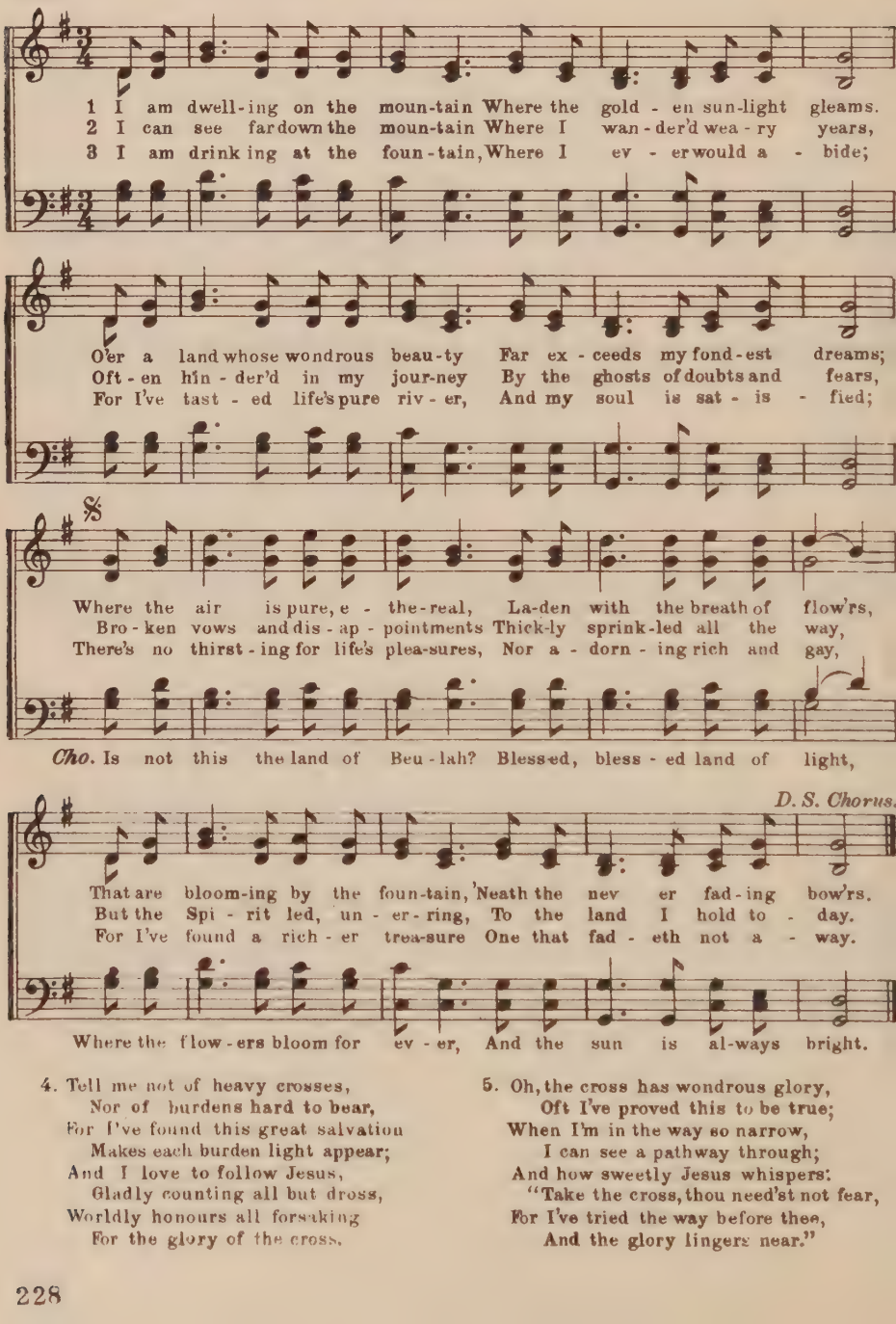
Nor height, nor depth, nor threat of direst woe
Can part us from the love
God sheds abroad within us here below,
The pledge of life above.

237.

IT REACHES ME.

Mary D. James. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
2. How a - maz - ing God's com - pas - sion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je- sus, Sa-viour, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro - claim;
1. Pure, ex - haust-less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
2. This stupend - ous bliss of hea - ven, This un - meas-ured wealth of love!
3. I will tell the bless-ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!
CHORUS.
It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
Pure, ex - haust-less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!

238. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

Anon.

1 I am dwell-ing on the moun-tain Where the gold - en sun-light gleams.
2 I can see far down the moun-tain Where I wan - der'd wea - ry years,
3 I am drink ing at the foun - tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
O'er a land whose wondrous beau-ty Far ex - ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hin - der'd in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
Where the air is pure, e - the-real, La-den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro - ken vows and dis - ap - pointments Thick-ly sprink-led all the way,
There's no thirst - ing for life's plea-sures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,
Cho. Is not this the land of Beu - lah? Blessed, bless - ed land of light,
D. S. Chorus.
That are bloom-ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the nev er fad - ing bow'rs.
But the Spi - rit led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er trea-sure One that fad - eth not a - way.
Where the flow - ers bloom for ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor of burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honours all forsaking
For the glory of the cross.

5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glory,
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
"Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near."

239.

I WAS JOURNEYING.

To tune on opposite page.

I was journeying in the noontide,
When His light shone o'er my road—
And I saw Him in that glory—
Saw Him, Jesus, Son of God.
All around, in noonday splendour,
Earthly scenes lay fair and bright;
But my eyes no longer see them
For the glory of that light.

I have seen the face of Jesus—
Tell me not of aught beside;
I have heard the voice of Jesus—
All my soul is satisfied.

Others, in the summer sunshine,
Wearily may journey on;
I have seen a light from heaven,
Past the brightness of the sun;
Light that knows no cloud, no waning,
Light wherein I see His face—
All His love's uncounted treasures,
All the riches of His grace.

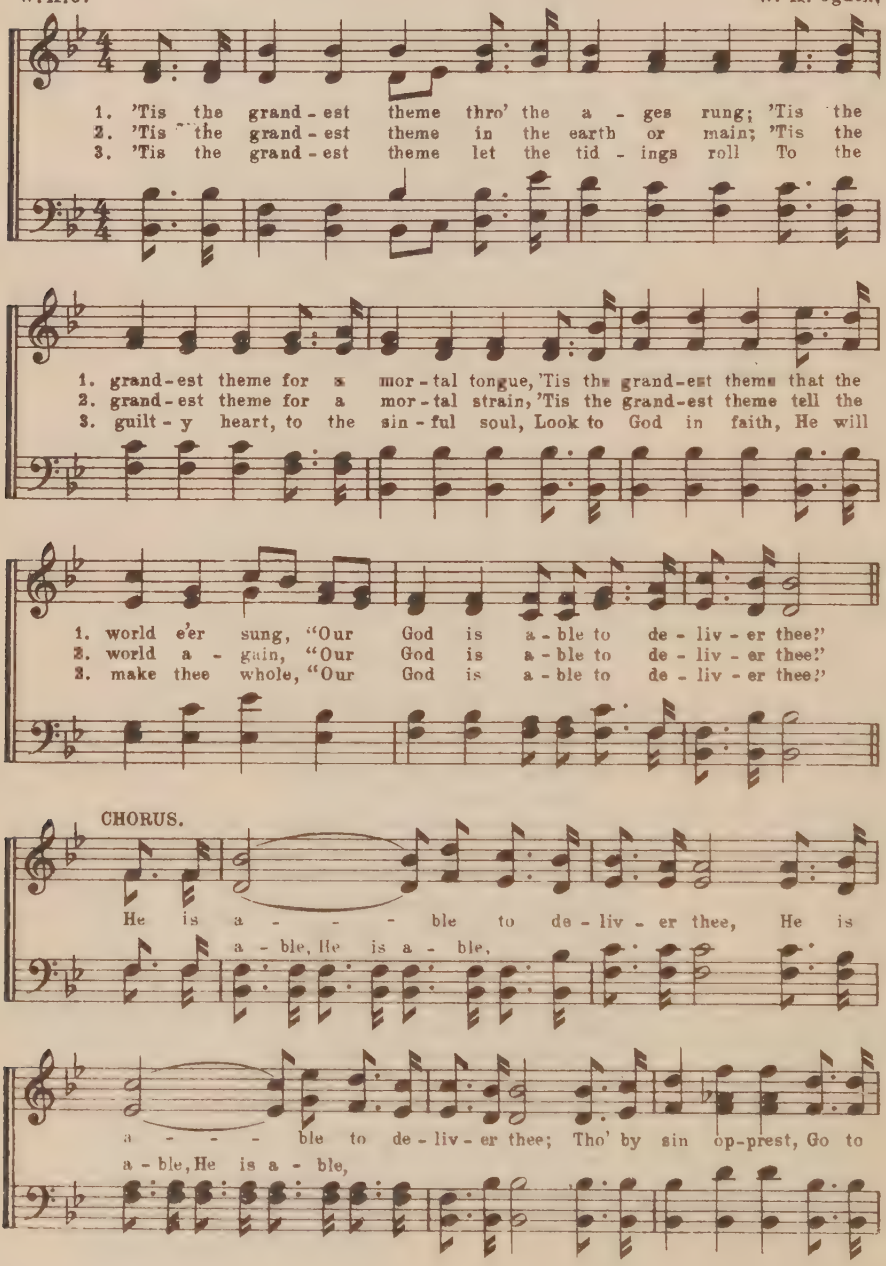
Marvel not that Christ in glory
All my inmost heart hath won;
Not a star to cheer my darkness,
But a light beyond the sun.
All below lies dark and shadowed,
Nothing there to claim my heart,
Save the lonely track of sorrow,
Where of old He walked apart.

Sinners, it was not to angels
All this wondrous love was given,
But to one who scorned, despised Him,
Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.
From the lowest depths of evil,
To the throne in heaven above,
Thus in me He told the measure
Of His free unbounded love.

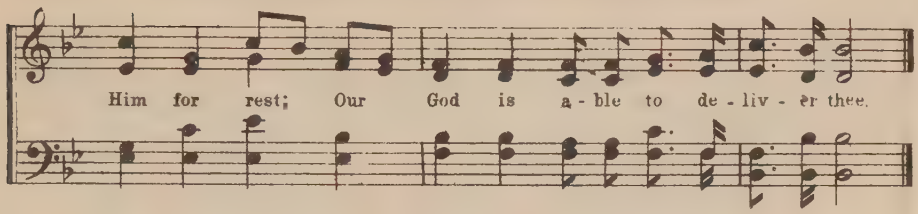
F. BEVAN. tr.

240. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

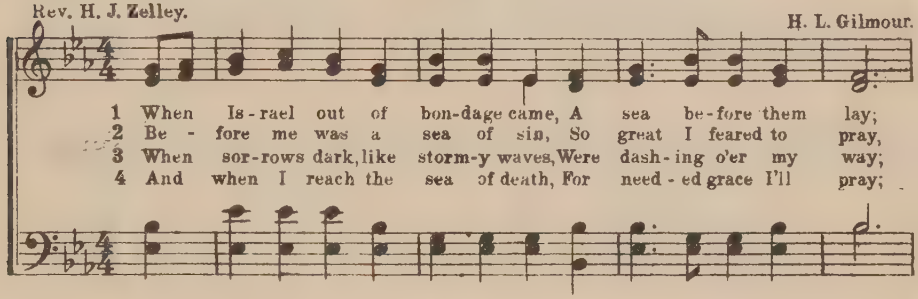

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme let the tid - ings roll To the
1. grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue, 'Tis the grand-est theme that the
2. grand-est theme for a mor-tal strain, 'Tis the grand-est theme tell the
3. guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will
1. world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!"
2. world a - gain, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!"
3. make thee whole, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!"
CHORUS.
He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is
a - ble, He is a - ble,
a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to
a - ble, He is a - ble,

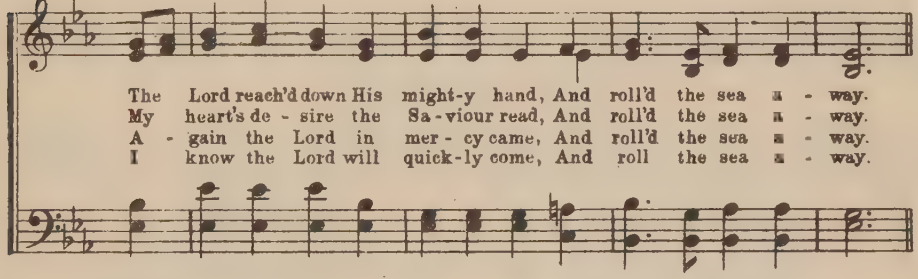
240. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE *Continued.*



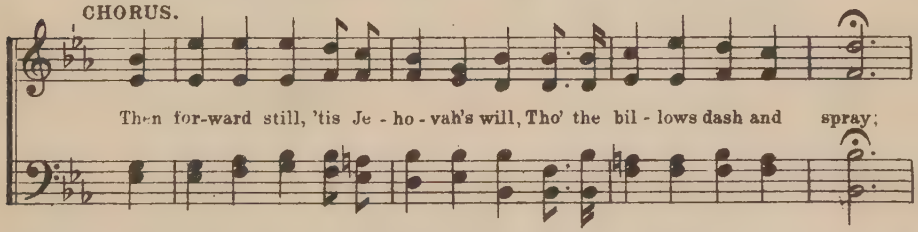
241. HE ROLL'D THE SEA AWAY.

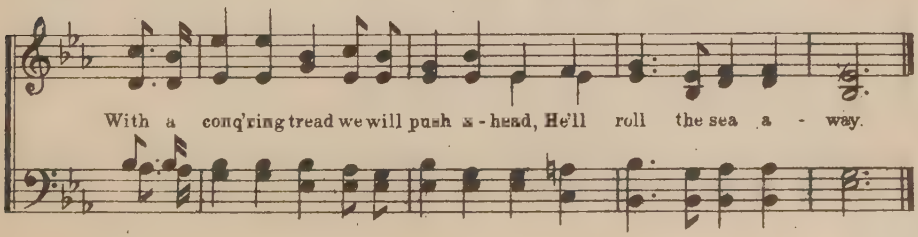
Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.


1 When Is - rael out of bon-dage came, A sea be - fore them lay;
2 Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray,
3 When sor-rows dark, like storm-y waves, Were dash - ing o'er my way;
4 And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;


The Lord reach'd down His might-y hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
My heart's de - sire the Sa - viour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.



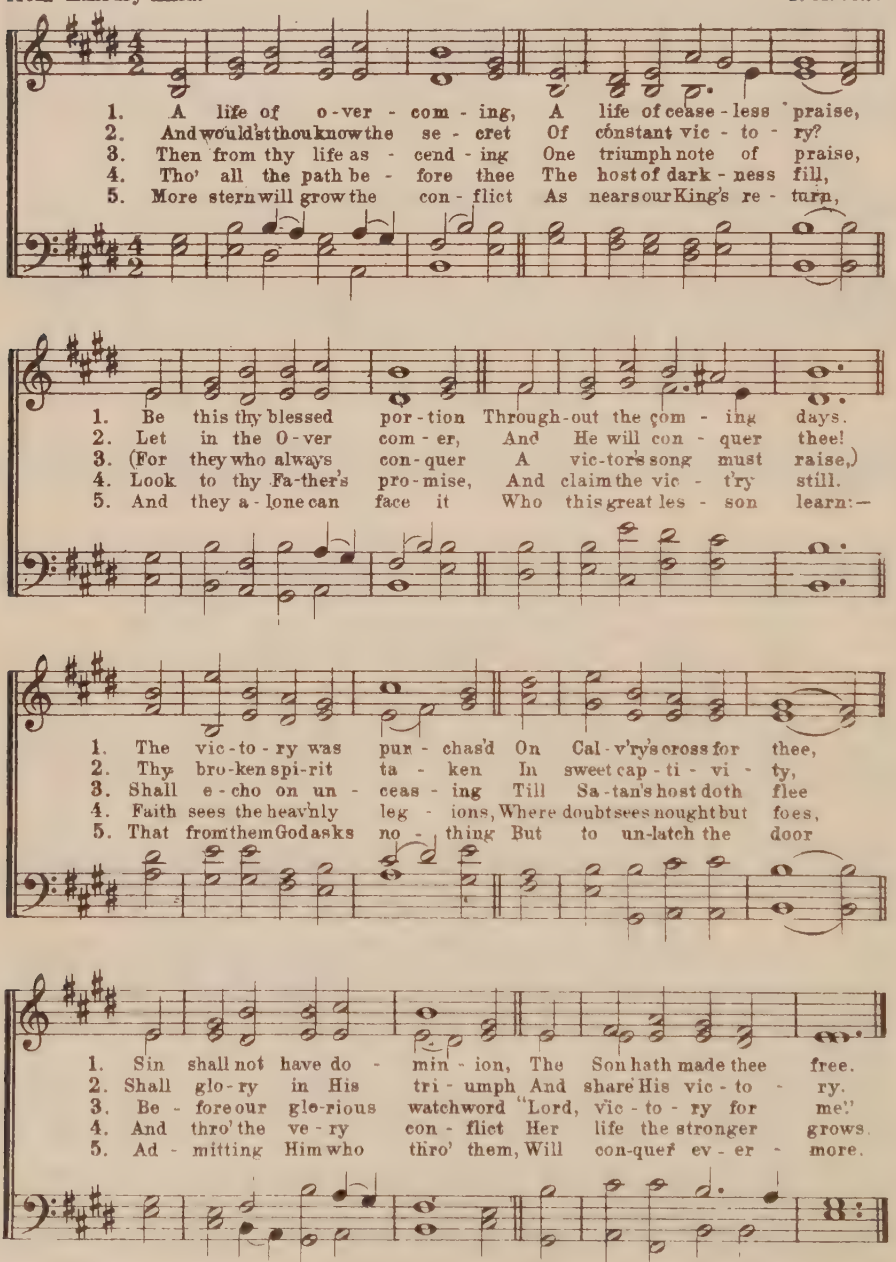


A LIFE OF OVERCOMING.

242.

"HEBER."

Freda. Hanbury Allen. F. Mason.


1. A life of o-ver-com-ing, A life of cease-less praise,
2. And would'st thou know the se-cret Of constant vic-to-ry?
3. Then from thy life as-cend-ing One triumph note of praise,
4. Tho' all the path be-fore thee The host of dark-ness fill,
5. More stern will grow the con-flict As near sour King's re-turn,
1. Be this thy blessed por-tion Through-out the com-ing days.
2. Let in the O-ver com-er, And He will con-quer thee!
3. (For they who always con-quer A vic-tor's song must raise,)
4. Look to thy Fa-ther's pro-mise, And claim the vic-t'ry still.
5. And they a-lone can face it Who this great les-son learn:—
1. The vic-to-ry was pur-chas'd On Cal-v'ry's cross for thee,
2. Thy bro-ken spi-rit ta-ken In sweet cap-ti-vi-ty,
3. Shall e-cho on un-ceas-ing Till Sa-tan's host doth flee
4. Faith sees the heav'nly leg-ions, Where doubt sees nought but foes,
5. That from them God asks no-thing But to un-latch the door
1. Sin shall not have do-min-ion, The Son hath made thee free.
2. Shall glo-ry in His tri-umph And share His vic-to-ry.
3. Be-fore our glo-rious watchword "Lord, vic-to-ry for me!"
4. And thro' the ve-ry con-flict Her life the stronger grows.
5. Ad-mitting Him who thro' them, Will con-quer ev-er more.

THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTIONINGS.

243. *(To tune on opposite page.)*

1. Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings.
Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I, the transparent medium,
Thy glory to display.

2. The temple has been yielded,
And purified of sin;
Let Thy Shekinah glory
Now flash forth from within.
And all the earth keep silence,
The body henceforth be
Thy silent, docile servant,
Moved only as by Thee.

3. Its members every moment
Held subject to Thy call
Ready to have Thee use them,
Or not be used at all.
Held without restless longing,
Or strain or stress or fret,
Or chafings at Thy dealings,
Or thoughts of vain regret.

4. Kept restful, calm, and pliant,
From bond and bias free,
Permitting Thee to settle
When Thou hast need of me.
Live out Thy life within me.
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou the glorious answer
To all my questionings.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

CONSECRATION.

244. *(To tune on opposite page.)*

1. My spirit, soul, and body,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated off'ring,
Thine evermore to be.

My all is on the altar,
Lord, I am all Thine own;
Oh, may my faith ne'er falter!
Lord, keep me Thine alone.

2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3. Now, Lord, I yield my members,
From sin's dominion free,
For warfare and for triumph,
As weapons unto Thee.

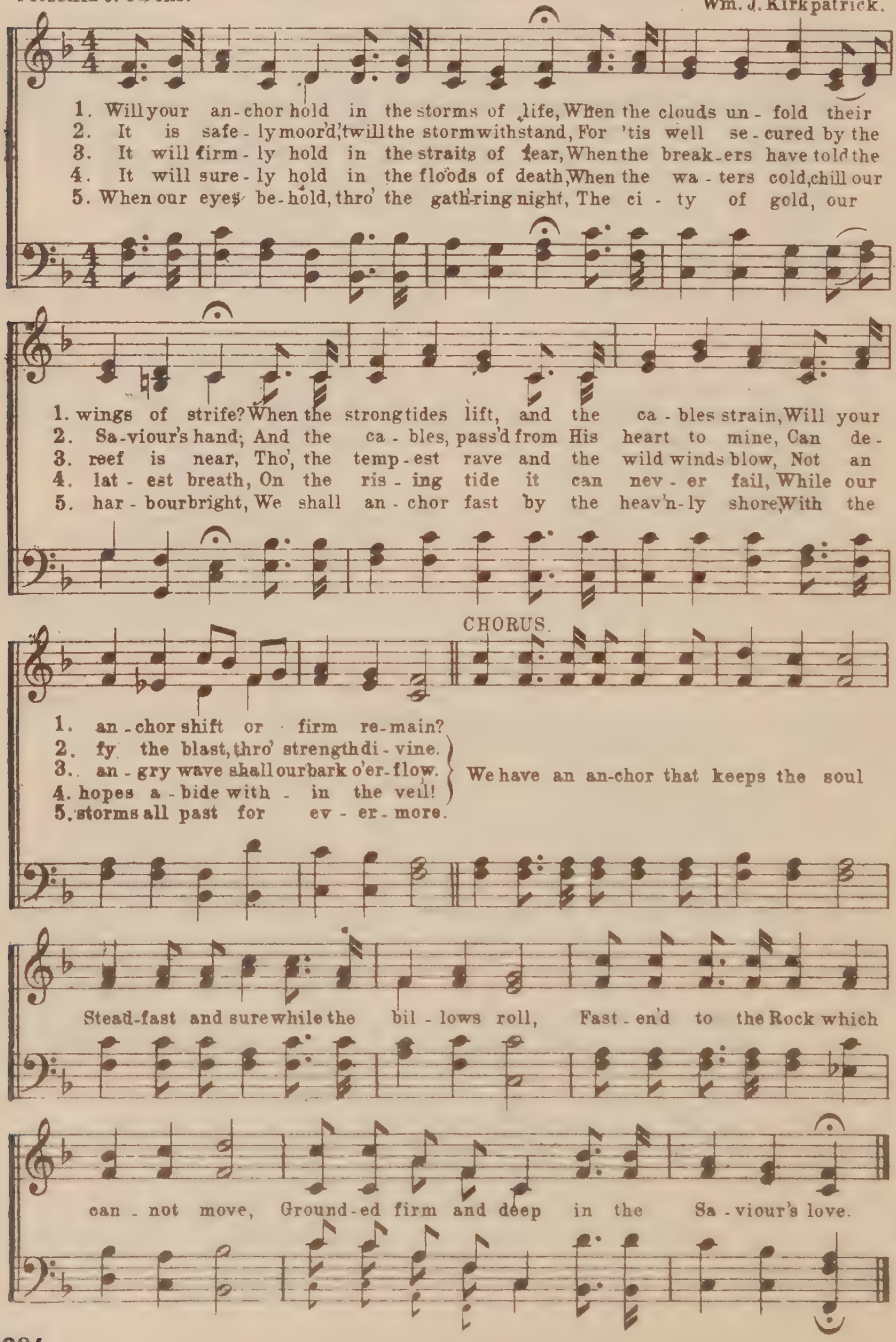
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed in Thy precious blood,
Sealed by Thy Holy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

M. D. JAMES.

245. WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

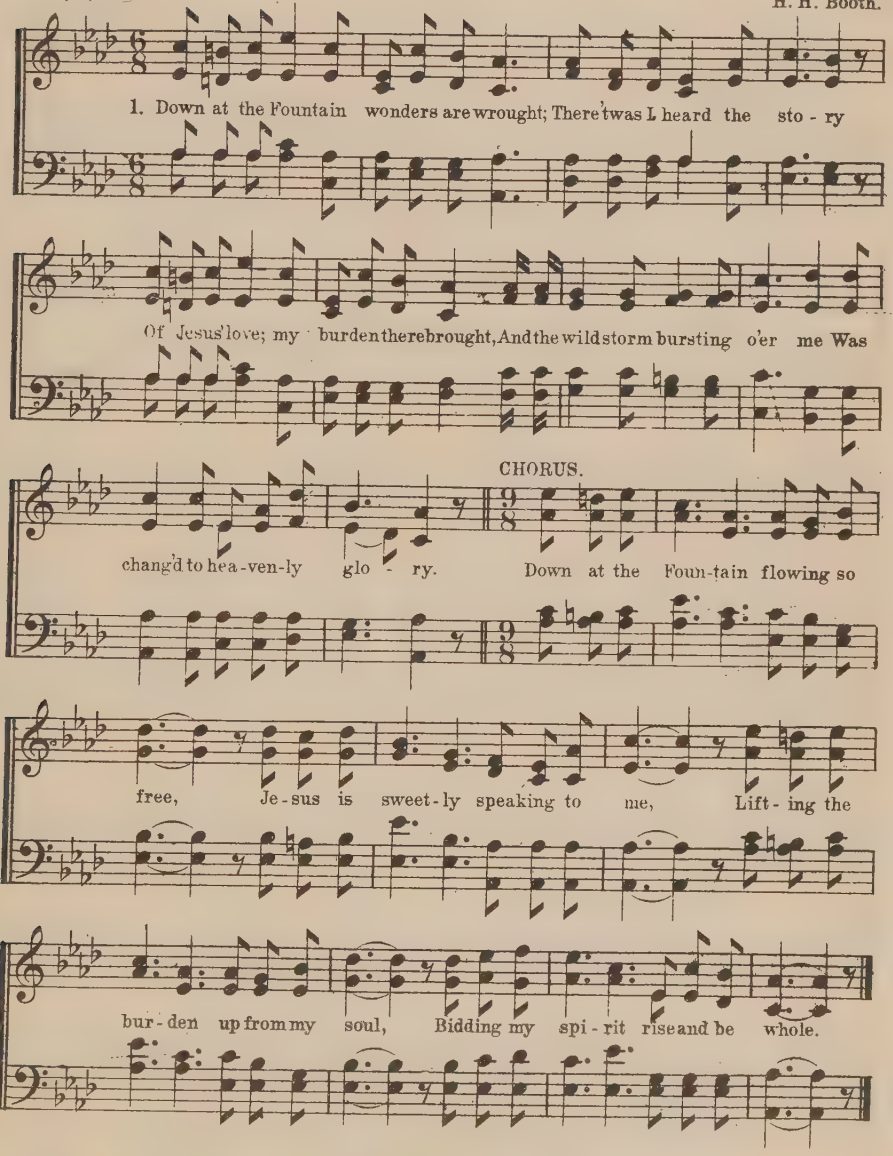
"An anchor of the Soul, both sure and steadfast." (Heb. vi. 19).

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-fold their
2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured by the
3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers have told the
4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa-ters cold, chill our
5. When our eyes be-hold, thro' the gath-ring night, The ci-ty of gold, our
1. wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your
2. Sa-viour's hand; And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de-
3. reef is near, Tho', the temp-est rave and the wild winds blow, Not an
4. lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our
5. har-bour bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore, With the
CHORUS.
1. an-chor shift or firm re-main?
2. fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
3. an-gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow.
4. hopes a-bide with-in the veil!
5. storms all past for ev-er-more.
We have an an-chor that keeps the soul
Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fast-en'd to the Rock which
can-not move, Ground-ed firm and deep in the Sa-viour's love.

246. DOWN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

H. H. B. H. H. Booth.


1. Down at the Fountain wonders are wrought; There 'twas I heard the sto - ry
Of Jesus' love; my burden there brought, And the wild storm bursting o'er me Was
CHORUS.
chang'd to hea-ven-ly glo - ry. Down at the Foun-tain flowing so
free, Je-sus is sweet-ly speaking to me, Lift - ing the
bur-den up from my soul, Bidding my spi - rit rise and be whole.

2. Down at the Fountain pardon is gained,
There Jesus snapped my fetters;
Cleansed by His Blood my soul when sin-stained,
And the past with all its terror
Was cast from me forever.

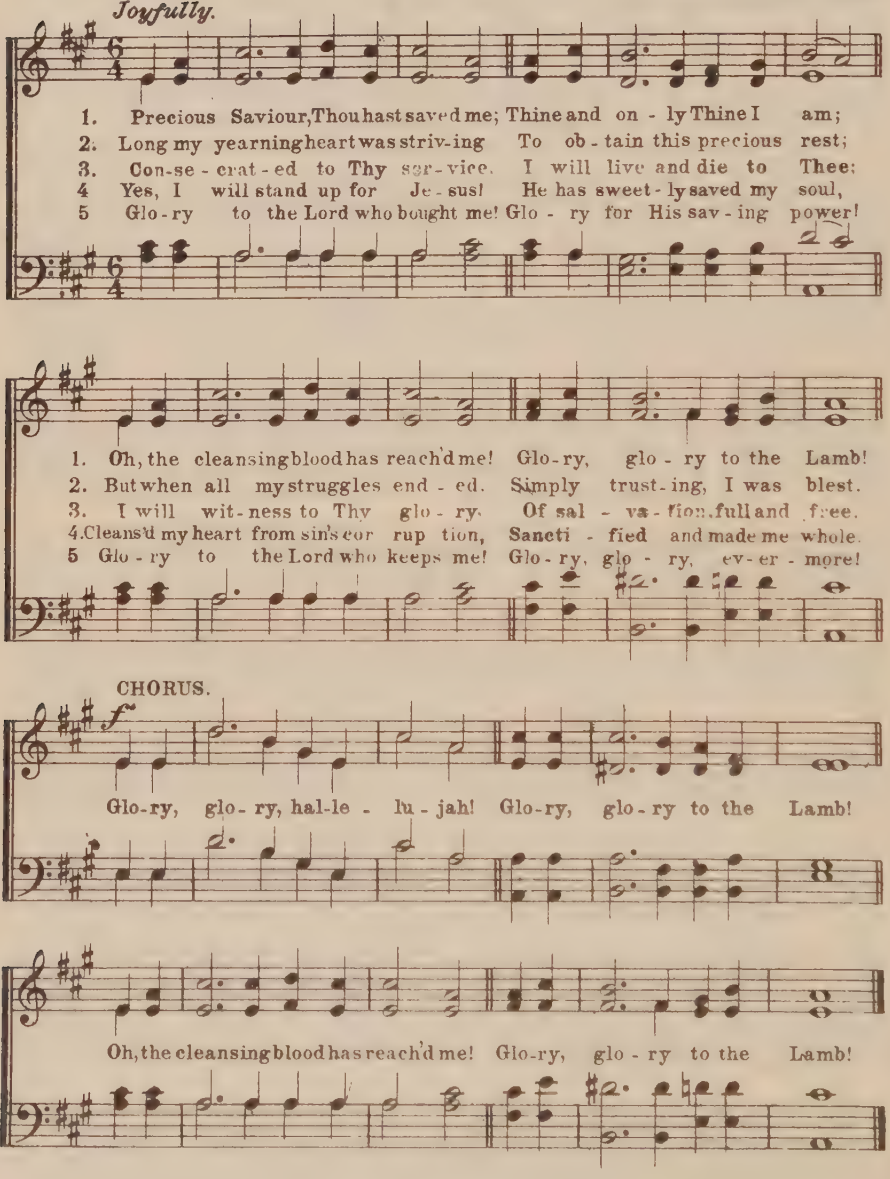
3. Down at the Fountain courage is gained,
Strength for the fearful hearted,
Out from the soul all darkness is driven,
And swift from the heart are parted
The sins thro' which it had smarted

GLORY TO THE LAMB!

247.

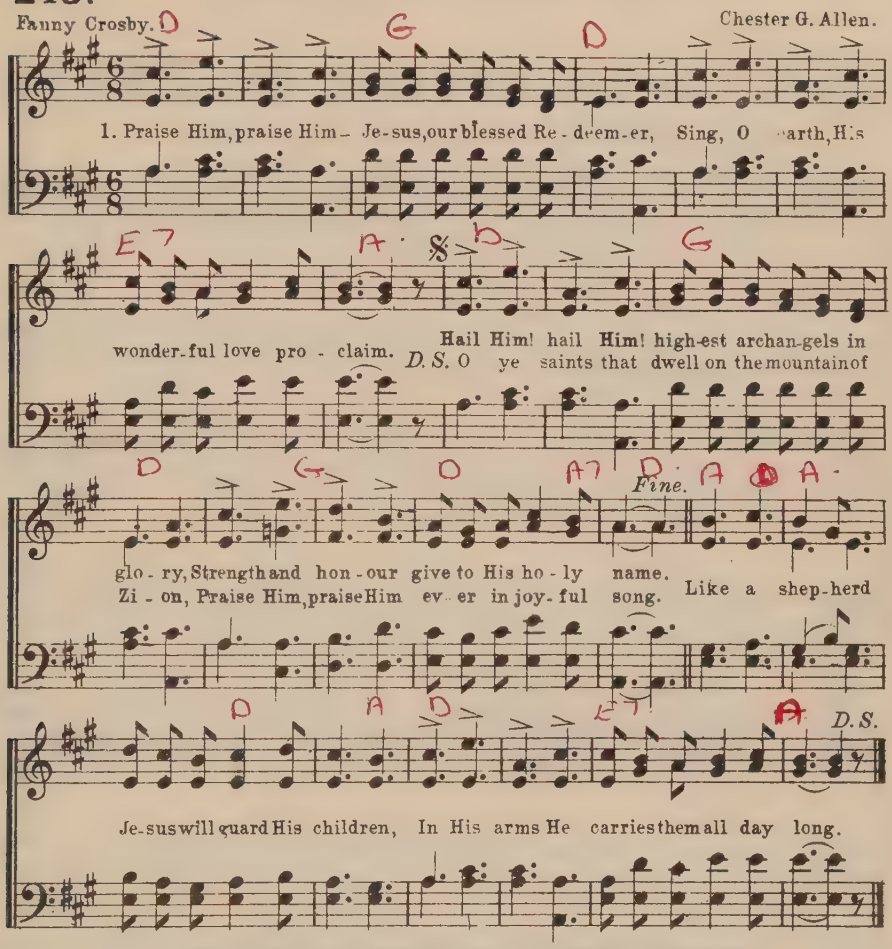
L. M. Rouse. Dora Boole

Joyfully.


1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me; Thine and on - ly Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was striv-ing To ob - tain this precious rest;
3. Con-se - crat - ed to Thy ser-vice, I will live and die to Thee;
4 Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus! He has sweet - ly saved my soul,
5 Glo - ry to the Lord who bought me! Glo - ry for His sav - ing power!
1. Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me! Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
2. But when all my struggles end - ed. Simply trust - ing, I was blest.
3. I will wit - ness to Thy glo - ry. Of sal - va - tion full and free.
4. Cleans'd my heart from sin's cor rup tion, Sancti - fied and made me whole.
5 Glo - ry to the Lord who keeps me! Glo - ry, glo - ry, ev - er - more!
CHORUS.
f
Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me! Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

248. PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM.

Fanny Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

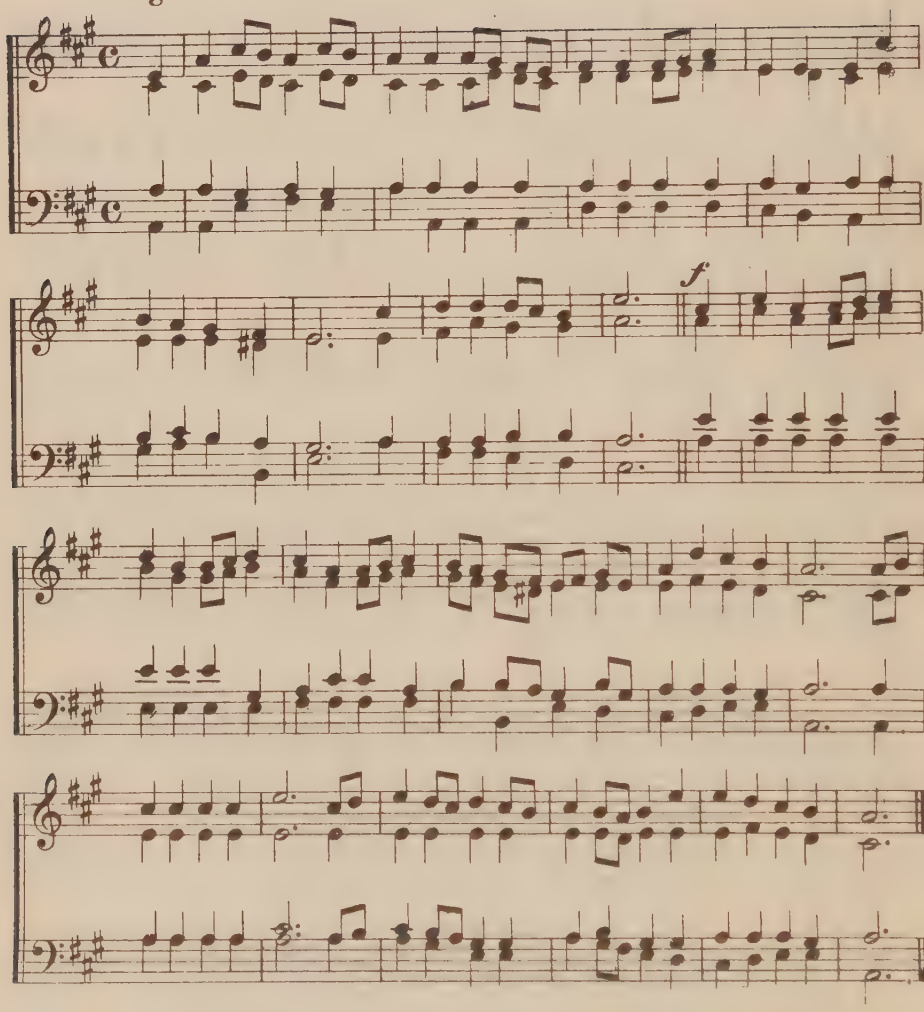

1. Praise Him, praise Him— Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er, Sing, O earth, His
wonder-ful love pro-claim. Hail Him! hail Him! high-est archan-gels in
D.S. O ye saints that dwell on the mountain of
glo-ry, Strength and hon-our give to His ho-ly name.
Zi-on, Praise Him, praise Him ev-er in joy-ful song. Like a shep-herd
Fine.
D.S.
Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long.

2. Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the Crucified.
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, ever triumphant now.

3. Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring,
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him, crown Him—Prophet and Priest and King!
Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! no longer thy portals are cheerless,
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

249.[A]

Allegretto moderato.

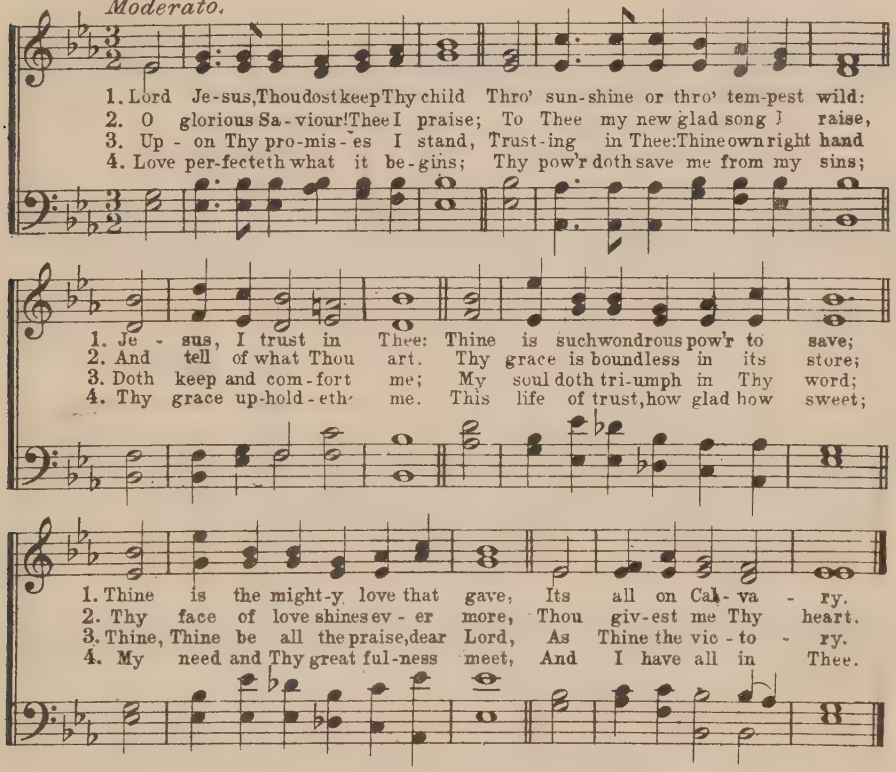


LORD JESUS, THOU DOST KEEP THY CHILD.

249.

Jean Sophia Pigott. Dr Lowell Mason.

Moderato.


1. Lord Je-sus, Thou dost keep Thy child Thro' sun-shine or thro' tem-pest wild:
2. O glorious Sa-viour! Thee I praise; To Thee my new glad song I raise,
3. Up - on Thy pro-mis-es I stand, Trust-ing in Thee: Thine own right hand
4. Love per-fecteth what it be-gins; Thy pow'r doth save me from my sins;
1. Je - sus, I trust in Thee: Thine is such wondrous pow'r to save;
2. And tell of what Thou art. Thy grace is boundless in its store;
3. Doth keep and com-fort me; My soul doth tri-umph in Thy word;
4. Thy grace up-hold-eth me. This life of trust, how glad how sweet;
1. Thine is the might-y love that gave, Its all on Cal-va - ry.
2. Thy face of love shines ev - er more, Thou giv-est me Thy heart.
3. Thine, Thine be all the praise, dear Lord, As Thine the vic - to - ry.
4. My need and Thy great ful-ness meet, And I have all in Thee.

"HE SHALL BAPTISE...WITH FIRE."

250.

1. Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire!
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood.
Now to my soul Thyself reveal.
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

2. Let nothing now my heart divide;
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys
Jesus my glory be!

3. Me with a quenchless thirst inspire
A longing infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live,
Come, all Thou hast and art.

4. My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face;
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

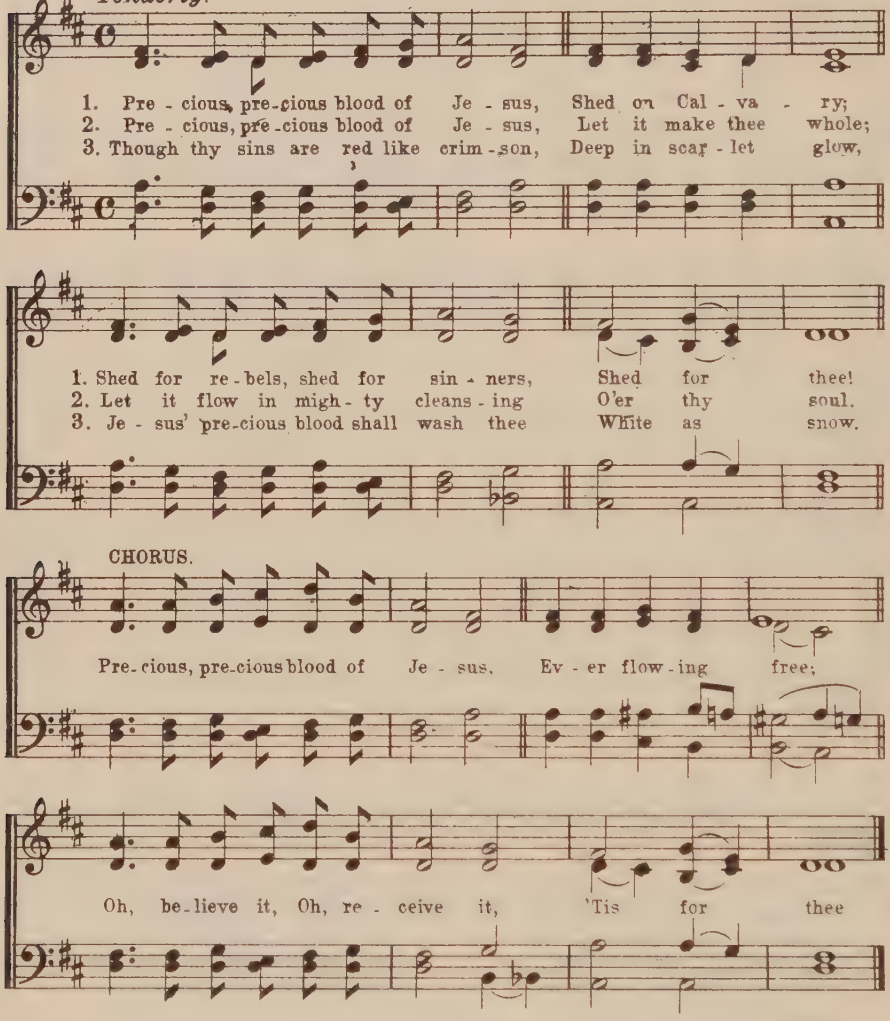
C. WESLEY.

(*Alternative tune on opposite page.*)

251. PRECIOUS, PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

Frances R. Havergal. J. Mountain.

Tenderly.


1. Pre - cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
2. Pre - cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;
3. Though thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow,
1. Shed for re-bels, shed for sin - ners, Shed for thee!
2. Let it flow in migh - ty cleans - ing O'er thy soul.
3. Je - sus' pre-cious blood shall wash thee White as snow.
CHORUS.
Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free;
Oh, be-lieve it, Oh, re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee

4. Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

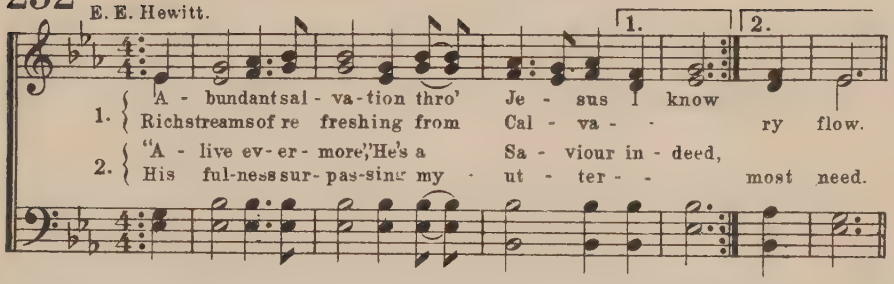
5. Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in;
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.

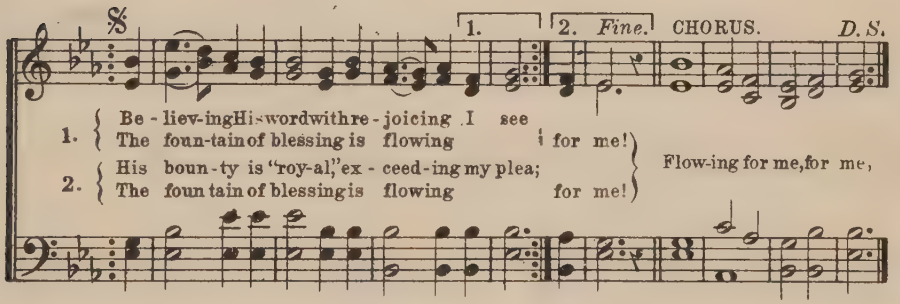
6. Precious blood, by this we conquer,
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

7. Precious blood whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our way of glory,
Praise and laud!

252 ABUNDANT SALVATION.

E. E. Hewitt.


1.
2.
1. A - bundant sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus I know
Rich streams of re freshing from Cal - va - ry flow.
2. "A - live ev - er - more," He's a Sa - viour in - deed,
His ful-ness sur - pas-sing my - ut - ter - most need.


1.
2. Fine.
CHORUS.
D.S.
1. Be - liev-ing His word with re - joicing I see
The foun-tain of blessing is flowing for me!
2. His boun - ty is "roy-al," ex - ceed-ing my plea;
The foun tain of blessing is flowing for me!
Flow-ing for me, for me,

(*Alternative Tune No. 188.*)

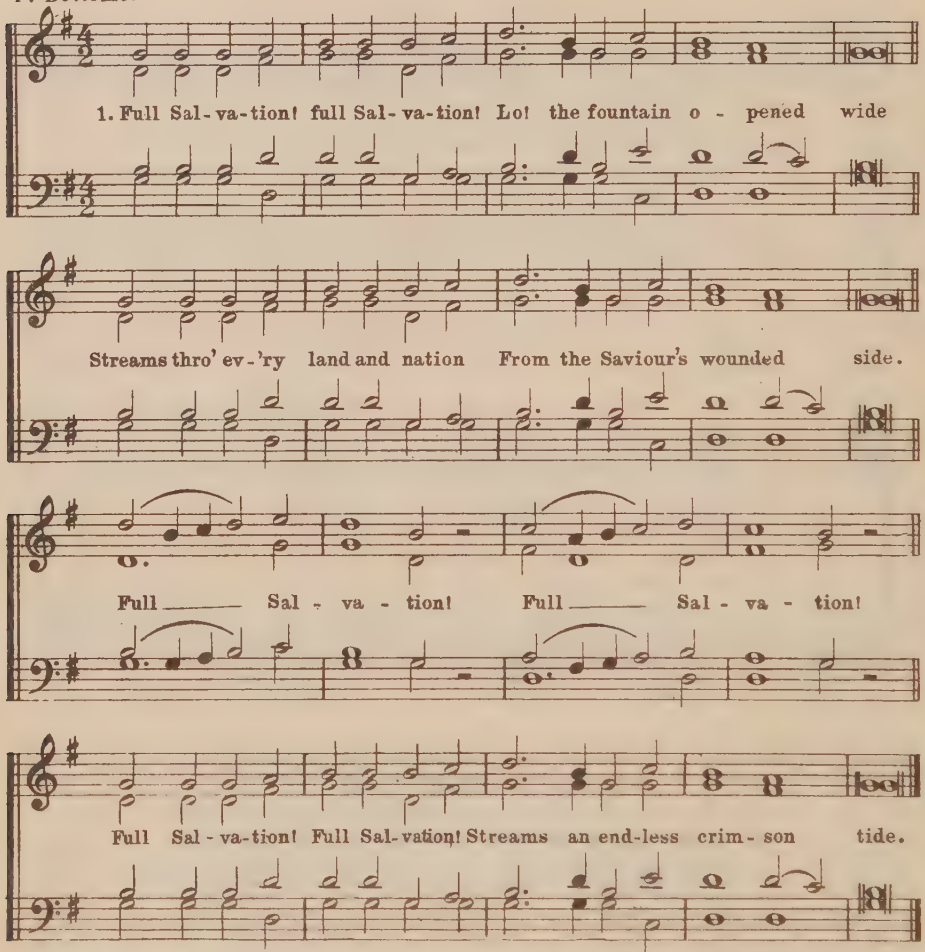
3. There's strength in temptation the victory to gain;
There's sunshine in darkness and comfort in pain;
This "plenteous redemption" in Jesus is free;—
The fountain of blessing is flowing for me!

4. The brightening waves of the river of peace,
And joy, fresh and sparkling, find happy increase;
All honour and glory, dear Saviour, to Thee!
The fountain of blessing is flowing for me!

FULL SALVATION!

253. "GRACE."

F. Bottome.


1. Full Sal-va-tion! full Sal-va-tion! Lo! the fountain o-pened wide
Streams thro' ev-'ry land and nation From the Saviour's wounded side.
Full Sal-va-tion! Full Sal-va-tion!
Full Sal-va-tion! Full Sal-vation! Streams an end-less crim-son tide.

2. Oh, the glorious revelation!
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow!
Full Salvation!
Oh, the rapturous bliss to know!

3. Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought and wish and senses keeping
Now, and every instant, clean;
Full Salvation!
From the guilt and power of sin.

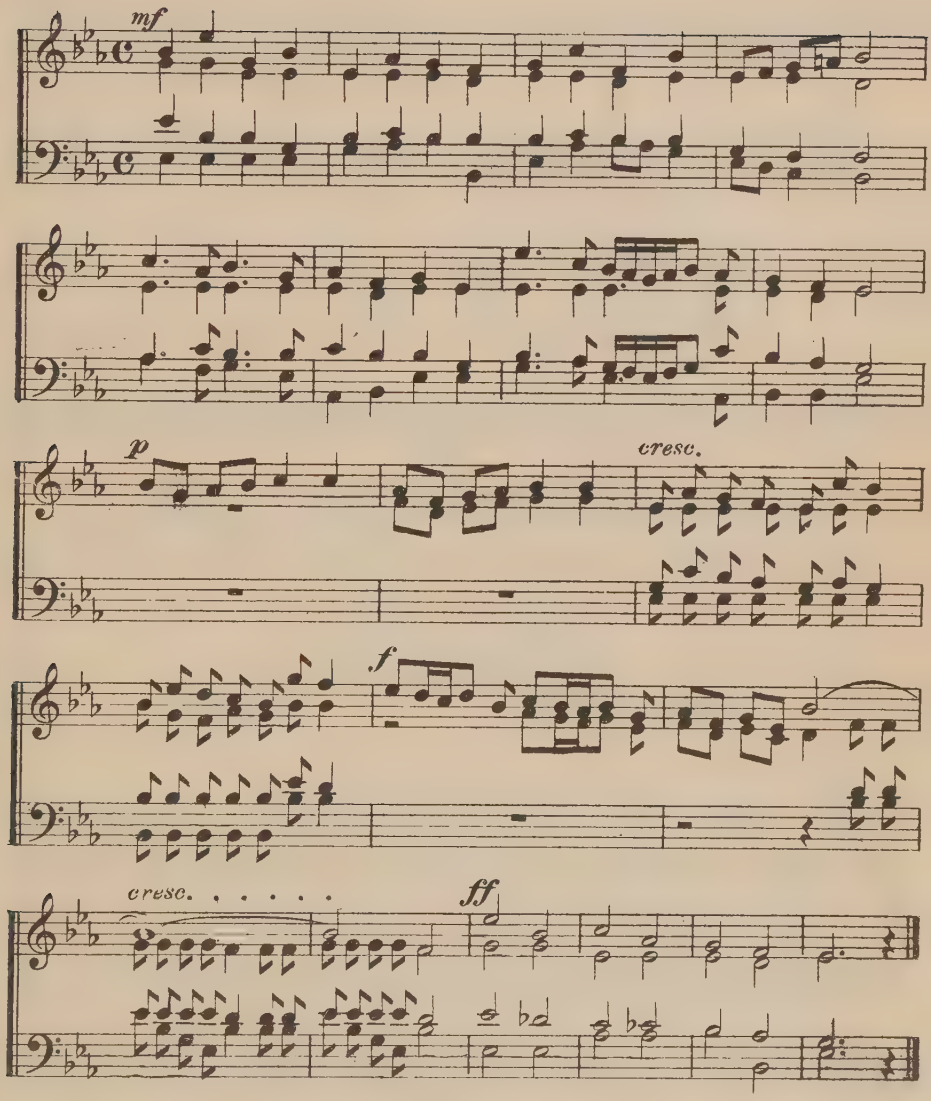
4. Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full Salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine!

5. Care and doubting, gloomy sorrow,
Fear and grief are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow
For my Saviour goes before.
Full Salvation!
Full and free for evermore.

(*Alternative Tunes: No. 253a, 397.*)

253A

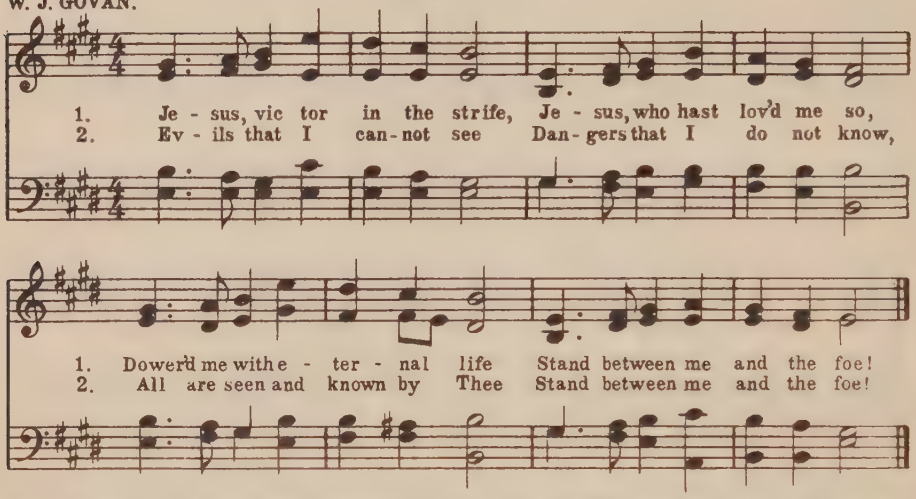
Tune "CALCUTTA."



254. STAND BETWEEN ME AND THE FOE.

"INNOCENTS."

W. J. GOVAN.


1. Je - sus, vic tor in the strife, Je - sus, who hast lov'd me so,
2. Ev - ils that I can-not see Dan-gers that I do not know,
1. Dower'd me with e - ter - nal life Stand between me and the foe!
2. All are seen and known by Thee Stand between me and the foe!

3. Thine I am, though sore assailed,
Thou Thyself hast sealed me so;
Enemies of old prevailed—
Stand between me and the foe!

4. Thou my armour! Clothed in light
Let me in Thy radiance glow;
Scatter thus the powers of night—
Stand between me and the foe!

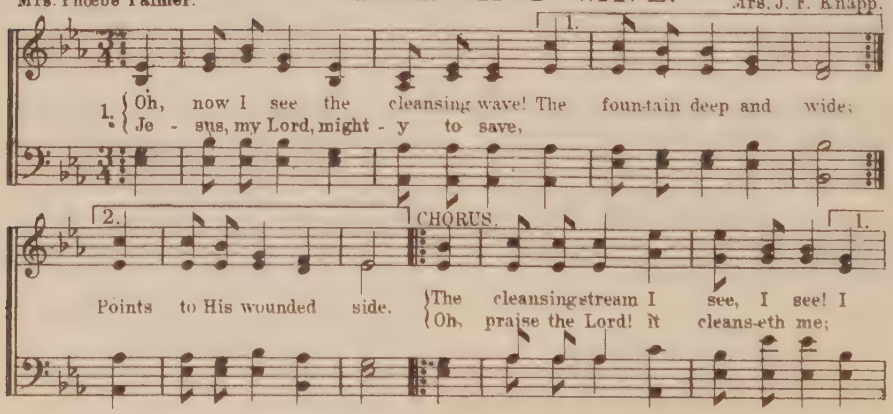
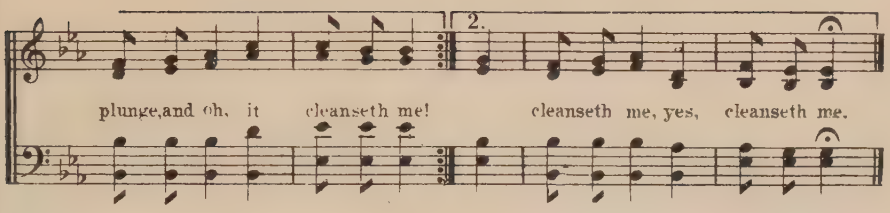
5. Lord, I trust Thy cleansing power,
Wash me whiter than the snow;
Keep me spotless hour by hour—
Stand between me and the foe!

W. J. GOVAN.

255. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

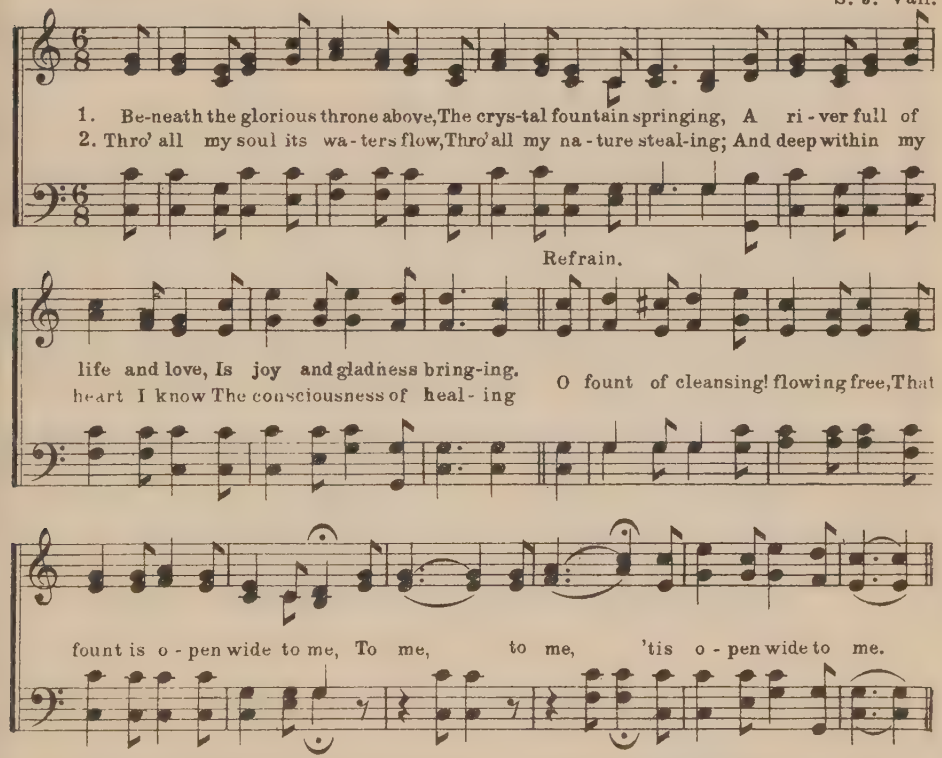

1.
1. Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save,
2.
CHORUS.
1.
Points to His wounded side.
The cleansing stream I see, I see! I
Oh, praise the Lord! It cleans-eth me;

2. I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks polluted nature dies!
Sinks neath the cleansing flood.

3. I rise to walk in Heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4. Amazing grace! 'tis Heaven below
To feel the blood applied
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

256. THE DESERT TRANSFORMED.

F. Bottome. S. J. Vail.

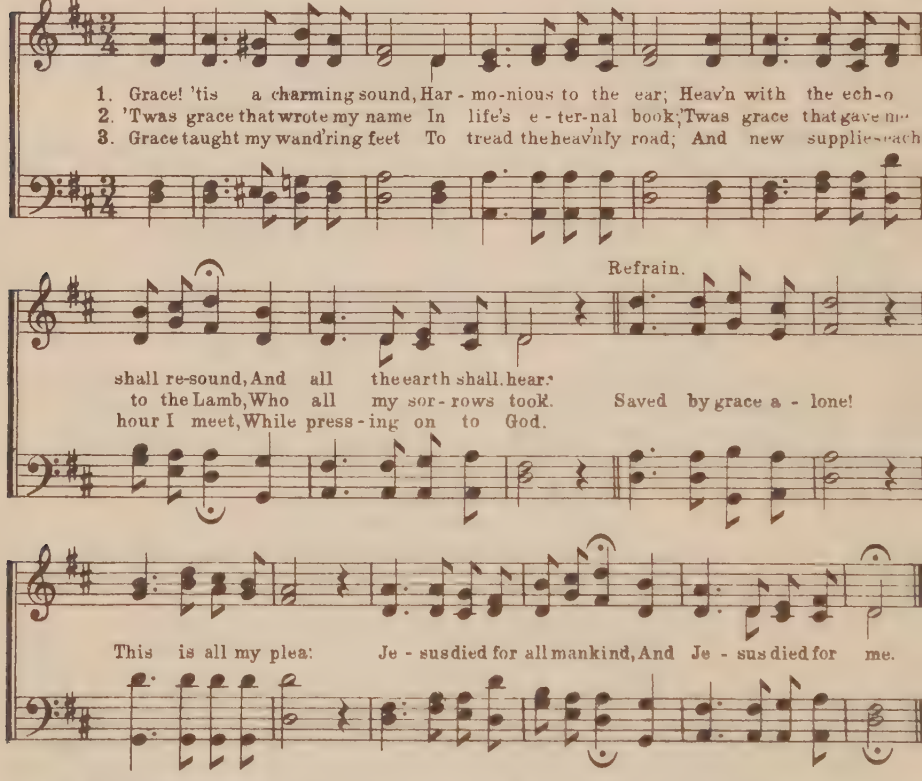

1. Be-neath the glorious throne above, The crys-tal fountain springing, A ri-ver full of
2. Thro' all my soul its wa-ters flow, Thro' all my na-ture steal-ing; And deep within my
Refrain.
life and love, Is joy and gladness bring-ing.
heart I know The consciousness of heal-ing
O fount of cleansing! flowing free, That
fount is o-pen wide to me, To me, to me, 'tis o-pen wide to me.

3. The barren wastes are fruitful lands,
The desert blooms with roses;
And He, the glory of all lands,
His lovely face discloses.

4. My sun no more goes down by day,
My moon no more is waning;
My feet run swift the shining way,
The heavenly portals gaining.

257 GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND.

P. Doddridge and A. M. Toplady. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n with the ech-o
2. 'Twas grace that wrote my name In life's e - ter-nal book; 'Twas grace that gave me
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'nly road; And new supplies each
Refrain.
shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear
to the Lamb, Who all my sor - rows took.
hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
Saved by grace a - lone!
This is all my plea: Je - sus died for all mankind, And Je - sus died for me.

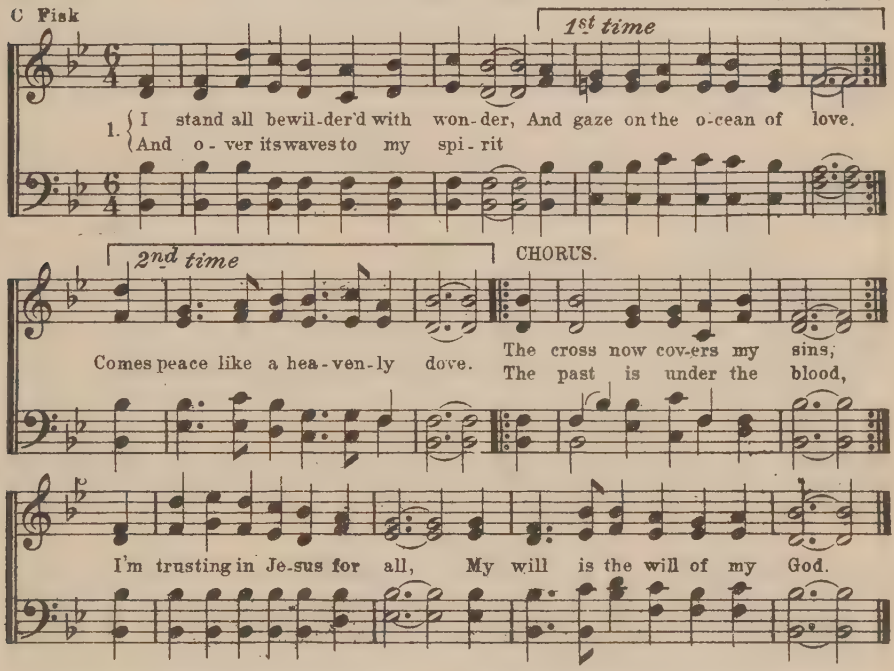
4. Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made mine eyes o'erflow
'Tis grace has kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

5. Oh, let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine

258. MY WILL IS THE WILL OF MY GOD.

W. G. Fischer.

C Fisk


1st time
1. I stand all bewil-der'd with won-der, And gaze on the o-cean of love.
And o - ver its waves to my spi - rit
2nd time
CHORUS.
Comes peace like a hea-ven-ly dove.
The cross now cov-ers my sins;
The past is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Je-sus for all, My will is the will of my God.

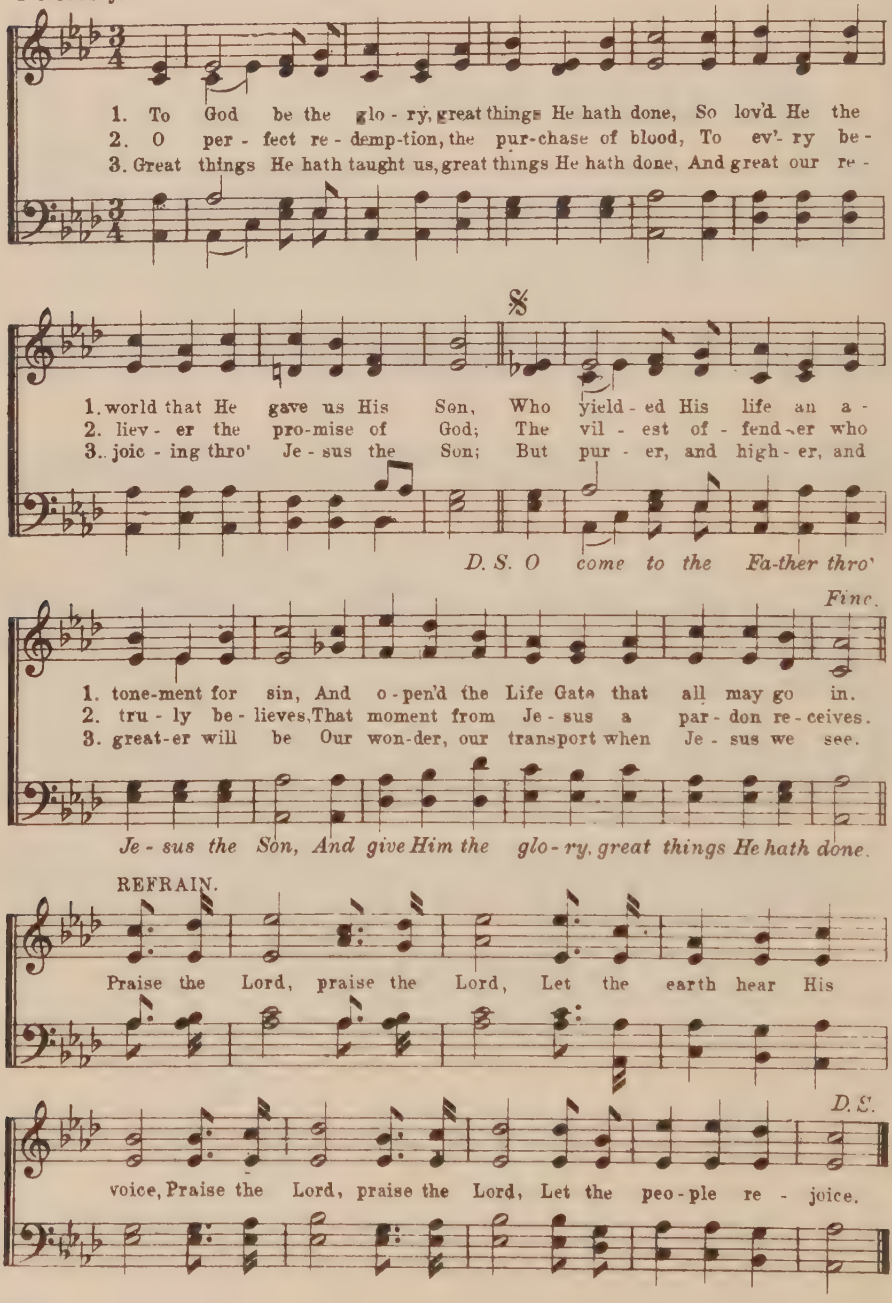
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3. He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole:
I touched but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4. The Prince of my Peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh
"My peace I will give unto thee."

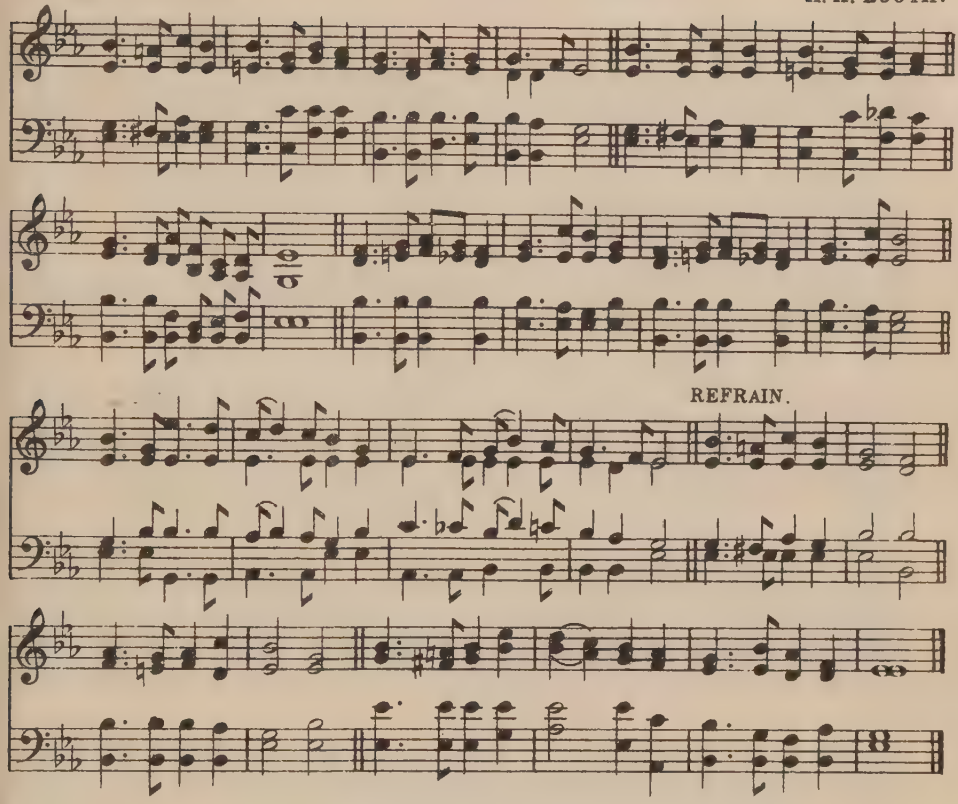
259. TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

"Who doeth great things" (Job v. 9).

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So lov'd He the
2. O per - fect re - demp-tion, the pur-chase of blood, To ev'- ry be -
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re -
1. world that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life an a -
2. liev - er the pro-mise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who
3. joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and
D. S. O come to the Fa-ther thro'
Fine.
1. tone-ment for sin, And o - pen'd the Life Gate that all may go in.
2. tru - ly be - lieves, That moment from Je - sus a par - don re - ceives.
3. great-er will be Our won-der, our transport when Je - sus we see.
Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.
REFRAIN.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His
D. S.
voice, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice.

260. LET ME LOVE THEE.

LET ME LOVE THEE. H. H. BOOTH.



1. Let me love Thee, Thou art claiming
Ev'ry feeling of my soul;
Let that love in pow'r prevailing,
Render Thee my life, my all:
For life's burdens they are easy,
And life's sorrows lose their sting,
If they're carried, Lord, to please Thee,
If their pain Thy smile should win.

Let me love Thee, Saviour,
Take my heart for ever
Nothing but Thy favour;
My soul can satisfy.

2. Let me love Thee, come revealing
All Thy love has done for me;
Help my heart, so unbelieving,
By the sight of Calvary:
Let me see Thy love despising
All the shame my sins had brought;
By Thy torments realizing
What a price my pardon bought.

3. Let me love Thee, I am gladdest
When I'm loving Thee the best;
For in sunshine or in sadness
I can find in Thee a rest:
But without Thee life is fading,
Treasureless its choicest flowers;
Taken are its gifts eternal;
Left, its empty passing hours.

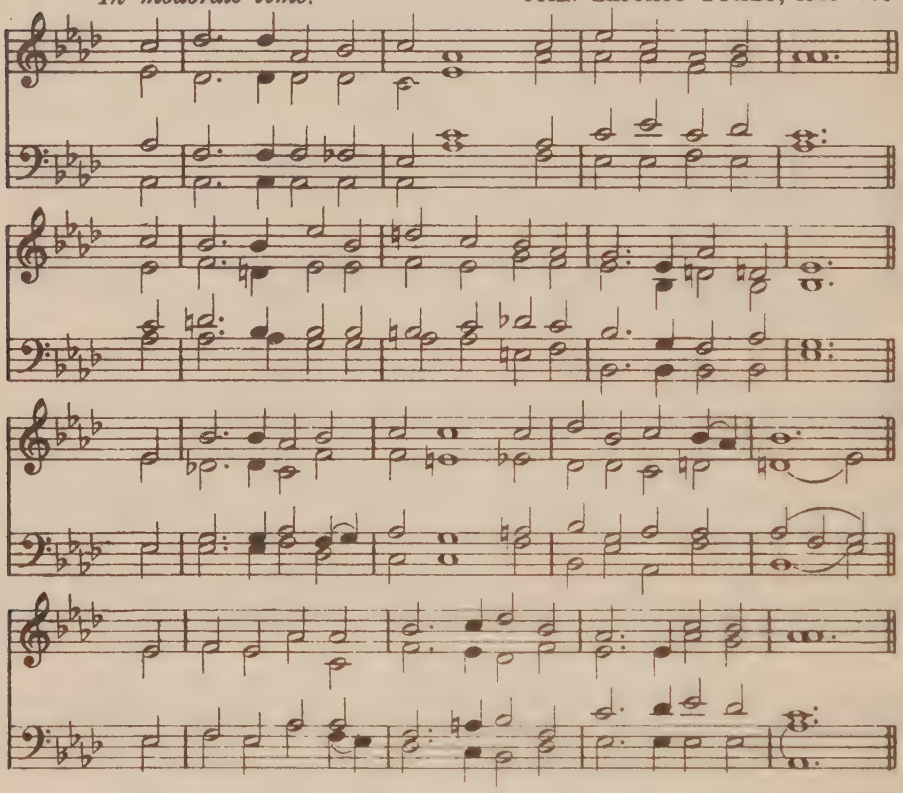
4. Let me love Thee, love is mighty,
Swaying realms of deed and thought
By it I shall walk uprightly,
I shall serve Thee as I ought:
Love will soften ev'ry sorrow,
Love will lighten ev'ry care,
Love unquestioning will follow,
Love will triumph, love will dare.

H H BOOTH.

261 DEFEAT UNNECESSARY.

ALFORD.

In moderate time. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76.



1. We never need be vanquished,
   We need never give in,
   Though waging war with Satan,
   And compassed round by sin.
   Temptations will beset us,
   Allurements oft assail,
   But in the name of Jesus
   We shall, we must prevail.

2. God wills not that His people
   By sin enthralled should be,
   But that their lives, as ransomed,
   Be lives of victory;
   And so at our disposal
   He places all His power,
   That we from its resources
   May draw in danger's hour.

3. Herein is hid the secret
   Of an all-glorious life
   Whereby we conquer Satan,
   And rise above sins strife.
   Abiding in the Saviour,
   Self prostrate in the dust,
   We live to do His bidding
   In glad perpetual trust.

4. We in ourselves are nothing,
   A small and feeble host,
   Nor have we aught of prowess
   Wherein to make our boast.
   Our stronghold is Christ Jesus,
   His grace alone we plead,
   His name our shield and banner,
   Himself—just all we need.

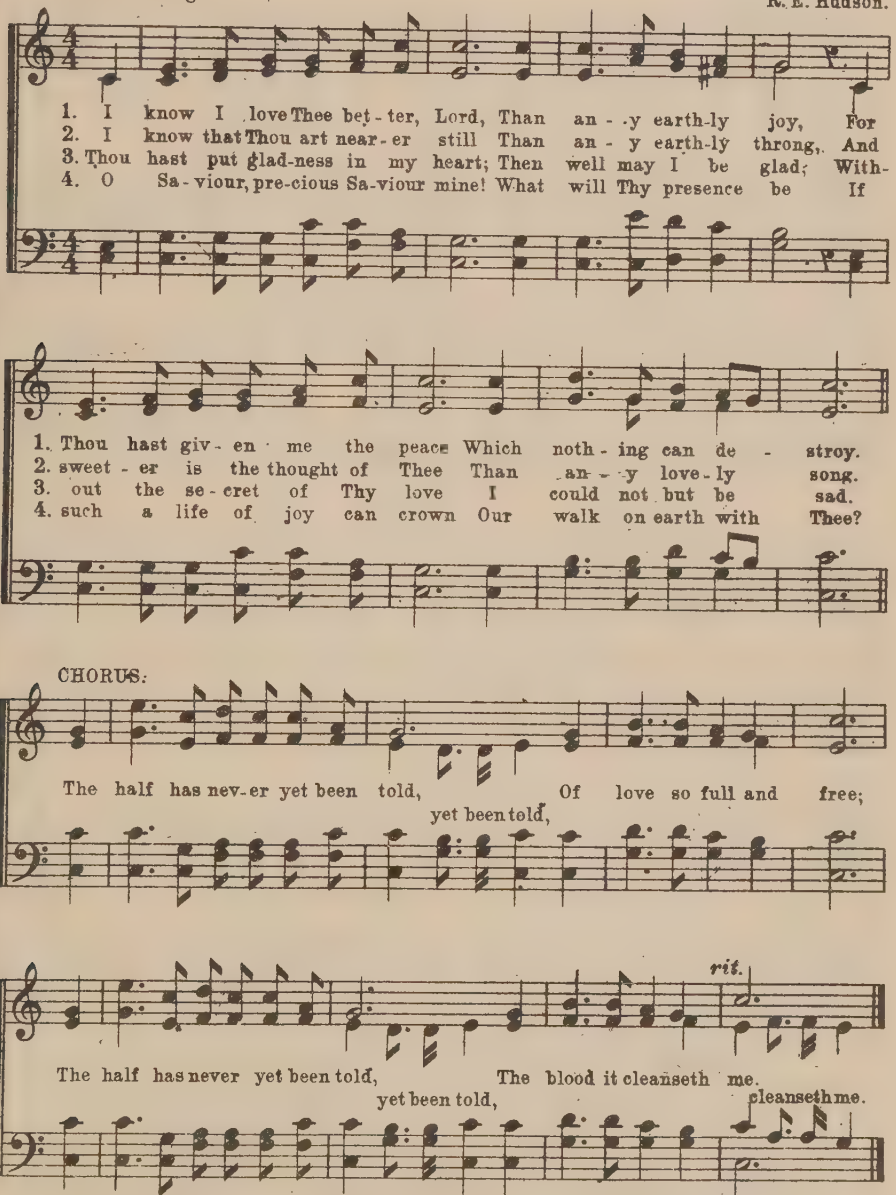
W. A. GARRATT.

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

262.

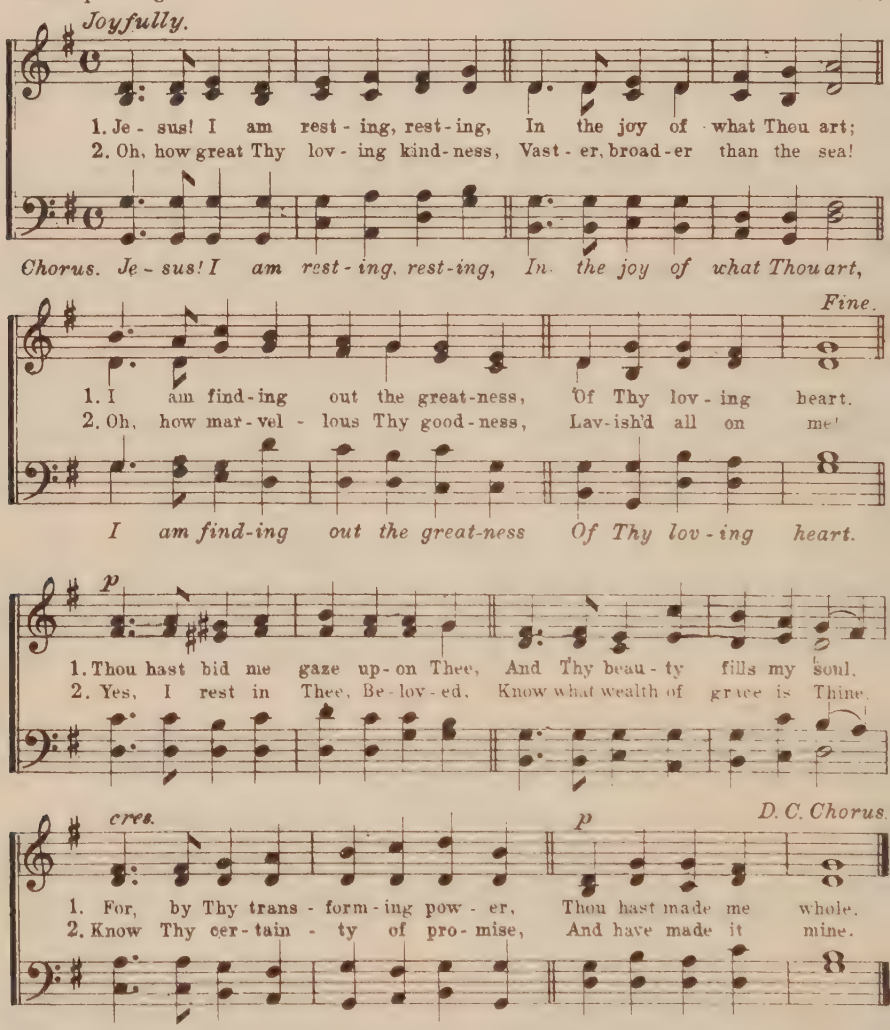
1 Cor. ii. 9.

Frances R. Havergal. R. E. Hudson.


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an--y earth-ly joy, For
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than an-y earth-ly throng, And
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad; With-
4. O Sa-viour, pre-cious Sa-viour mine! What will Thy presence be If
1. Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
2. sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than an--y love-ly song.
3. out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
4. such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS.
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,
rit.
The half has never yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

263. JESUS! I AM RESTING, RESTING.

Jean Sophia Pigott. J. Mountain.


Joyfully.
1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what Thou art;
2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing kind - ness, Vast - er, broad - er than the sea!
Chorus. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what Thou art,
Fine.
1. I am find - ing out the great - ness, Of Thy lov - ing heart.
2. Oh, how mar - vel - lous Thy good - ness, Lav - ish'd all on me!
I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
p
1. Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul.
2. Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine.
cres.
p
D. C. Chorus.
1. For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
2. Know Thy cer - tain - ty of pro - mise, And have made it mine.

3. Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love so pure so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings.
Meets, supplies its ev'ry need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed!

4. Ever lift Thy face upon me,
As I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting,
Fill me with Thy grace

264. I BRING MY HEART TO JESUS.

Moderato. English Air.

f

1. I bring my heart to Je - sus, with its fears, With its hopes and feel - ings,
2. I bring my life to Je - sus, with its care, And be - fore His foot - stool
3. I bring my sins to Je - sus as I pray, For His Blood to wash them
4. I bring my all to Je - sus, He has seen How my soul is long - ing

1. and its tears. Him it seeks, and find - ing, is at rest; Him it loves, and
2. leave it there, Fad - ed are its treasures, poor and dim; It is not worth
3. all a - way; While I seek for fa - vour at His feet, And, with tears, His
4. to be clean; No - thing from His al - tar I withhold, His to serve and

1. lov - ing, it is blest; Walk - ing with my Sa - viour, heart in heart,
2. liv - ing with - out Him, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace,
3. pro - mise still re - peat, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives,
4. suf - fer bliss un - told! And the fire de - scend - ing brings to me

cres. *rit.*

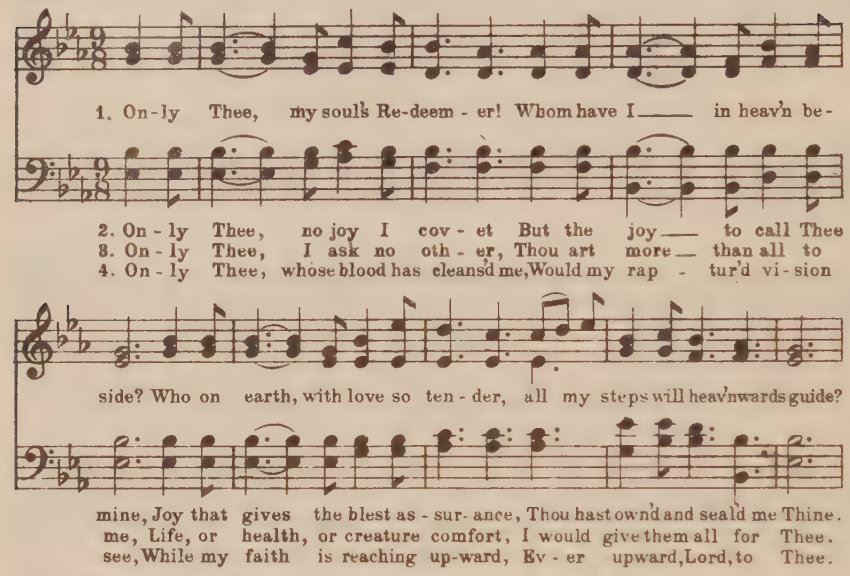
1. None can part, Walk - ing with my Sa - viour, heart in heart, None can part.
2. Ne'er to cease, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace, Ne'er to cease.
3. And for - gives, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives, And for - gives.
4. Li - ber - ty, And the fire de - scend - ing, brings to me Li - ber - ty.

Only Thee.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee." (Psalm lxxiii. 25)

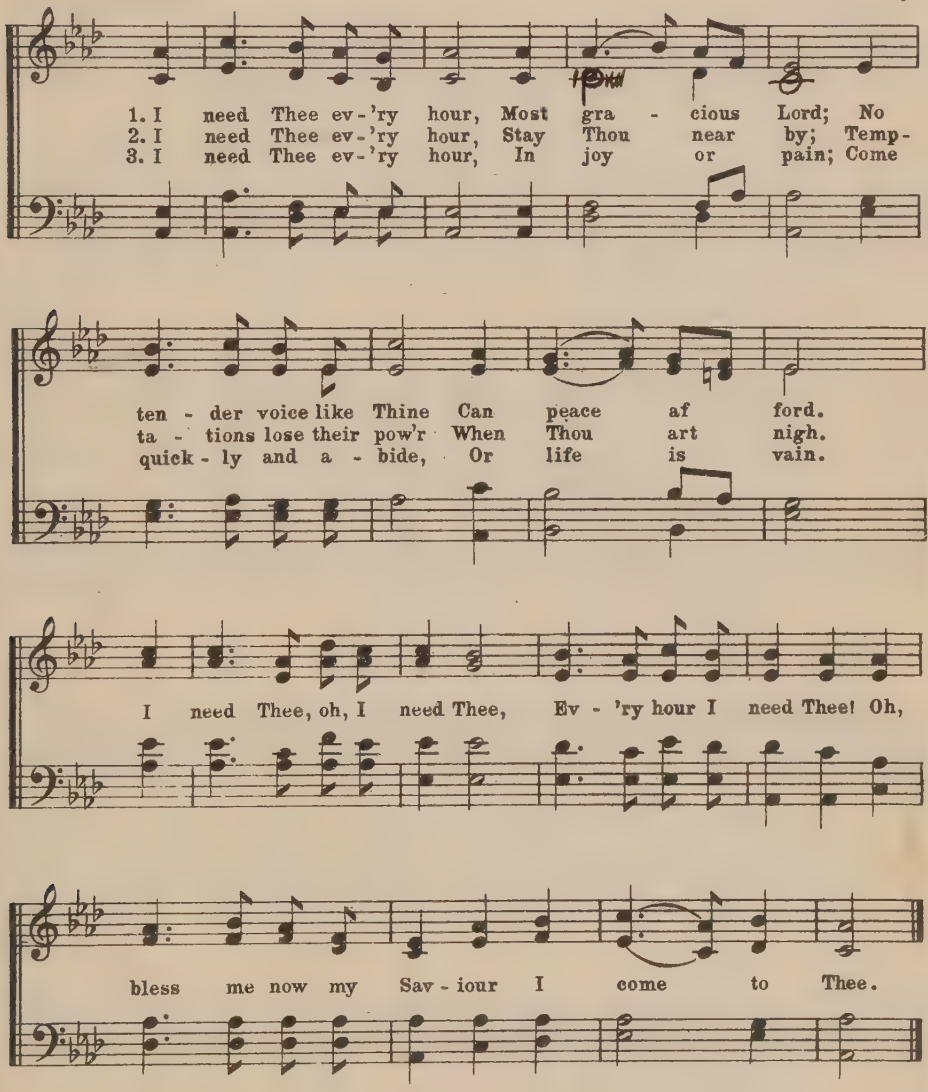
265.

FANNY CROSBY.


1. On-ly Thee, my soul's Re-deem-er! Whom have I in heav'n be-
2. On-ly Thee, no joy I cov-et But the joy to call Thee
3. On-ly Thee, I ask no oth-er, Thou art more than all to
4. On-ly Thee, whose blood has cleans'd me, Would my rap-tur'd vi-sion
side? Who on earth, with love so ten-der, all my steps will heav'nwards guide?
mine, Joy that gives the blest as-sur-ance, Thou hast own'd and seal'd me Thine.
me, Life, or health, or creature comfort, I would give them all for Thee.
see, While my faith is reaching up-ward, Ev-er upward, Lord, to Thee.
CHORUS. On-ly Thee, on-ly Thee, loving
my Lord my Lord Saviour on-ly
On-ly Thee, on-ly Thee, lov-ing
Thee my Lord, my Lord. Saviour, on-ly Thee.

266. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. A.S.Hawkes. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come
ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af ford.
ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee! Oh,
bless me now my Sav - iour I come to Thee.

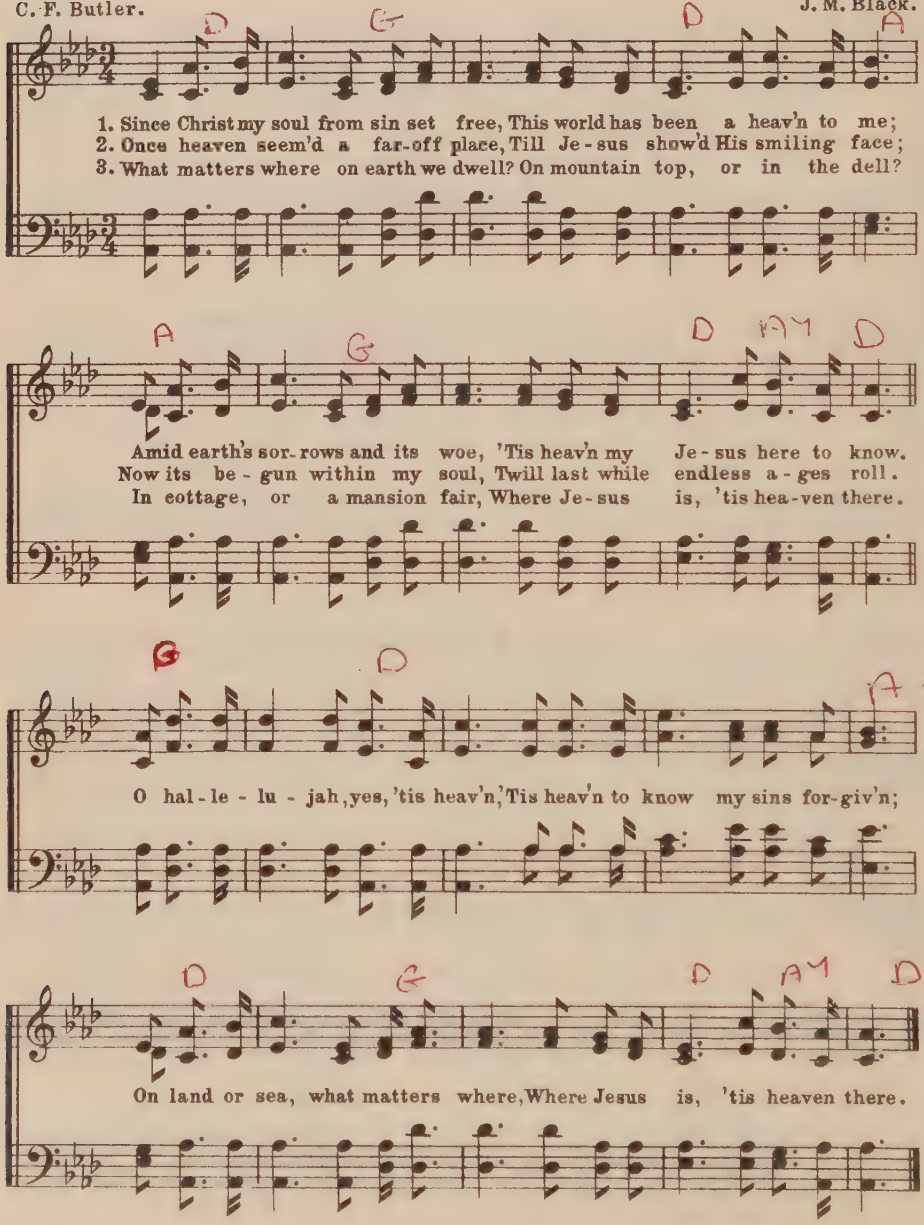
4. I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will:
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5. I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One:
Oh, keep me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

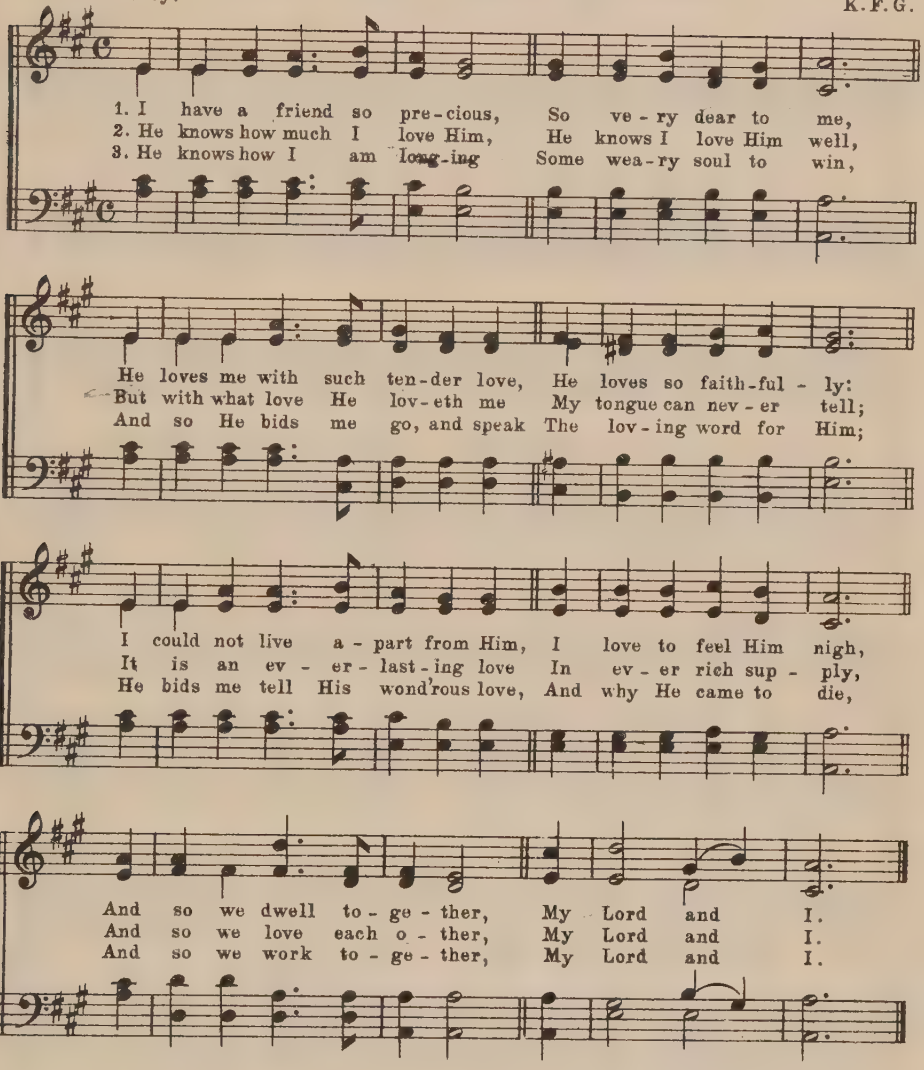
WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

267.

C. F. Butler. J. M. Black.


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heaven seem'd a far-off place, Till Je-sus show'd His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?
Amid earth's sor-rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now its be-gun within my soul, Twill last while endless a-ges roll.
In cottage, or a mansion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis hea-ven there.
O hal-le-lu-jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

268. MY LORD AND I.

Mrs. L Shorey. K.F.G.

1. I have a friend so pre-cious, So ve-ry dear to me,
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well,
3. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win,
He loves me with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly:
But with what love He lov-eth me My tongue can nev-er tell;
And so He bids me go, and speak The lov-ing word for Him;
I could not live a-part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
It is an ev-er-last-ing love In ev-er rich sup-ply,
He bids me tell His wond'rous love, And why He came to die,
And so we dwell to-ge-ther, My Lord and I.
And so we love each o-ther, My Lord and I.
And so we work to-ge-ther, My Lord and I.

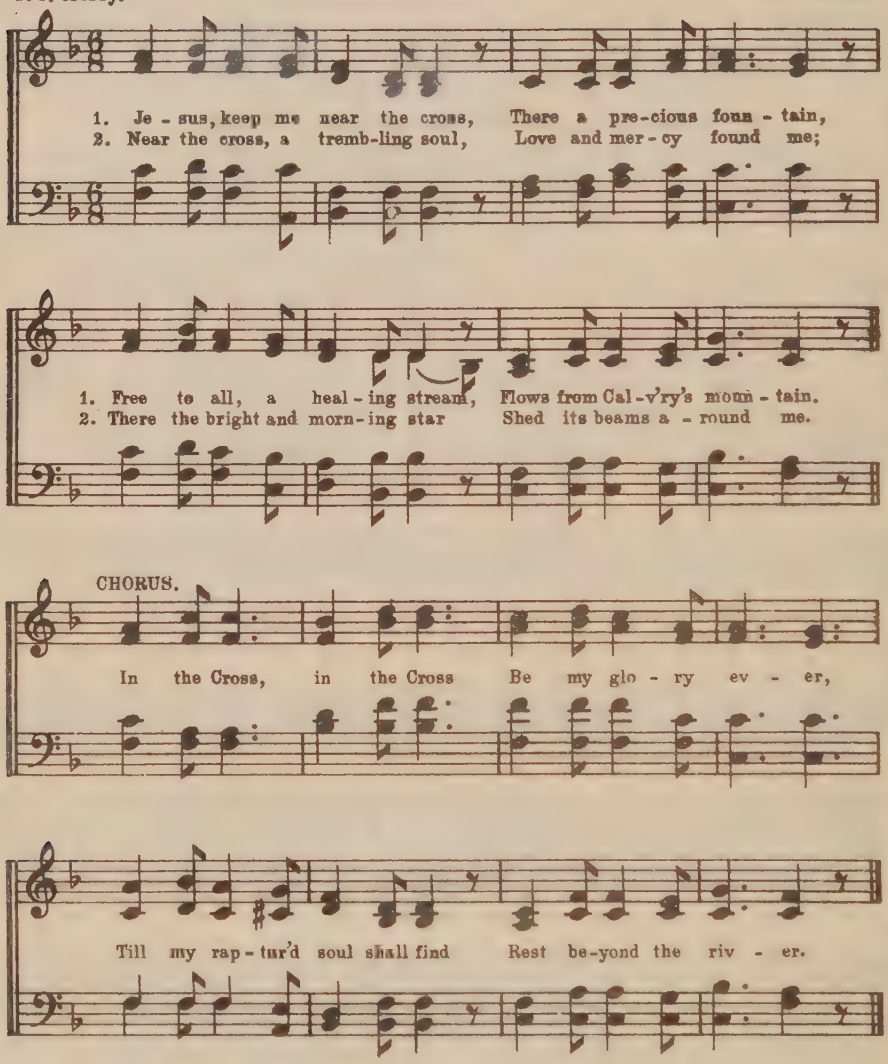
4. So up into the mountains
Of heaven's cloudless light,
Or away into the valleys
Of darkness or of night,
Though round us tempests gather
And storms are raging high,
We'll travel on together,
My Lord and I.

5. And when the journey's ended
In rest and peace at last,
When every thought of danger
And weariness is past
In the Kingdom of the future,
In the Glory by-and-bye,
We'll live and reign together,
My Lord and I

I

269. KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

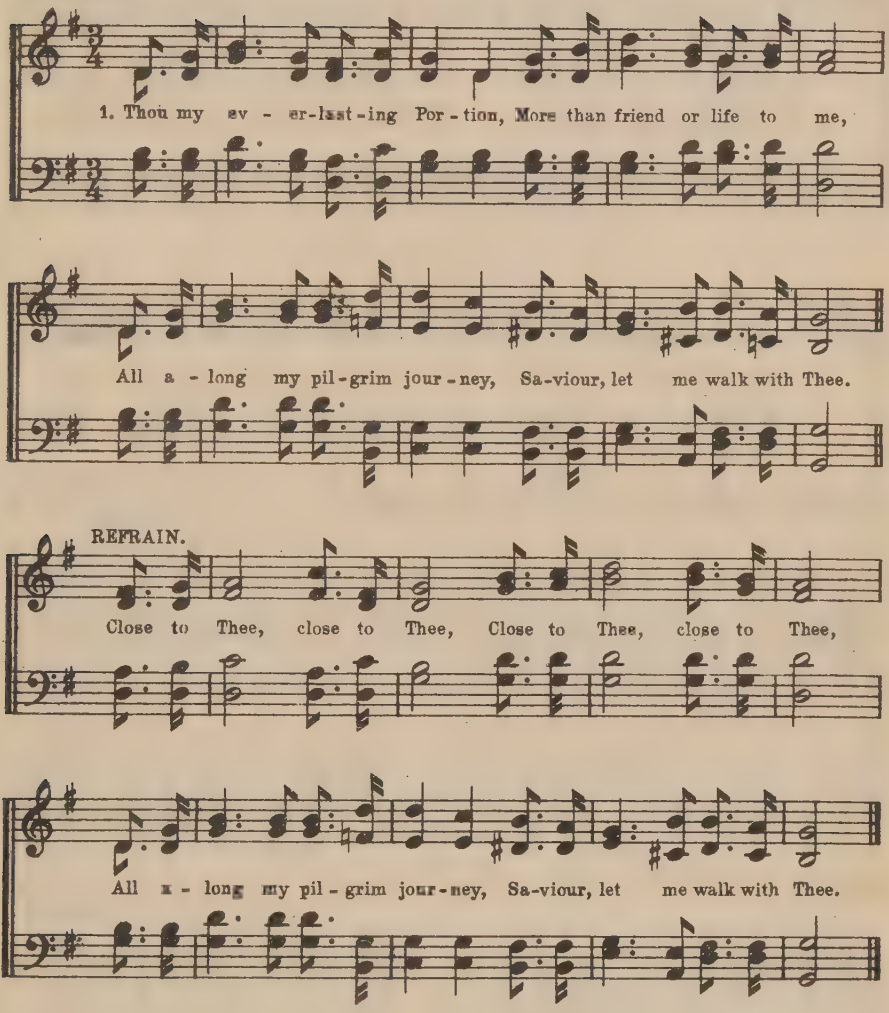

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
1. Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
2. There the bright and morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me.
CHORUS.
In the Cross, in the Cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap - tur'd soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

3. Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

270. CLOSE TO THEE.

F. J. Crosby. S. J. Vail.


1. Thou my ev - er-last-ing Por-tion, More than friend or life to me,
All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sa-viour, let me walk with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee,
All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sa-viour, let me walk with Thee.

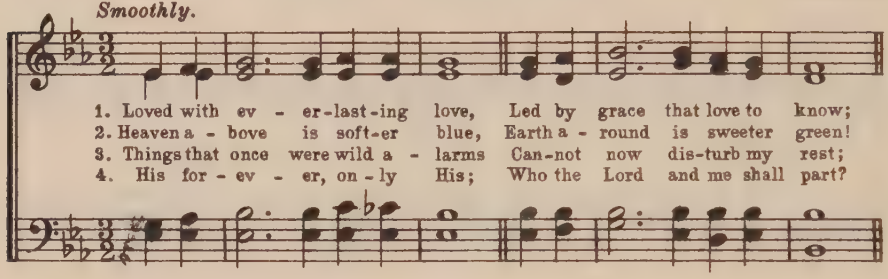
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Not for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer.
Only let me walk with Thee.

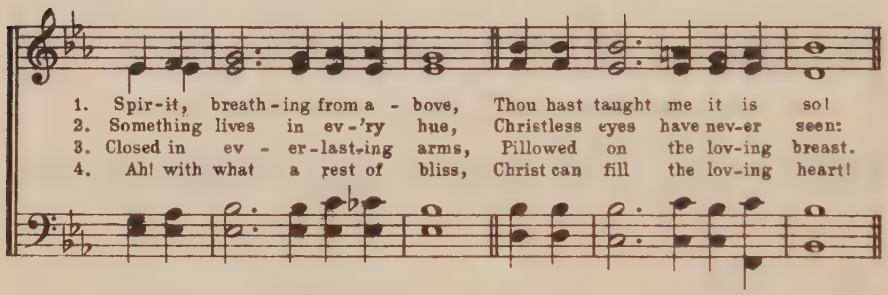
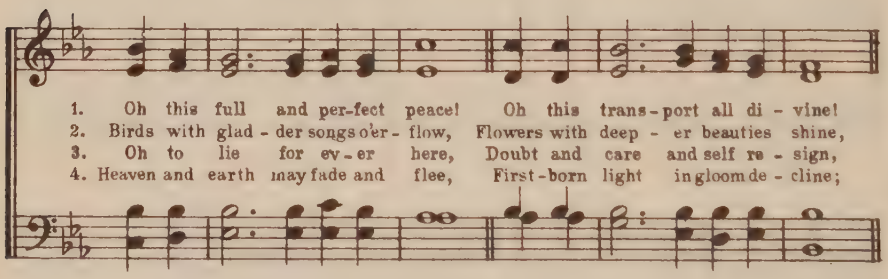
3. Lead me through this vale of shadows
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

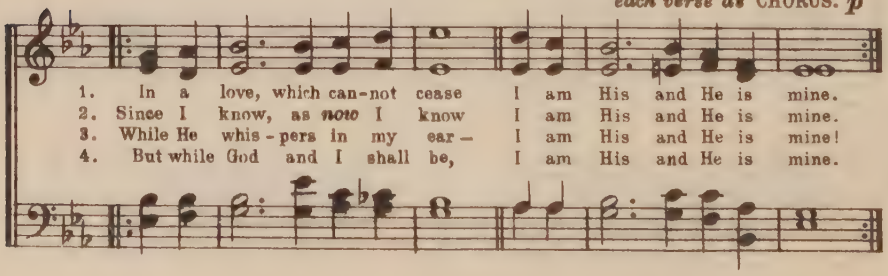
271. I AM HIS AND HE IS MINE.

Rev. Wade Robinson. J. Mountain.

Smoothly.


1. Loved with ev - er-last-ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
2. Heaven a - bove is soft-er blue, Earth a - round is sweeter green!
3. Things that once were wild a - larms Can-not now dis-turb my rest;
4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?


1. Spir-it, breath-ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
2. Something lives in ev-'ry hue, Christless eyes have nev-er seen:
3. Closed in ev - er-last-ing arms, Pillowed on the lov-ing breast.
4. Ah! with what a rest of bliss, Christ can fill the lov-ing heart!

1. Oh this full and per-fect peace! Oh this trans-port all di - vine!
2. Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flowers with deep - er beauties shine,
3. Oh to lie for ev-er here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
4. Heaven and earth may fade and flee, First-born light in gloom de - cline;

Repeat last two lines of each verse as CHORUS. *p*

1. In a love, which can-not cease I am His and He is mine.
2. Since I know, as *now* I know I am His and He is mine.
3. While He whis-pers in my ear - I am His and He is mine!
4. But while God and I shall be, I am His and He is mine.

LOVE OF JESUS.

272. *To tune on opposite page.*

1. Love of Jesus all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine,
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid,
Lift Thou up my fainting head;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillowed on Thy loving breast.

2. Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place.
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour;
Then, my Saviour, in Thy side,
Let me evermore abide.

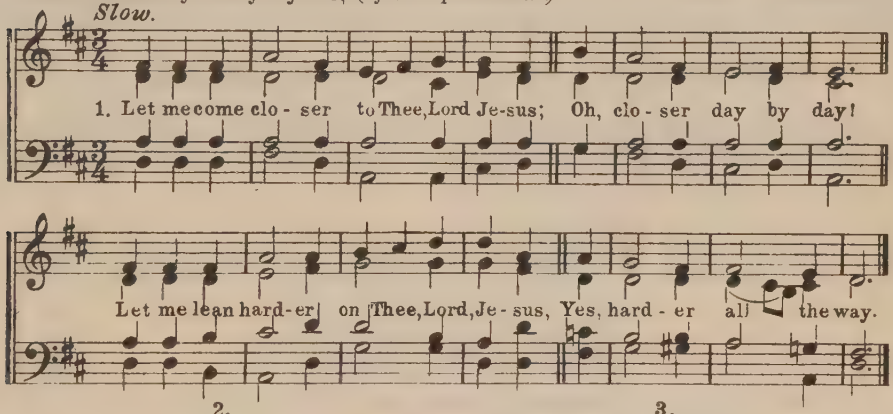
3. Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone, to know.
Thou, who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine!

F. BOTTOME

LET ME COME CLOSER TO THEE.

273.

From "Llanthony Abbey Hymns," (by kind permission.) Canon J. H. Lester.



2.
Let me show forth Thy beauty, Lord Jesus,
Like sunshine on the hills;
Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness
In joyous, sparkling rills!

3.
Yes, like a fountain, precious Lord Jesus,
Make me and let me be;
Keep me and use me daily, Lord Jesus,
For Thee for only Thee.

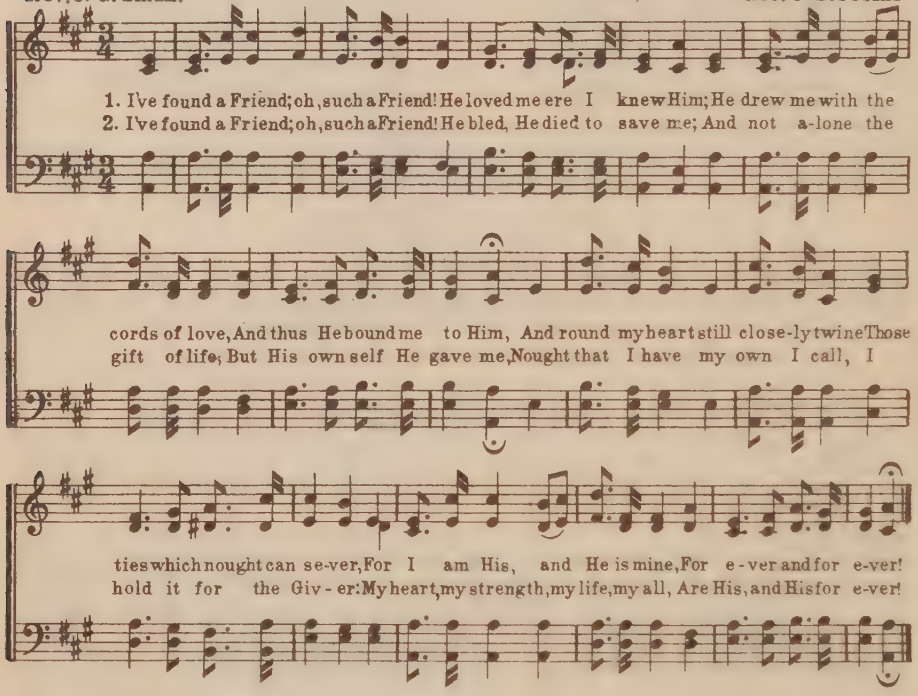
4.
In all my heart and will, Lord Jesus,
Be altogether King!
Make me a loyal subject, Lord Jesus,
To Thee in everything.

5.
Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Lord Jesus,
With blessed hunger here,
Looking for home on Zion's mountain
No thirst, no hunger there.

I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

274. *"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,"* Prov. xviii. 24.

Rev. J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a-lone the
cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him, And round my heart still close-ly twine Those
gift of life; But His own self He gave me, Nought that I have my own I call, I
ties which nought can se-ver, For I am His, and He is mine, For e-ver and for e-ver!
hold it for the Giv-er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for e-ver!

I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven,
Th' eternal glories gleam afar
To nerve my faint endeavour!
So now to watch! to work! to war!
And then to rest for ever!

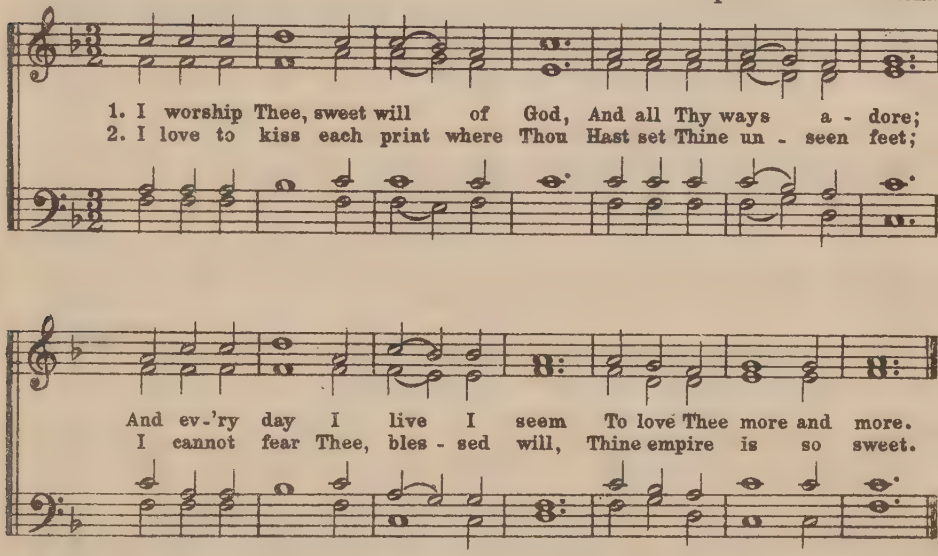
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life? or death? or earth? or hell?
No! I am His for ever!

"THAT ACCEPTABLE. . .WILL OF GOD."

275.

"Palestrina" C.M.

F. W. Faber. Adapted from Palestrina


1. I worship Thee, sweet will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore;
2. I love to kiss each print where Thou Hast set Thine un - seen feet;
And ev-'ry day I live I seem To love Thee more and more.
I cannot fear Thee, bles - sed will, Thine empire is so sweet.

3. I have no cares, O blessed will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord — for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to Thee.

5. He always wins who sides with God,
To Him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

6. Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

276. TO CALVARY, LORD.

1. To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2. Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3. There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

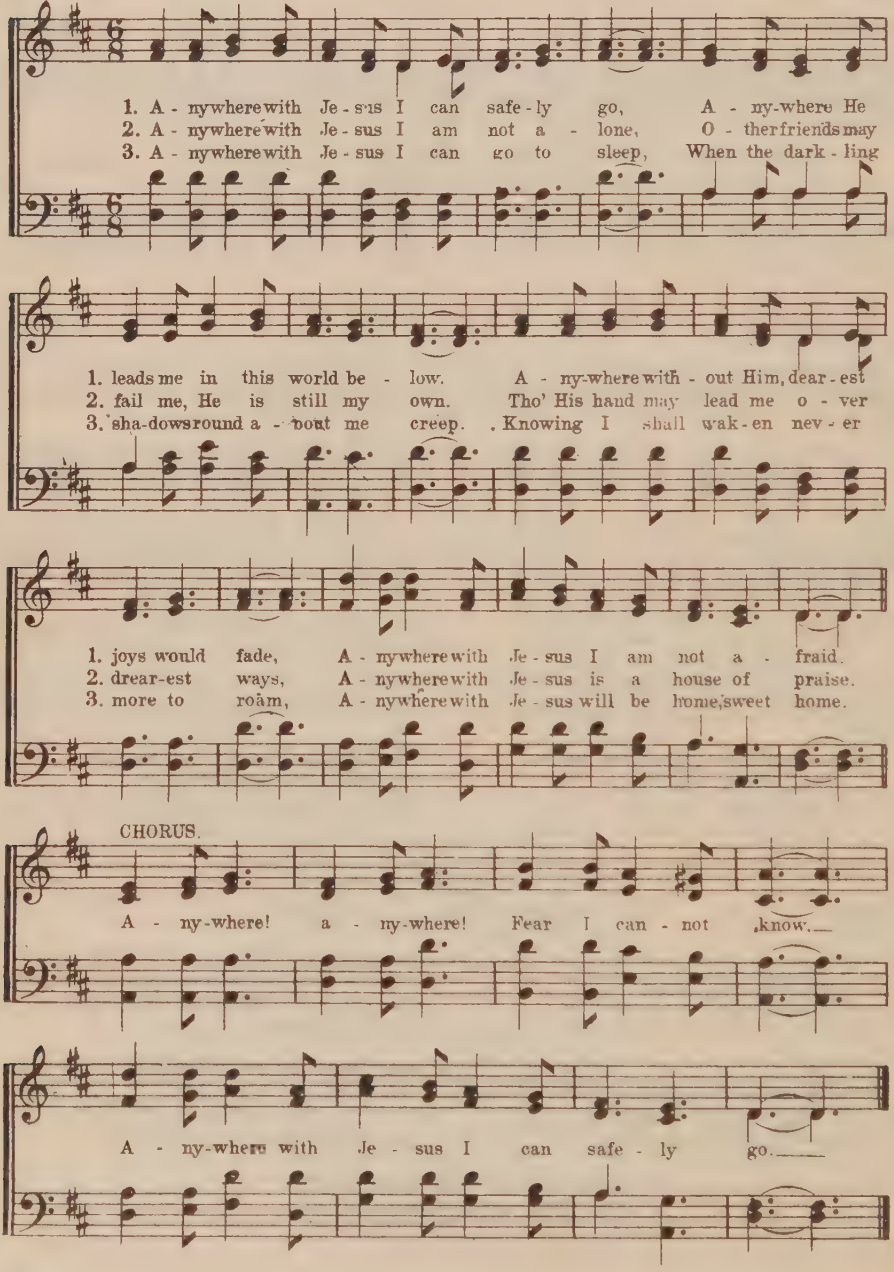
4. Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

5. Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

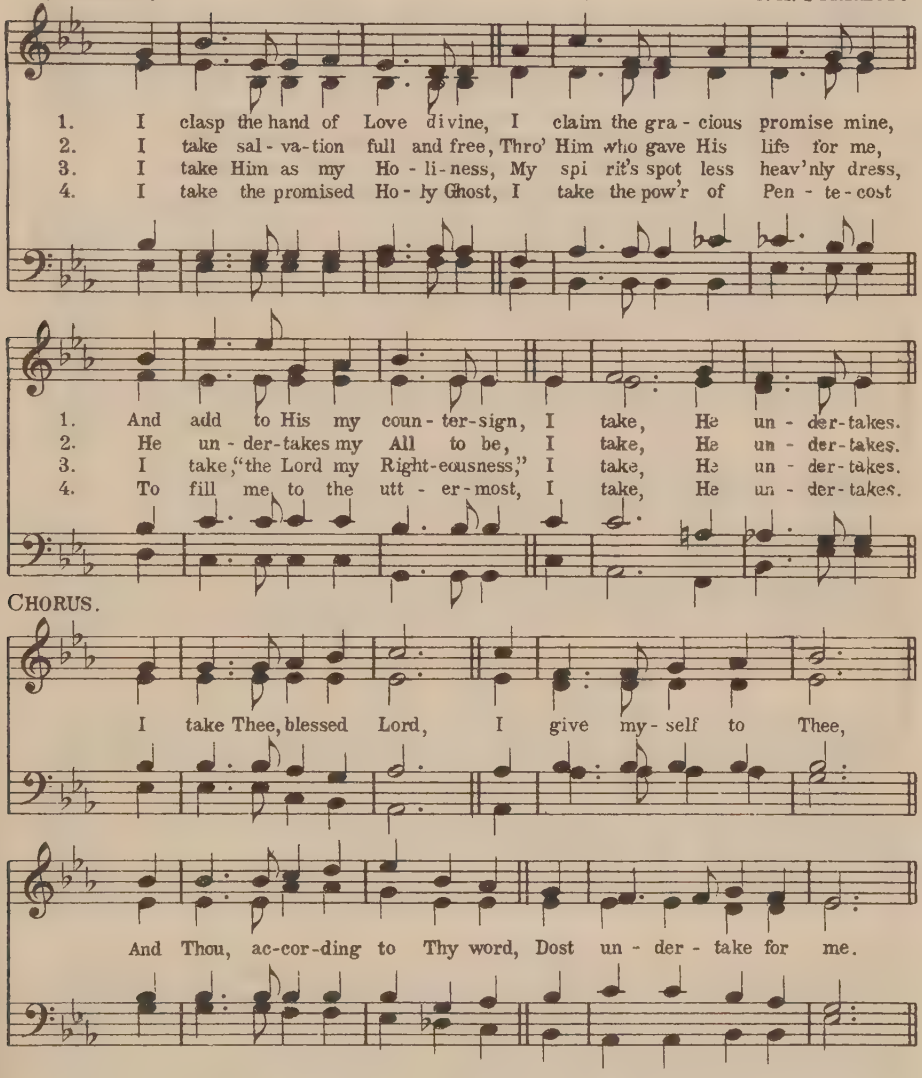
ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

277.

Jessie H. Brown. D. B. Towner.


1. A - nywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, A - ny-where He
2. A - nywhere with Je - sus I am not a - lone, O - ther friends may
3. A - nywhere with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark - ling
1. leads me in this world be - low. A - ny-where with - out Him, dear - est
2. fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
3. sha-dows round a - bout me creep. Knowing I shall wak - en nev - er
1. joys would fade, A - nywhere with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
2. drear-est ways, A - nywhere with Je - sus is a house of praise.
3. more to roam, A - nywhere with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
A - ny-where! a - ny-where! Fear I can - not know.
A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

278. I TAKE, HE UNDERTAKES.

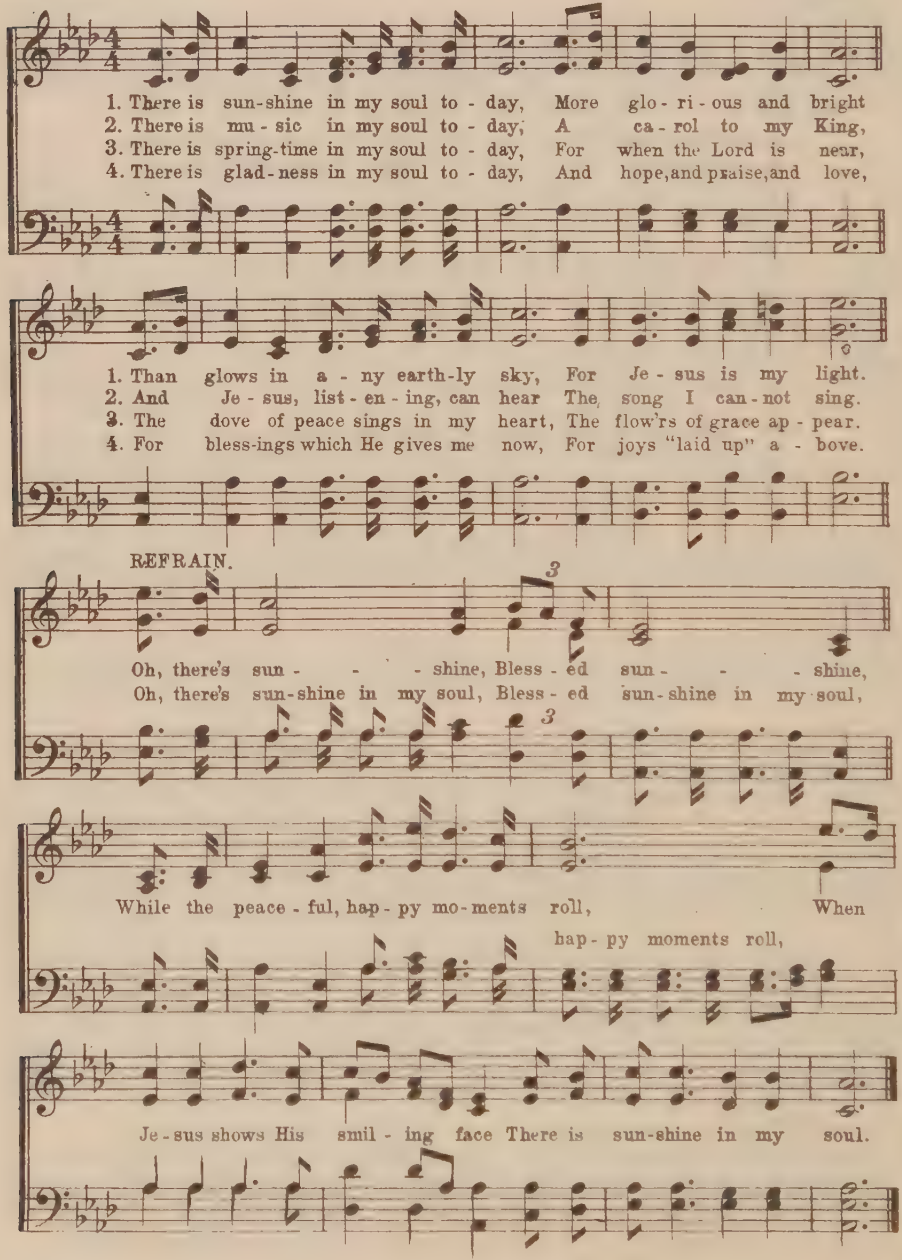
A. B. SIMPSON. C. H. FORREST.

1. I clasp the hand of Love divine, I claim the gra - cious promise mine,
2. I take sal - va - tion full and free, Thro' Him who gave His life for me,
3. I take Him as my Ho - li - ness, My spi rit's spot less heav'nly dress,
4. I take the promised Ho - ly Ghost, I take the pow'r of Pen - te - cost
1. And add to His my coun - ter - sign, I take, He un - der - takes.
2. He un - der - takes my All to be, I take, He un - der - takes.
3. I take, "the Lord my Right-eousness," I take, He un - der - takes.
4. To fill me to the utt - er - most, I take, He un - der - takes.
CHORUS.
I take Thee, blessed Lord, I give my - self to Thee,
And Thou, ac-cor-ding to Thy word, Dost un - der - take for me.

5. I take Him for this mortal frame,
I take my healing through His name,
And all His risen life I claim,
"I take, He undertakes"

6. I simply take Him at His word,
I praise Him that my prayer is heard
And claim my answer from the Lord,
"I take, He undertakes."

A. B. SIMPSON.

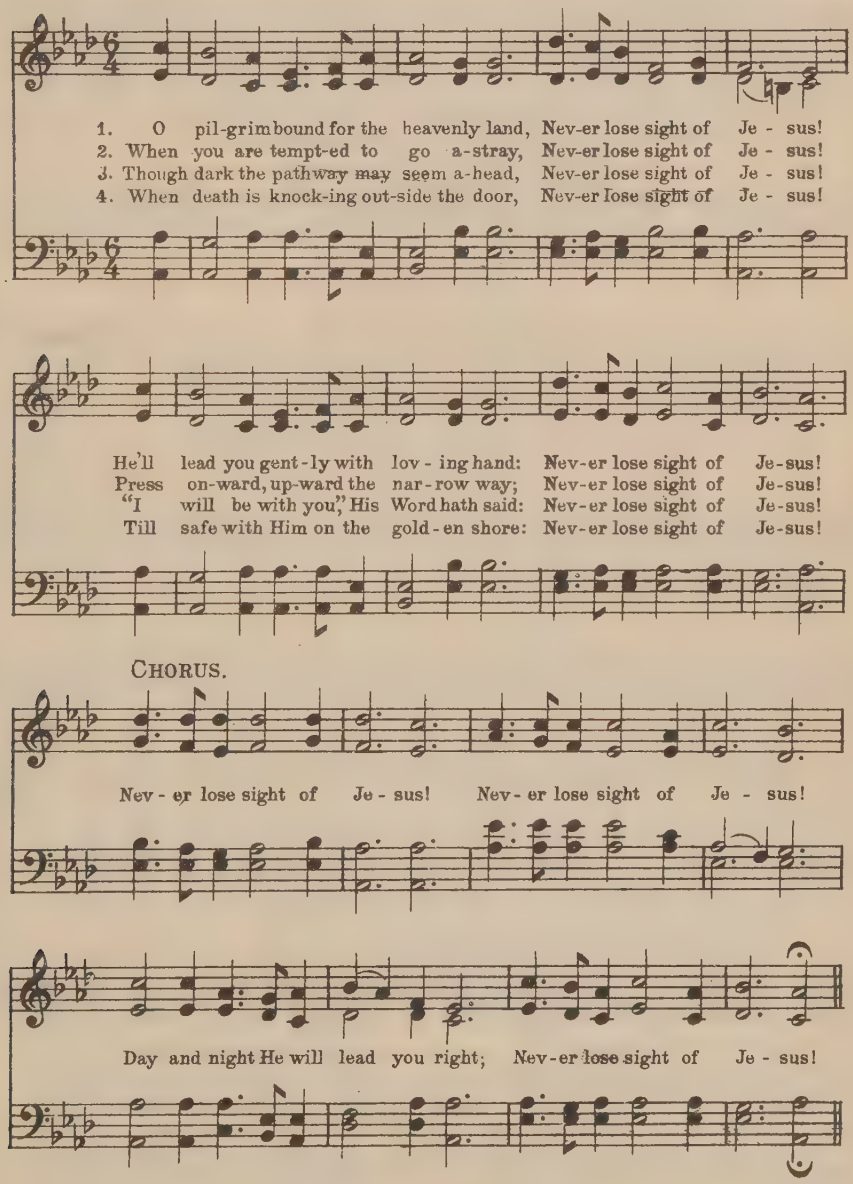
279. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There is sun-shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There is mu - sic in my soul to - day, A ca - rol to my King,
3. There is spring-time in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There is glad-ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,
1. Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
2. And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The song I can - not sing.
3. The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
4. For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Oh, there's sun - - - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - - - shine,
Oh, there's sun-shine in my soul, Bless - ed sun-shine in my soul,
While the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll, When
hap - py moments roll,
Je - sus shows His smil - ing face There is sun-shine in my soul.

Never Lose Sight of Jesus!

280. *Looking unto Jesus.* Heb. xii.2.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN arr. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. O pil-grim bound for the heavenly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je - sus!
2. When you are tempt-ed to go a-stray, Nev-er lose sight of Je - sus!
3. Though dark the path-way may seem a-head, Nev-er lose sight of Je - sus!
4. When death is knock-ing out-side the door, Nev-er lose sight of Je - sus!
He'll lead you gent-ly with lov - ing hand: Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus!
Press on-ward, up-ward the nar-row way; Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus!
"I will be with you," His Word hath said: Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus!
Till safe with Him on the gold-en shore: Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus!
CHORUS.
Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus! Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus!
Day and night He will lead you right; Nev-er lose sight of Je - sus!

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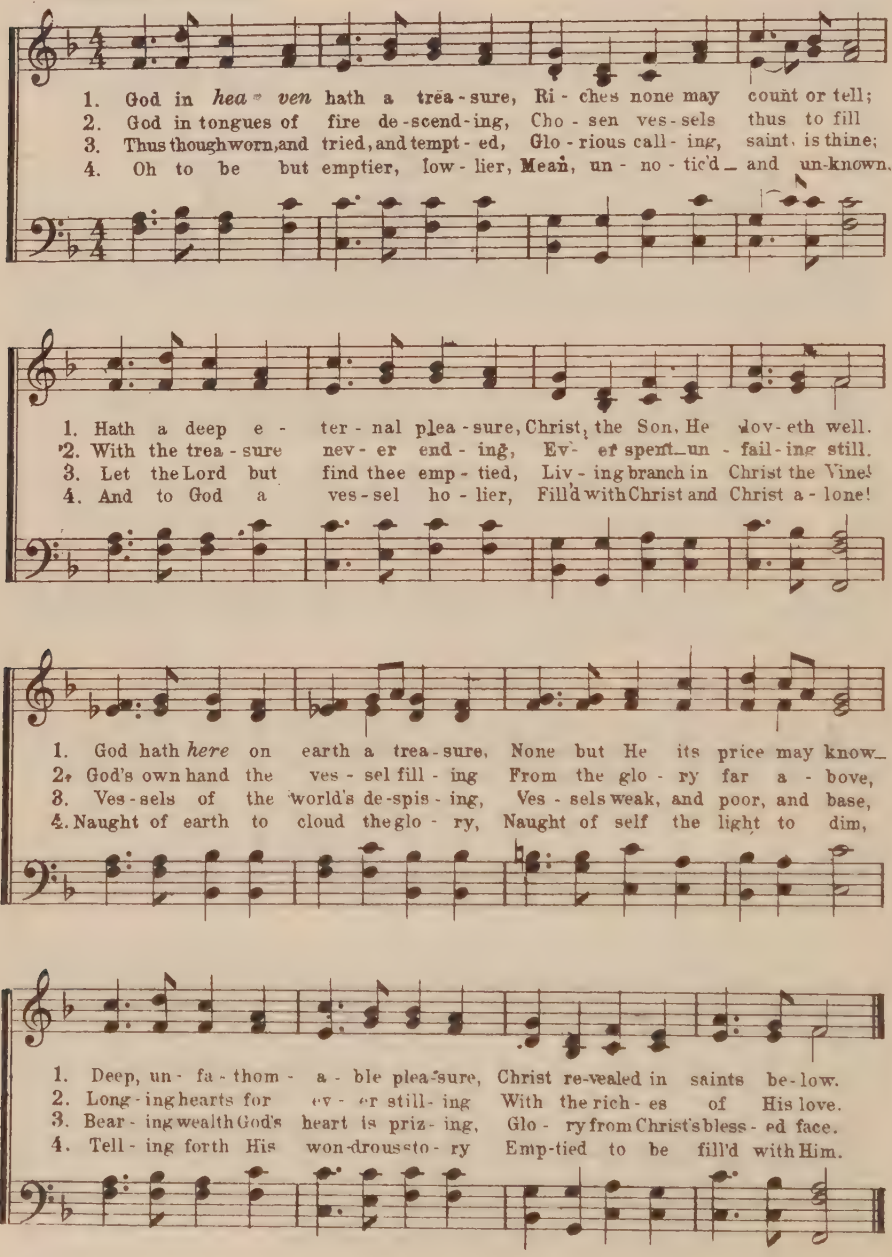
281. GOD IN HEAVEN HATH A TREASURE.

Tr. Frances Bevan. Arr. A. W. B.

1. God in hea - ven hath a trea - sure, Ri - ches none may count or tell;
2. God in tongues of fire de-scend-ing, Cho - sen ves-sels thus to fill
3. Thus though worn, and tried, and tempt - ed, Glo - rious call - ing, saint, is thine;
4. Oh to be but emptier, low - lier, Mean, un - no - tic'd and un-known.
1. Hath a deep e - ter - nal plea - sure, Christ, the Son, He lov-eth well.
2. With the trea - sure nev - er end - ing, Ev - er spent un - fail - ing still.
3. Let the Lord but find thee emp - tied, Liv - ing branch in Christ the Vine!
4. And to God a ves - sel ho - lier, Fill'd with Christ and Christ a - lone!
1. God hath here on earth a trea - sure, None but He its price may know.
2. God's own hand the ves - sel fill - ing From the glo - ry far a - bove,
3. Ves - sels of the world's de-spis - ing, Ves - sels weak, and poor, and base,
4. Naught of earth to cloud the glo - ry, Naught of self the light to dim,
1. Deep, un - fa - thom - a - ble plea-sure, Christ re-vealed in saints be-low.
2. Long - ing hearts for ev - er still - ing With the rich - es of His love.
3. Bear - ing wealth God's heart is priz - ing, Glo - ry from Christ's bless - ed face.
4. Tell - ing forth His won-drous sto - ry Emp-tied to be fill'd with Him.

282. GOD IS FOR US!

To tune on opposite page.

1. God is for us! Thou hast given,
In Thy love, the gift unpriced,
Thine own Son, Thy well beloved,
Thou hast given us the Christ!
We are for Thee, at Thy service,
Yielding all that Thou dost claim,
Heeding not the worldling's scorning,
Jealous only for Thy name.

2. Thou art with us, Thou almighty,
Thro' the darkness, thro' the strife,
Binding up the broken-hearted,
Crowning with eternal life
We are with Thee in Thy warfare
Heart and sword be all thine own;
We are with Thee in Thy triumph,
Joy that earth has never known!

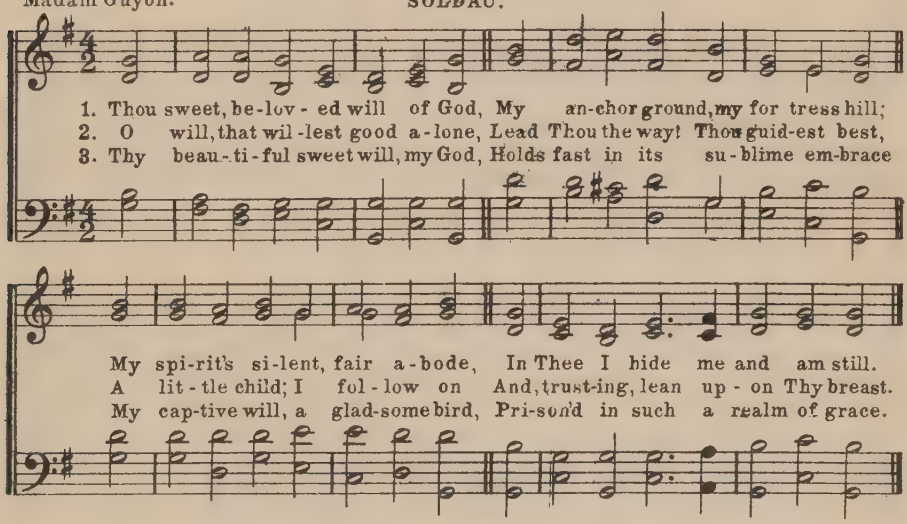
3. Thou art in us, in Thy temple,
So our hearts in silence thrill
While we wait to hear the whisper
Of the blessed Master's will
We are in Thee, in the Holiest,
Here our prayers and praise ascend;
In Thy secret place abiding,
Till the battle din shall end.

W. J. GOVAN.

THOU SWEET, BELOVED WILL OF GOD.

283. *"I delight to do Thy will, O my God."* (Psalm xl. 8.)

Madam Guyon. "SOLDAU."


1. Thou sweet, be-lov - ed will of God, My an-chor ground, my for tress hill;
2. O will, that wil - lest good a - lone, Lead Thou the way! Thou guid-est best,
3. Thy beau - ti - ful sweet will, my God, Holds fast in its su - blime em-brace
My spi-rit's si-lent, fair a - bode, In Thee I hide me and am still.
A lit - tle child; I fol - low on And, trust-ing, lean up - on Thy breast.
My cap-tive will, a glad-some bird, Pri-son'd in such a realm of grace.

4. Within this place of certain good,
Love evermore expands her wings.
Or nestling in Thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

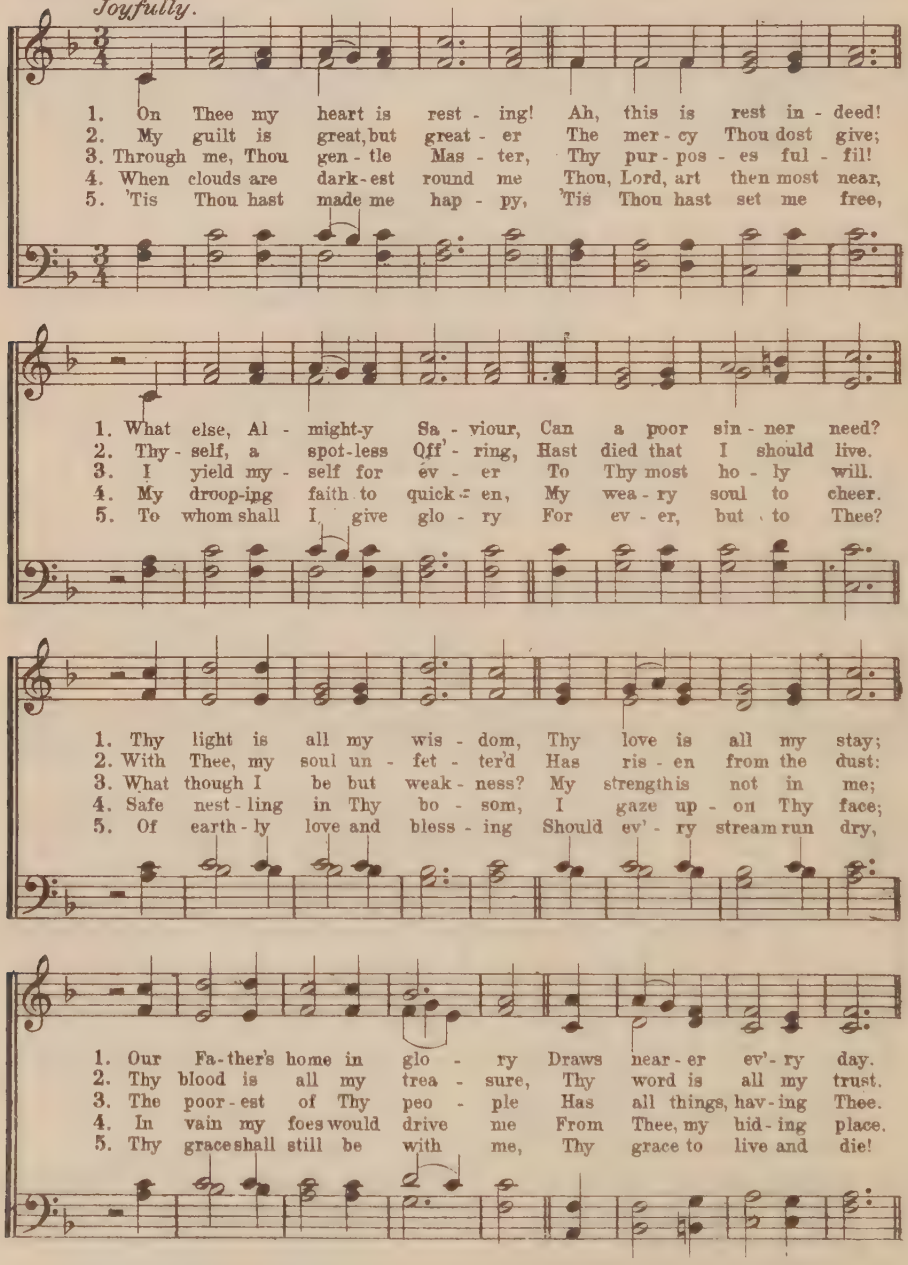
5. Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!
It lifts, it bears, my happy soul,
It giveth wings to this poor heart;
My freedom is Thy grand control.

6. Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast:
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.

7. Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine:
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!
To every dear command of Thine.

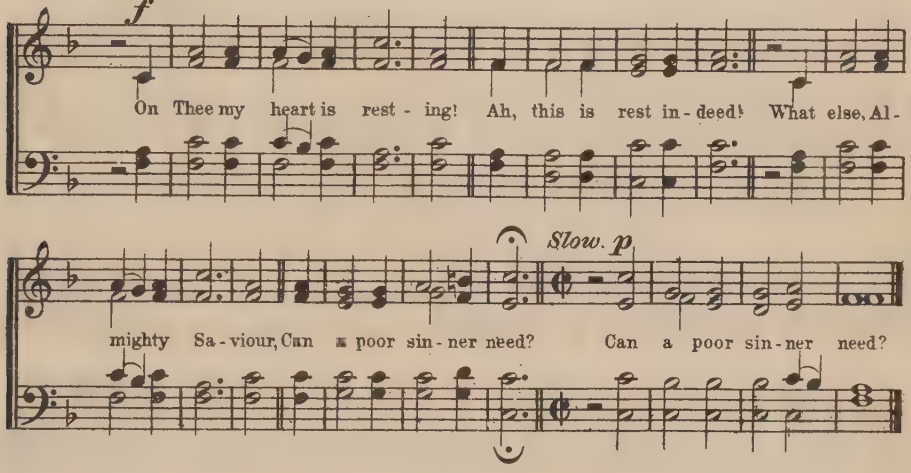
284. ON THEE MY HEART IS RESTING.

Pasteur Theod. Monod. J. Mountain.

Joyfully.

1. On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed!
2. My guilt is great, but great - er The mer - cy Thou dost give;
3. Through me, Thou gen - tle Mas - ter, Thy pur - pos - es ful - fil!
4. When clouds are dark - est round me Thou, Lord, art then most near,
5. 'Tis Thou hast made me hap - py, 'Tis Thou hast set me free,
1. What else, Al - might-y Sa - viour, Can a poor sin - ner need?
2. Thy - self, a spot-less Off' - ring, Hast died that I should live.
3. I yield my - self for ev - er To Thy most ho - ly will.
4. My droop-ing faith to quick - en, My wea - ry soul to cheer.
5. To whom shall I give glo - ry For ev - er, but to Thee?
1. Thy light is all my wis - dom, Thy love is all my stay;
2. With Thee, my soul un - fet - ter'd Has ris - en from the dust:
3. What though I be but weak - ness? My strength is not in me;
4. Safe nest - ling in Thy bo - som, I gaze up - on Thy face;
5. Of earth - ly love and bless - ing Should ev' - ry stream run dry,
1. Our Fa-ther's home in glo - ry Draws near - er ev' - ry day.
2. Thy blood is all my trea - sure, Thy word is all my trust.
3. The poor - est of Thy peo - ple Has all things, hav - ing Thee.
4. In vain my foes would drive me From Thee, my hid - ing place.
5. Thy grace shall still be with me, Thy grace to live and die!

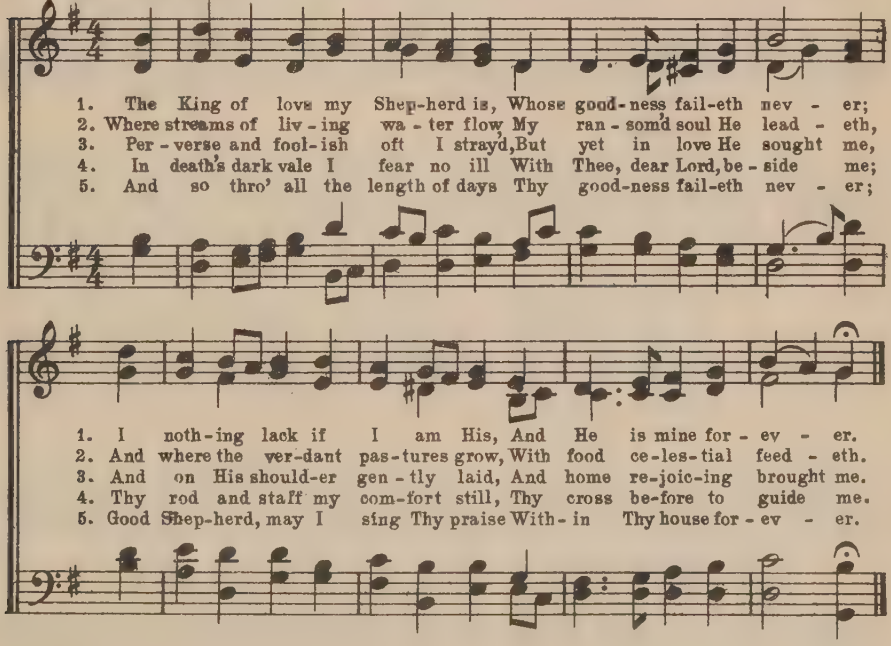
284. ON THEE MY HEART IS RESTING.—*continued.*

CHORUS.


f
On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed! What else, Al-
Slow. p
mighty Sa - viour, Can a poor sin - ner need? Can a poor sin - ner need?

285. THE KING OF LOVE.

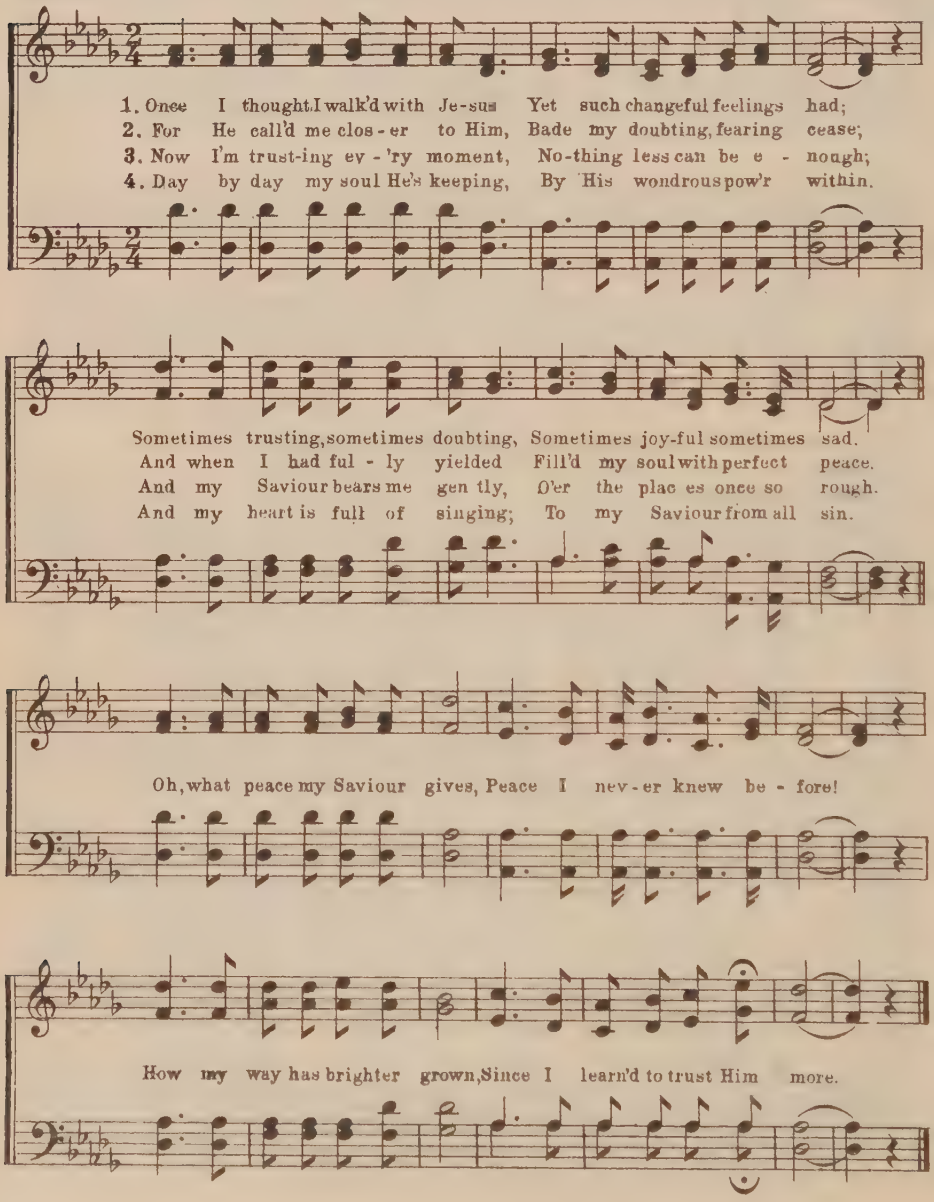
Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker. Dr. J. B. Dykes.


1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran - somd soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool-ish oft I strayd, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
5. And so thro' all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
1. I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
2. And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed - eth.
3. And on His should-er gen - tly laid, And home re-joic-ing brought me.
4. Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
5. Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

TRUSTING MORE.

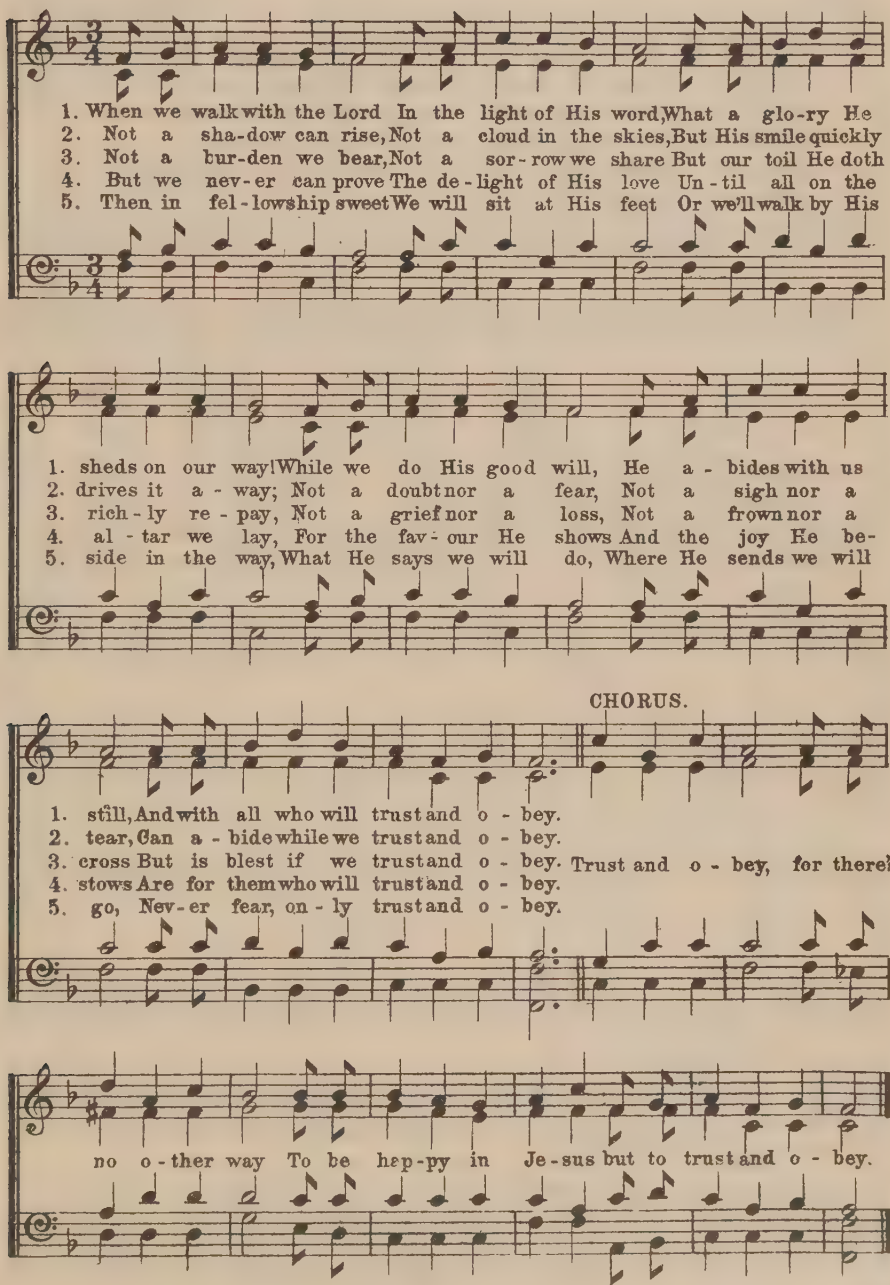
286 *"The Peace of God which passeth all understanding"* (Phil. iv. 7.)

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.


1. Once I thought I walk'd with Je-sus Yet such changeful feelings had;
2. For He call'd me clos-er to Him, Bade my doubting, fearing cease;
3. Now I'm trust-ing ev-'ry moment, No-thing less can be e-nough;
4. Day by day my soul He's keeping, By His wondrous pow'r within.
Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joy-ful sometimes sad.
And when I had ful-ly yielded Fill'd my soul with perfect peace.
And my Saviour bears me gen tly, O'er the plac es once so rough.
And my heart is full of singing; To my Saviour from all sin.
Oh, what peace my Saviour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be-fore!
How my way has brighter grown, Since I learn'd to trust Him more.

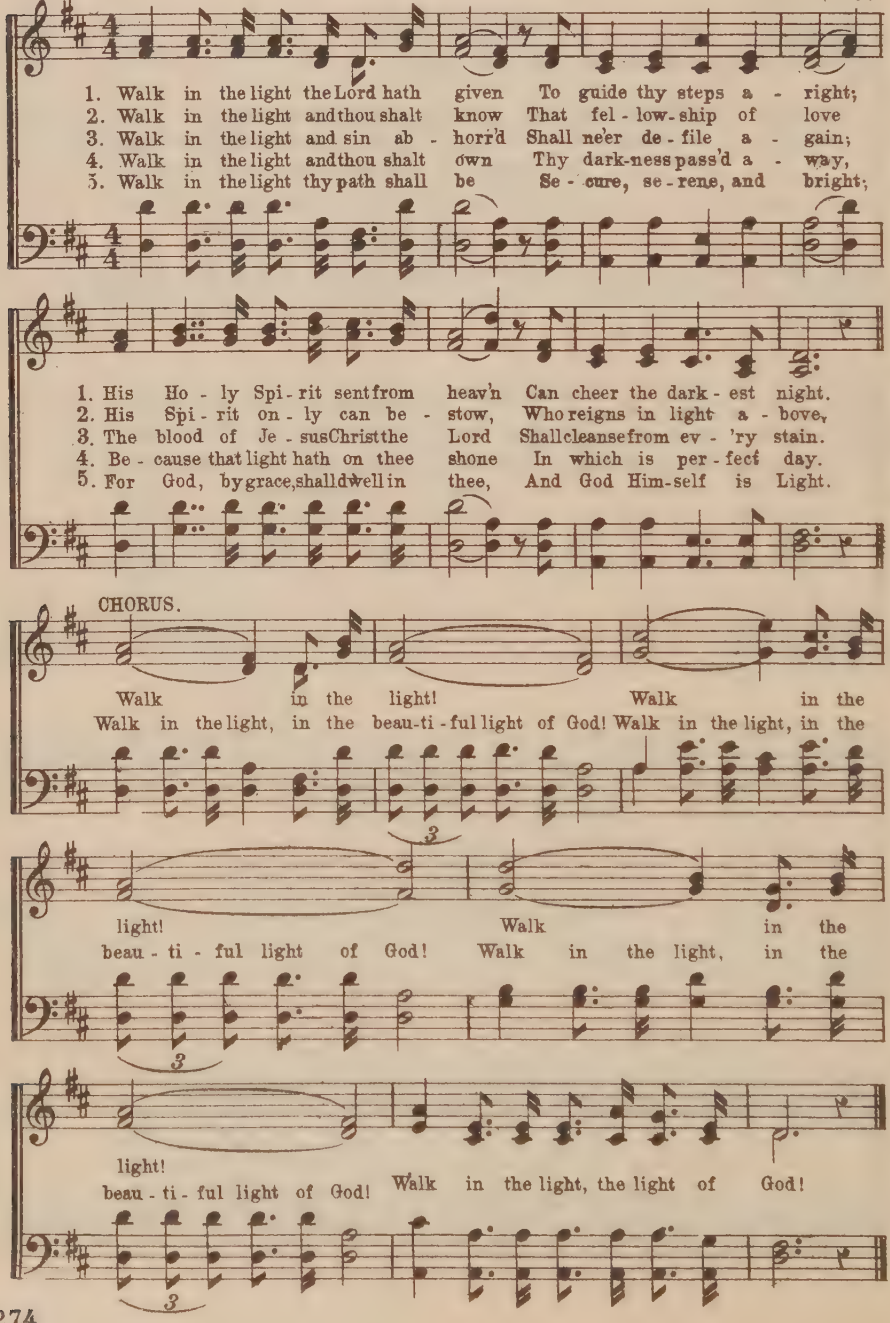
287. TRUST AND OBEY.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
2. Not a sha-dow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-light of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-lowship sweet We will sit at His feet Or we'll walk by His
1. sheds on our way While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
2. drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
3. rich-ly re-pay, Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
4. al-tar we lay, For the fav-our He shows And the joy He be-
5. side in the way, What He says we will do, Where He sends we will
CHORUS.
1. still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
2. tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
3. cross But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
4. stows Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
5. go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.
Trust and o-bey, for there's
no o-ther way To be hap-py in Je-sus but to trust and o-bey.

288. WALK IN THE LIGHT!

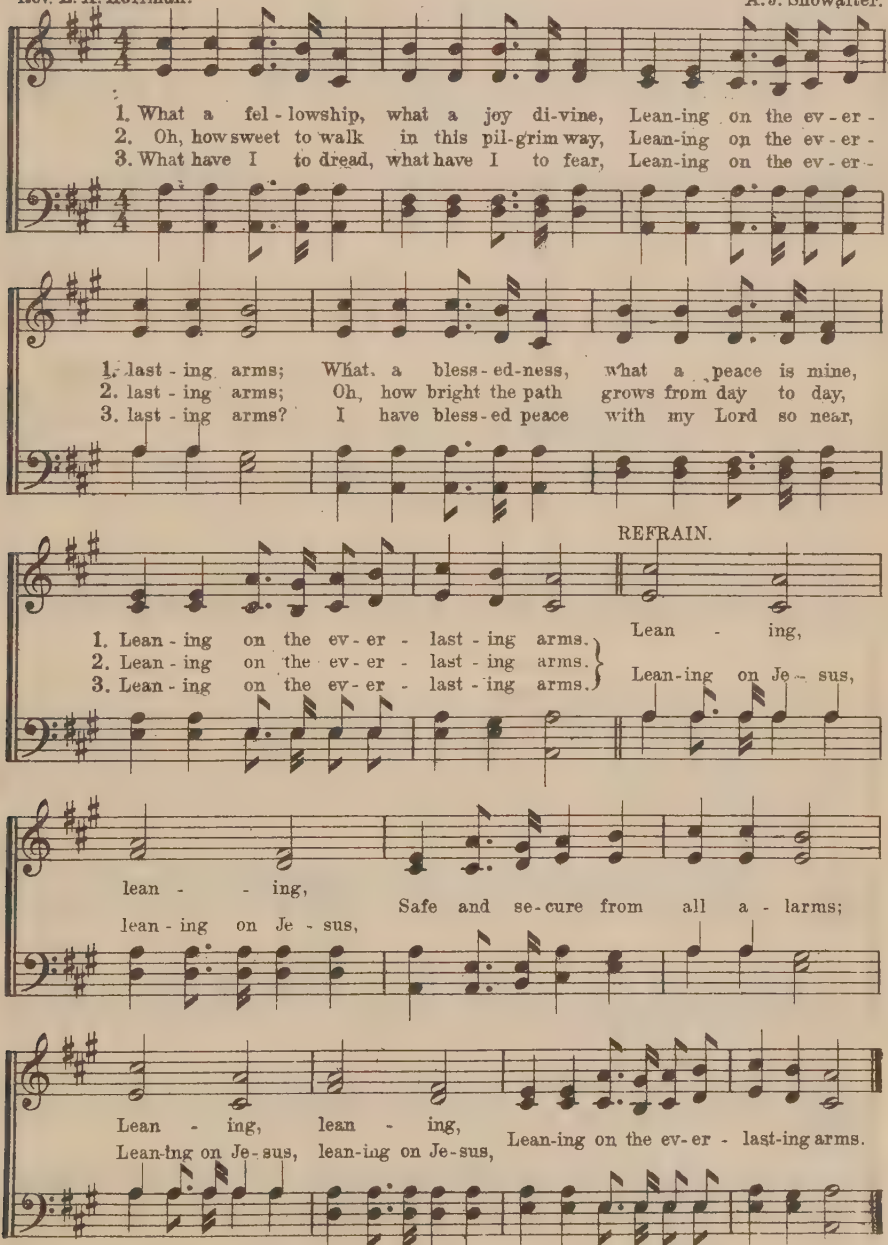
"*If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship One with another.*" (I John i. 7).

Asa Hull. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light and thou shalt know That fel - low-ship of love
3. Walk in the light and sin ab - hor'd Shall ne'er de - file a - gain;
4. Walk in the light and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness pass'd a - way,
5. Walk in the light thy path shall be Se - cure, se - rene, and bright;
1. His Ho - ly Spi - rit sent from heav'n Can cheer the dark - est night.
2. His Spi - rit on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove,
3. The blood of Je - sus Christ the Lord Shall cleanse from ev - 'ry stain.
4. Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
5. For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him-self is Light.
CHORUS.
Walk in the light! Walk in the
Walk in the light, in the beau-ti - ful light of God! Walk in the light, in the
light! Walk in the
beau - ti - ful light of God! Walk in the light, in the
light!
beau - ti - ful light of God! Walk in the light, the light of God!

LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

289.

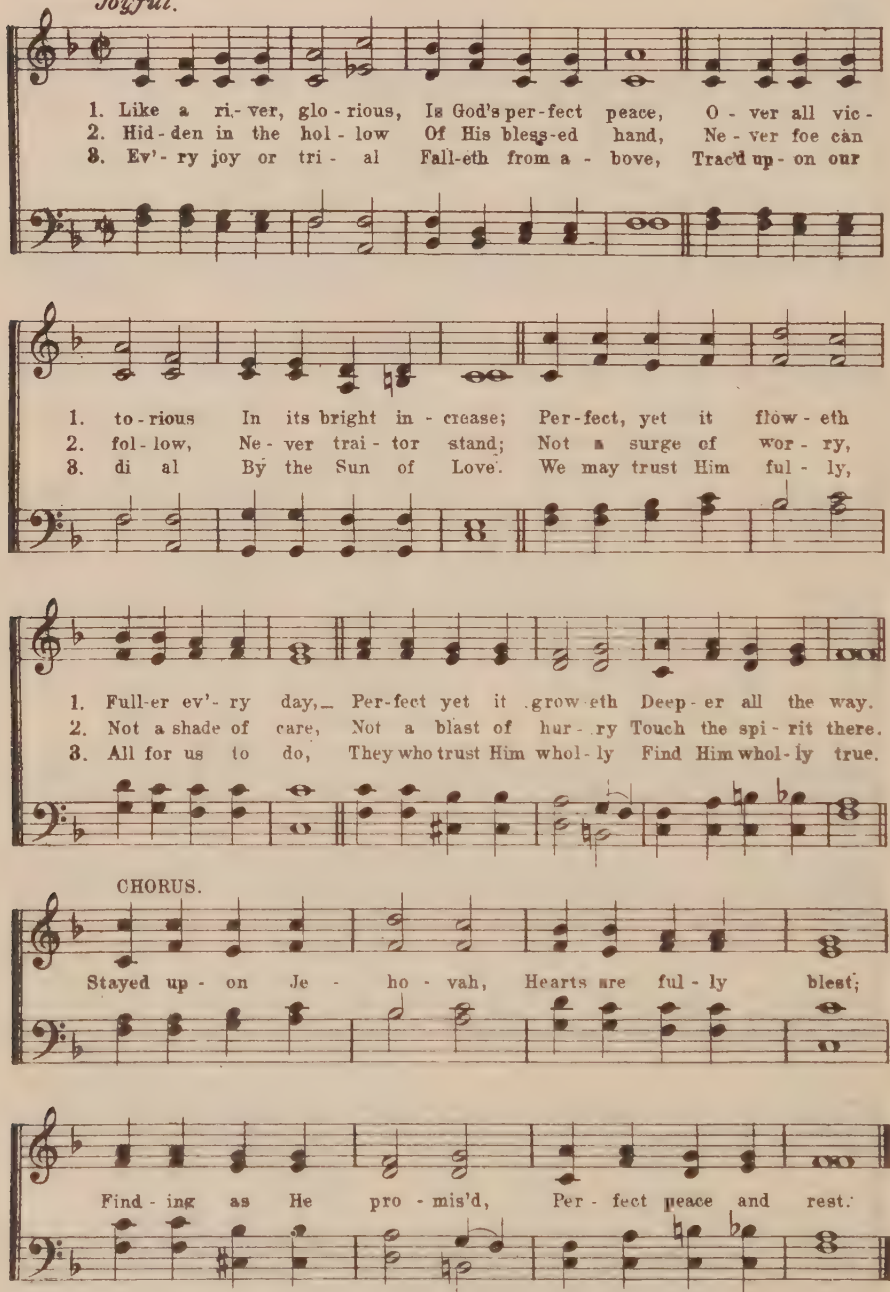
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.


1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
1. last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
2. last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
3. last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
1. Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
2. Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
3. Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je - sus,
lean - - ing,
lean - ing on Je - sus,
Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing, lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean-ing on the ev-er - last-ing arms.

290.

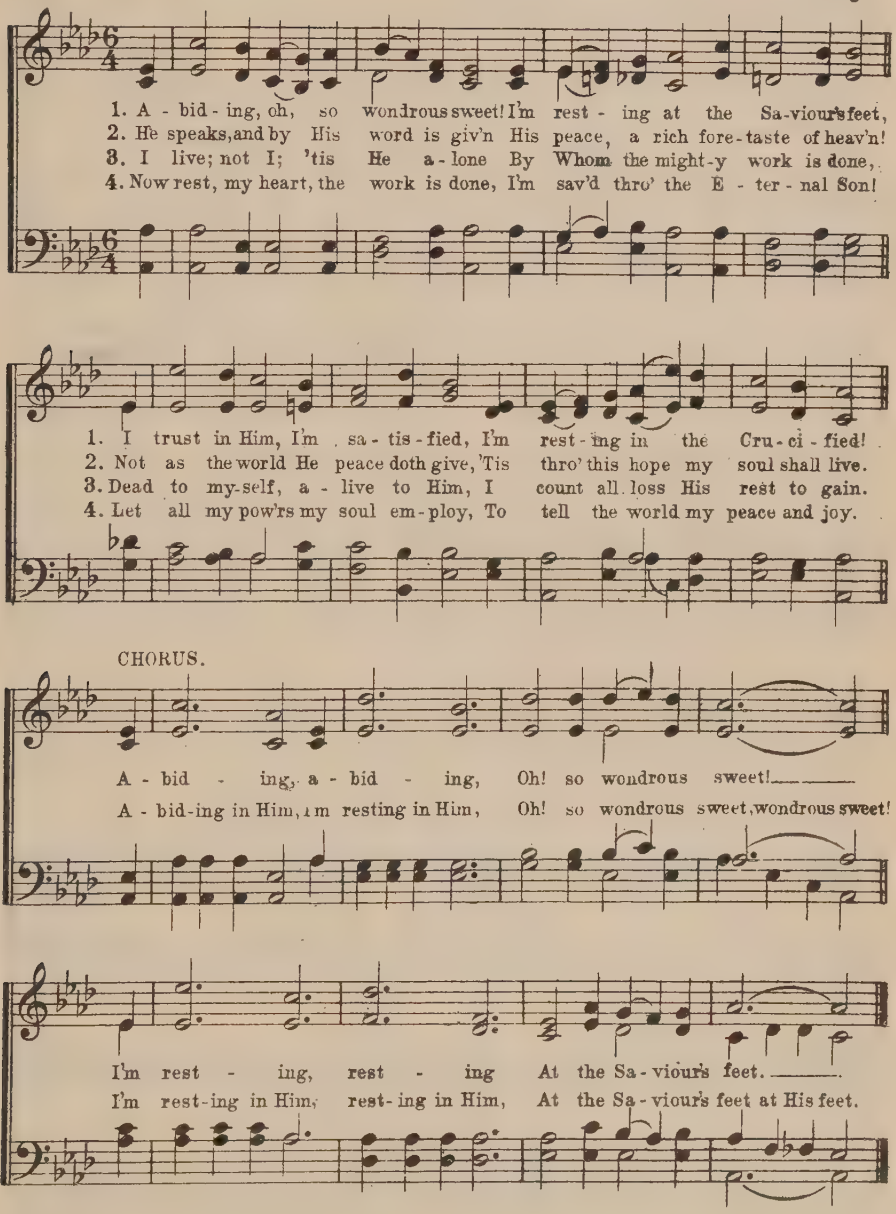
PERFECT PEACE.

Frances R. Havergal. J. Mountain.

Joyful.

1. Like a ri- ver, glo - rious, Is God's per-fect peace, O - ver all vic -
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless-ed hand, Ne - ver foe can
3. Ev'- ry joy or tri - al Fall-eth from a - bove, Trac'd up - on our
1. to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per-fect, yet it flow - eth
2. fol - low, Ne - ver trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
3. di al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful - ly,
1. Full-er ev'- ry day, Per-fect yet it grow-eth Deep - er all the way.
2. Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spi - rit there.
3. All for us to do, They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.
CHORUS.
Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest;
Find - ing as He pro - mis'd, Per - fect peace and rest.

291. ABIDING IN HIM.

Chas. B. J. Root. D. C. Wright.


1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Sa-viour's feet,
2. He speaks, and by His word is giv'n His peace, a rich fore-taste of heav'n!
3. I live; not I; 'tis He a - lone By Whom the might-y work is done,
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm sav'd thro' the E - ter - nal Son!
1. I trust in Him, I'm sa - tis - fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied!
2. Not as the world He peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
3. Dead to my-self, a - live to Him, I count all loss His rest to gain.
4. Let all my pow'rs my soul em-ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy.
CHORUS.
A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, Oh! so wondrous sweet!
A - bid-ing in Him, I'm resting in Him, Oh! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!
I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Sa - viour's feet.
I'm rest-ing in Him, rest-ing in Him, At the Sa - viour's feet at His feet.

292. THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET. Sop. (or Ten.) & Alto.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the

1. cares of life up-on you roll; He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will
2. com-fort to my soul He brings; Lean-ing on His might - y arm, I will
3. chill - y waves of Jor-dan roll, Nev- er need I shrink or fear, For my
4. loved ones who have gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Praising

1. strength and grace im-part; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
2. fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
3. Sa - viour is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
4. Him for ev - er-more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

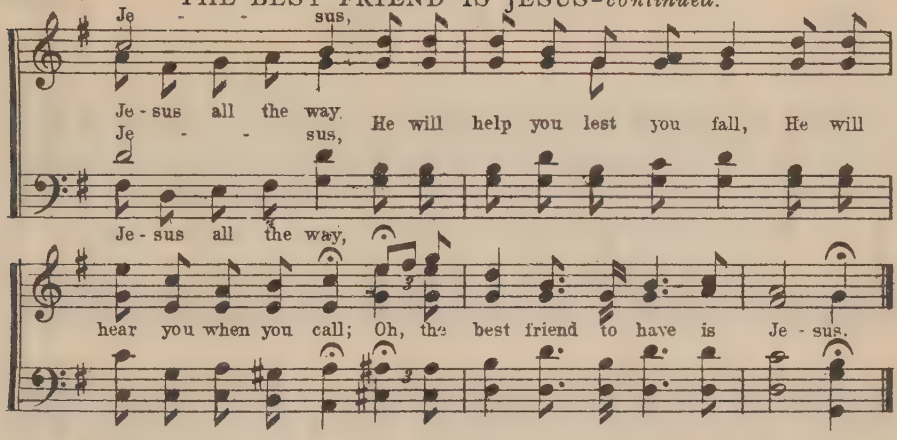
CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Je - - - sus,

The best friend to have is Je-sus ev-'ry day, The best friend to have is

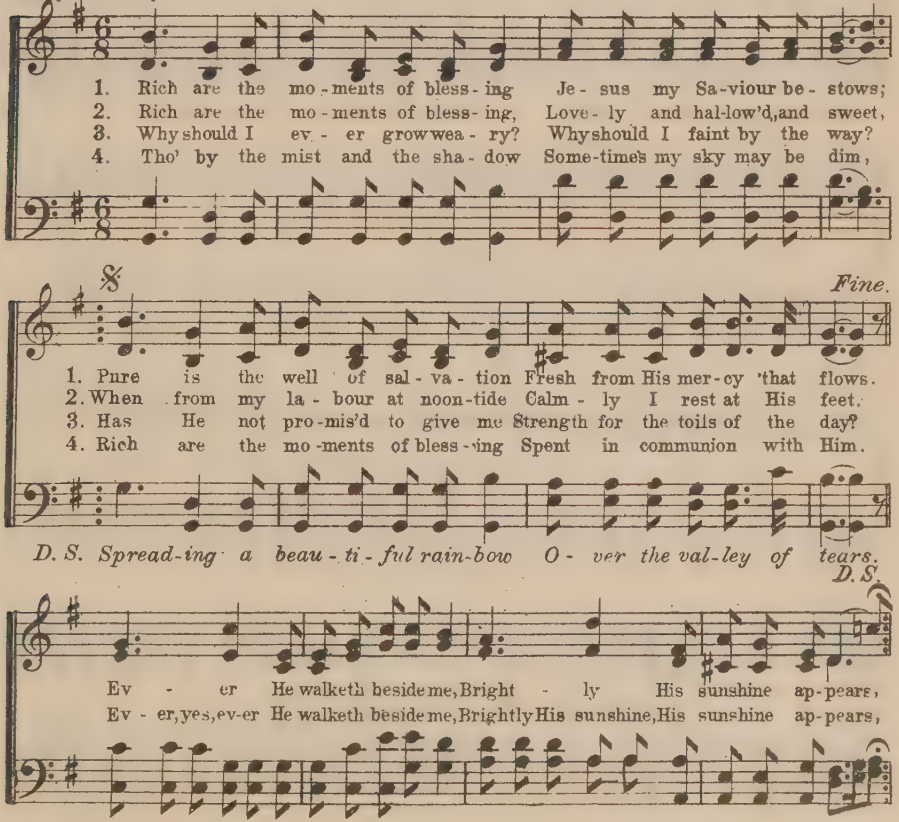
Je - - sus,

292. THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS—*continued.*


Je - - - sus,
Je - sus all the way. He will help you lest you fall, He will
Je - - - sus,
Je - sus all the way,
hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

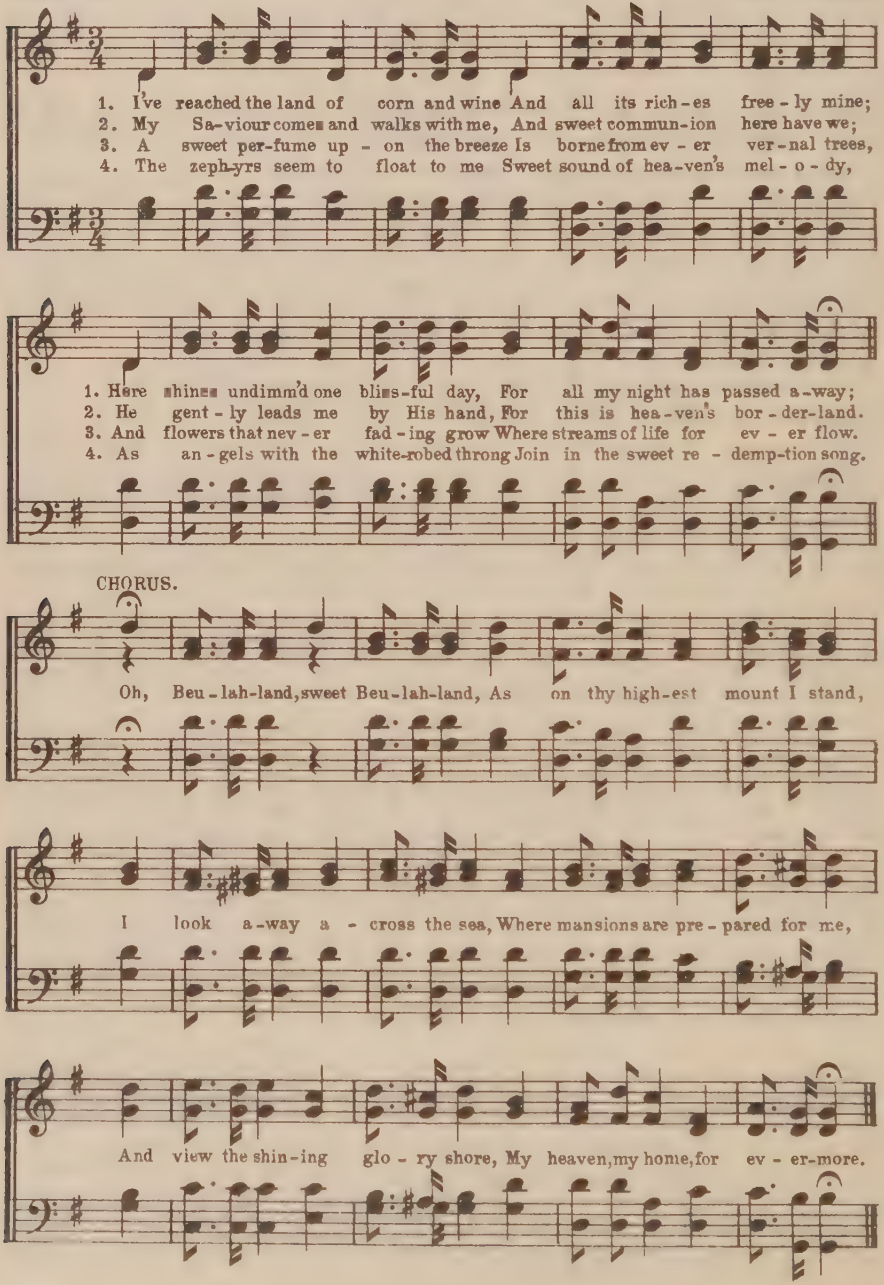
293. MOMENTS OF BLESSING.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

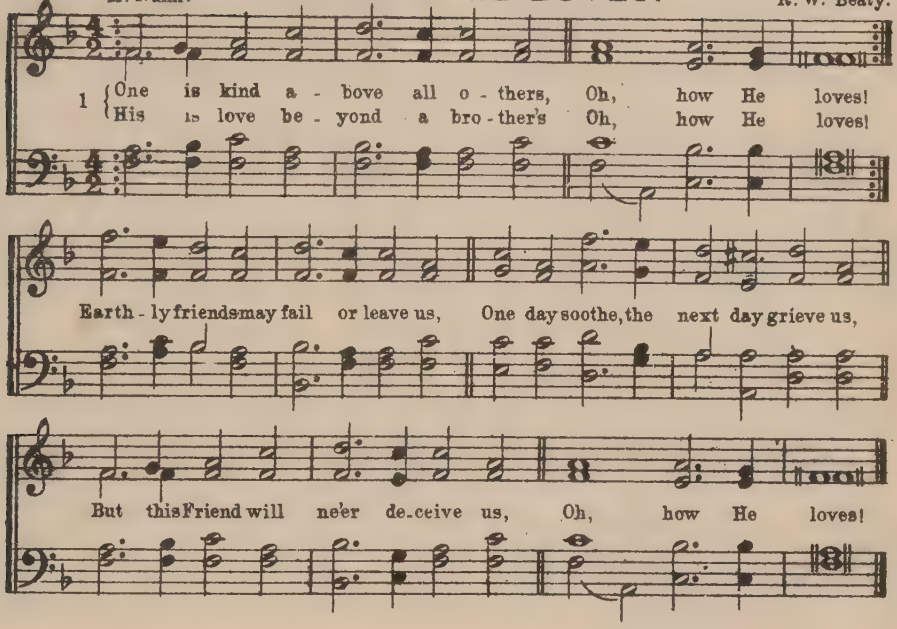

1. Rich are the mo - ments of bless - ing Je - sus my Sa-viour be - stows;
2. Rich are the mo - ments of bless - ing, Love - ly and hal-low'd, and sweet,
3. Why should I ev - er grow wea - ry? Why should I faint by the way?
4. Tho' by the mist and the sha - dow Some-times my sky may be dim,
Fine.
1. Pure is the well of sal - va - tion Fresh from His mer - cy that flows.
2. When from my la - bour at noon-tide Calm - ly I rest at His feet.
3. Has He not pro-mis'd to give me Strength for the toils of the day?
4. Rich are the mo - ments of bless - ing Spent in communion with Him.
D. S. Spread-ing a beau - ti - ful rain-bow O - ver the val-ley of tears.
D. S.
Ev - er He walketh beside me, Bright - ly His sunshine ap-pears,
Ev - er, yes, ev-er He walketh beside me, Brightly His sunshine, His sunshine ap-pears,

294. BEULAH LAND.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine And all its rich-es free-ly mine;
2. My Sa-viour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sound of hea-ven's mel-o-dy,
1. Here shines undimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way;
2. He gent-ly leads me by His hand, For this is hea-ven's bor-der-land.
3. And flowers that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for ev-er flow.
4. As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
Oh, Beu-lah-land, sweet Beu-lah-land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heaven, my home, for ev-er-more.

295. M. Nunn. **OH! HOW HE LOVES.** R. W. Beaty.


1 One is kind a - bove all o - thers, Oh, how He loves!
His is love be - yond a bro - ther's Oh, how He loves!
Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!

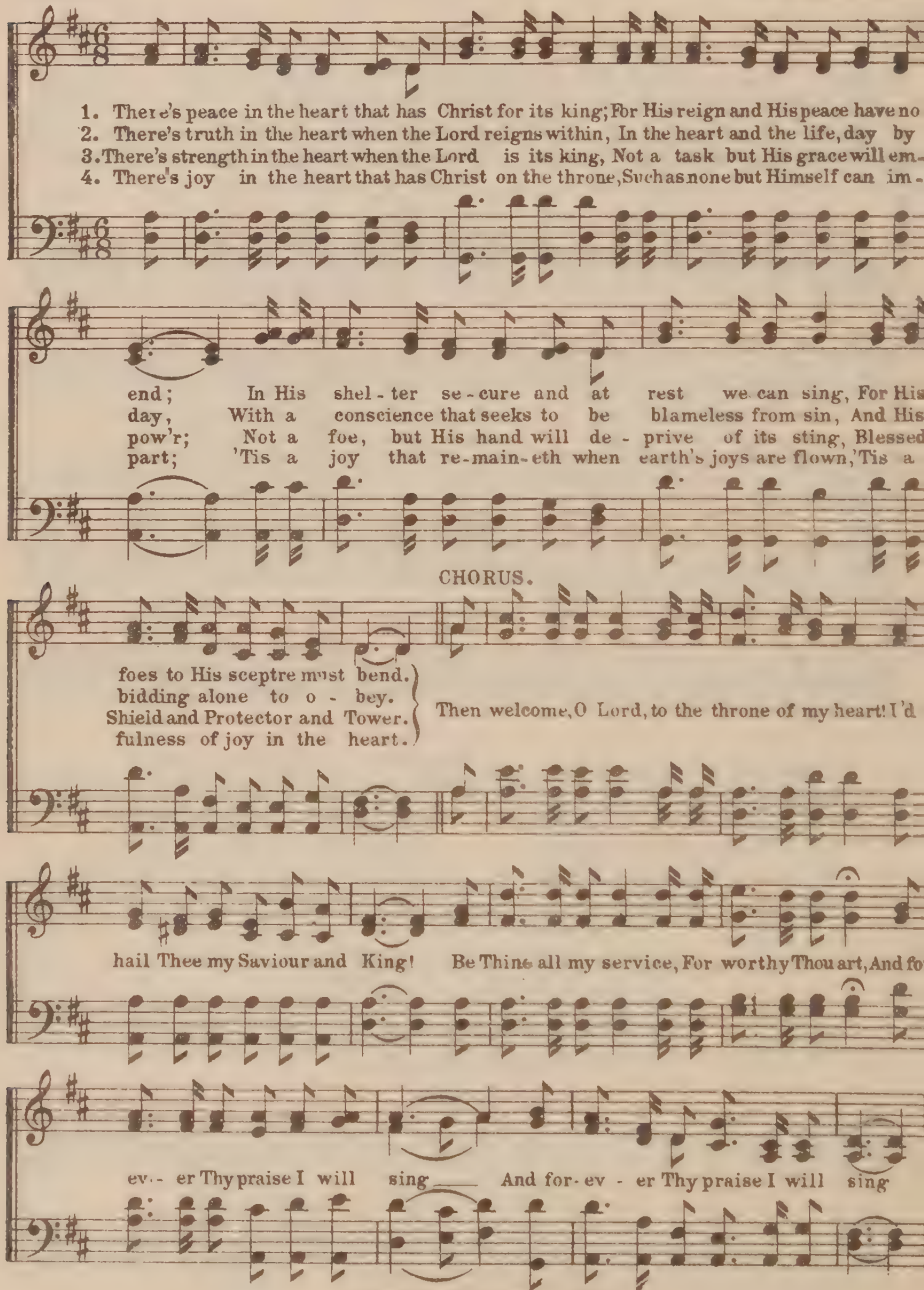
2. 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Think, oh, think, how much we owe Him,
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3. We have found a friend in Jesus,
'Tis His great delight to bless us,
How our hearts delight to hear Him,
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!
Why should we distrust and fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

4. Through His name we are forgiven,
Backward shall our foes be driven,
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good can e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,
Oh, how He loves!

296. WHERE CHRIST IS KING.

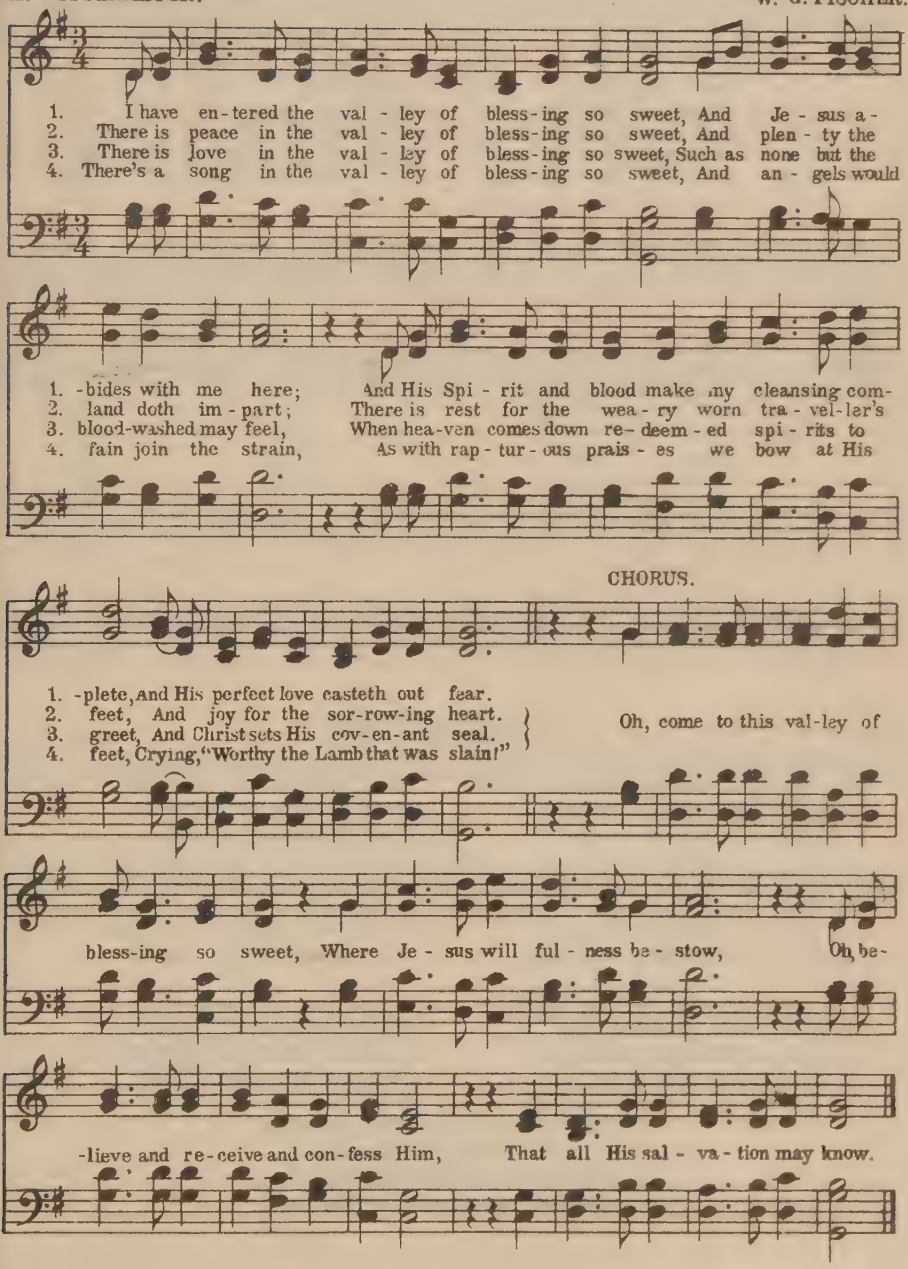
H.E.Govan. Wm J. Kirkpatrick


1. There's peace in the heart that has Christ for its king; For His reign and His peace have no
2. There's truth in the heart when the Lord reigns within, In the heart and the life, day by
3. There's strength in the heart when the Lord is its king, Not a task but His grace will em-
4. There's joy in the heart that has Christ on the throne, Such as none but Himself can im-
end; In His shel-ter se-cure and at rest we can sing, For His
day, With a conscience that seeks to be blameless from sin, And His
pow'r; Not a foe, but His hand will de-prive of its sting, Blessed
part; 'Tis a joy that re-main-eth when earth's joys are flown, 'Tis a
CHORUS.
foes to His sceptre must bend.
bidding alone to o-bey.
Shield and Protector and Tower.
fulness of joy in the heart.
Then welcome, O Lord, to the throne of my heart! I'd
hail Thee my Saviour and King! Be Thine all my service, For worthy Thou art, And fo
ev-er Thy praise I will sing — And for-ev-er Thy praise I will sing

Alternative Tune 628.

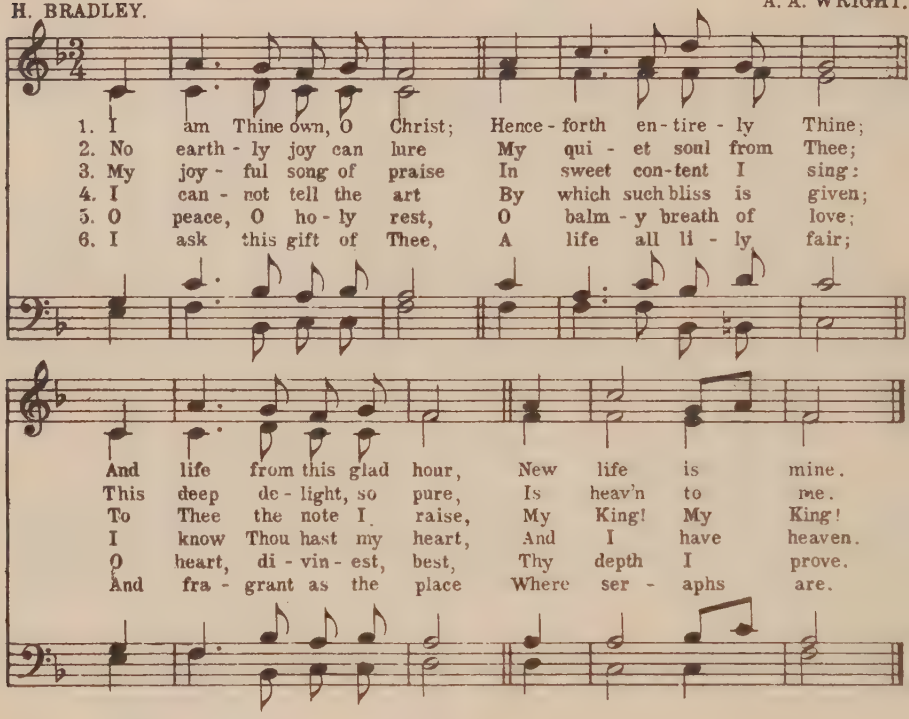
297. THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

A. WITTENMEYER. W. G. FISCHER.


1. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-
2. There is peace in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen-ty the
3. There is love in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but the
4. There's a song in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And an-gels would
1. -bides with me here; And His Spi-rit and blood make my cleansing com-
2. land doth im-part; There is rest for the wea-ry worn tra-vel-ler's
3. blood-washed may feel, When hea-ven comes down re-deem-ed spi-rits to
4. fain join the strain, As with rap-tur-ous prais-es we bow at His
CHORUS.
1. -plete, And His perfect love casteth out fear.
2. feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.
3. greet, And Christ sets His cov-en-ant seal.
4. feet, Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"
Oh, come to this val-ley of
bless-ing so sweet, Where Je-sus will ful-ness be-stow, Oh, be-
-lieve and re-ceive and con-fess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

298. I AM THINE OWN, O CHRIST.

H. BRADLEY. A. A. WRIGHT.


1. I am Thine own, O Christ; Hence-forth en-tire-ly Thine;
2. No earth-ly joy can lure My qui-et soul from Thee;
3. My joy-ful song of praise In sweet con-tent I sing:
4. I can-not tell the art By which such bliss is given;
5. O peace, O ho-ly rest, O balm-y breath of love;
6. I ask this gift of Thee, A life all li-ly fair;
And life from this glad hour, New life is mine.
This deep de-light, so pure, Is heav'n to me.
To Thee the note I raise, My King! My King!
I know Thou hast my heart, And I have heaven.
O heart, di-vin-est, best, Thy depth I prove.
And fra-grant as the place Where ser-aphs are.

299.

To tune on opposite page.

1. Hast thou heard Him, seen Him known
   Is not thine a captured heart? Him?
   Chief among ten thousand own Him,
   Joyful choose the better part.

2. Idols once they won thee, charmed thee,
   Lovely things of time and sense;
   Gilded thus does sin disarm thee,
   Honeyed lest thou turn thee thence.

3. What has stript the seeming beauty
   From the idols of the earth?
   Not a sense of right or duty,
   But the sight of peerless worth.

4. Not the crushing of those idols,
   With its bitter void and smart;
   But the beaming of His beauty
   The unveiling of His heart.

5. Who extinguishes their taper
   Till they hail the rising sun?
   Who discards the garb of winter
   Till the summer has begun?

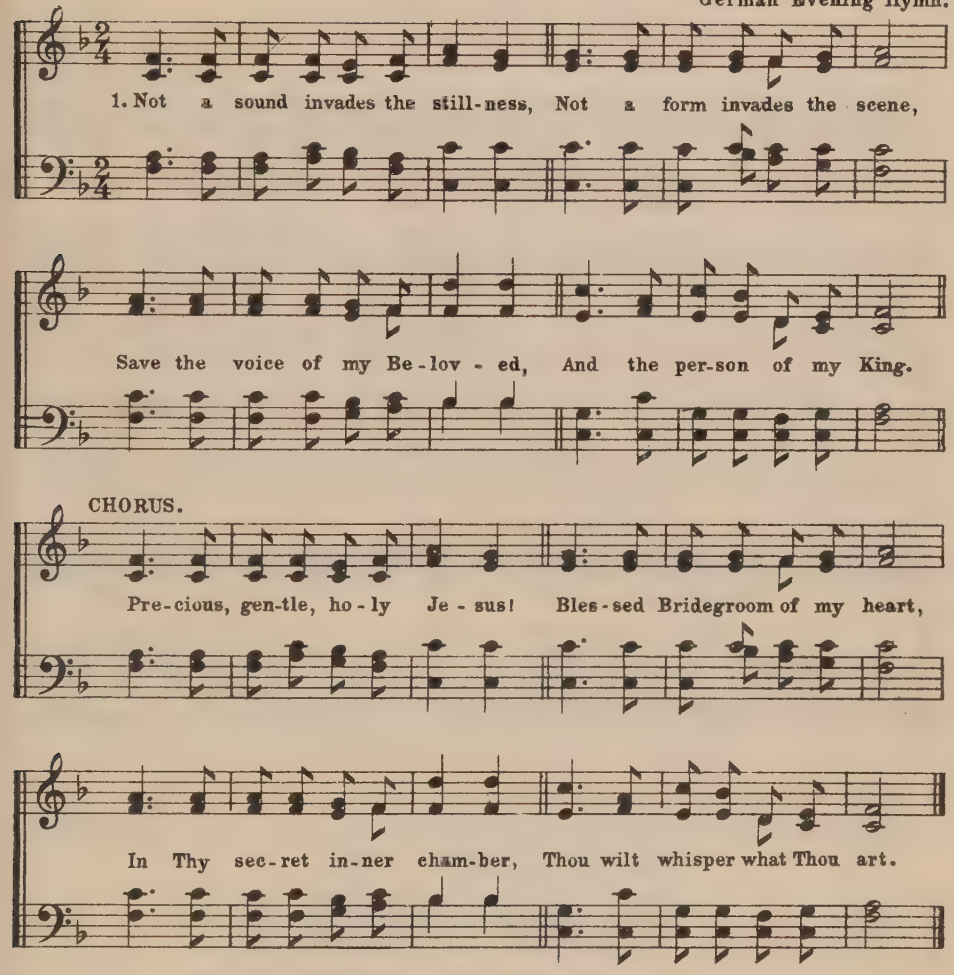
6. 'Tis that look that melted Peter,
   'Tis that face that Stephen saw,
   'Tis that heart that wept with Mary,
   Can alone from idols draw:

7. Draw and win and fill completely,
   Till the cup o'erflow the brim;
   What have we to do with idols
   Who have companied with Him?

Anon.

300. THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

German Evening Hymn.


1. Not a sound invades the still-ness, Not a form invades the scene,
Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per-son of my King.
CHORUS.
Pre-cious, gen-tle, ho-ly Je-sus! Bles-sed Bridegroom of my heart,
In Thy sec-ret in-ner cham-ber, Thou wilt whisper what Thou art.

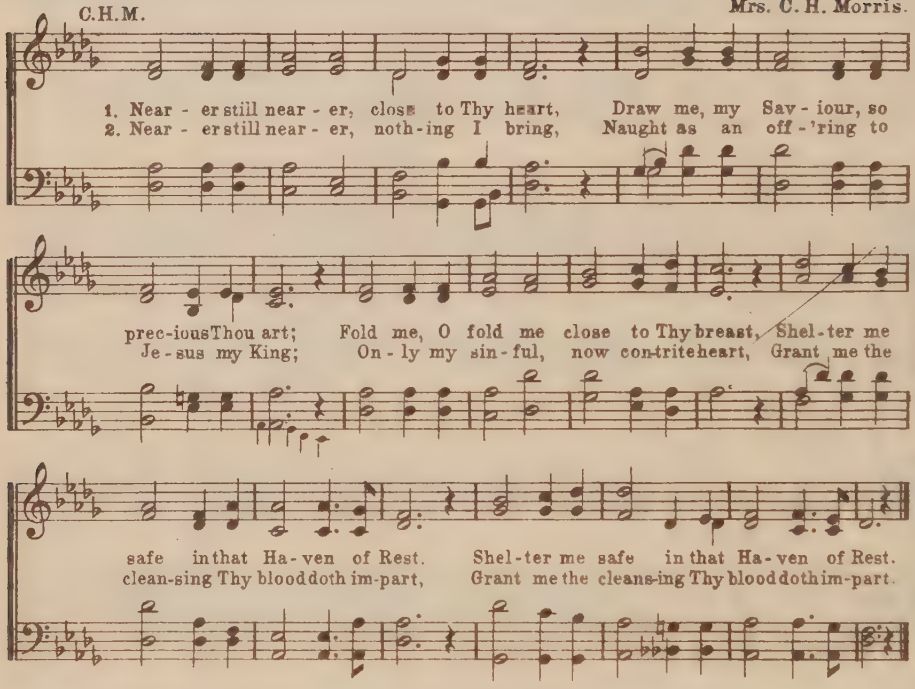
2. And within those heavenly places,
Calmly hushed in sweet repose,
There I drink, with joy absorbing
All the love Thou wouldst disclose.

3. Wrapt in deep adoring silence,
Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,
Lest I lose the smallest saying
Meant to catch the ear of love.

4. Rest then, O my soul, contented:
Thou hast reached thy happy place,
In the bosom of my Saviour,
Gazing up in His dear face.

301. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C.H.M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Near - er still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to
prec-ious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the
safe in that Ha - ven of Rest. Shel - ter me safe in that Ha - ven of Rest.
clean-sing Thy blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im-part.

3.

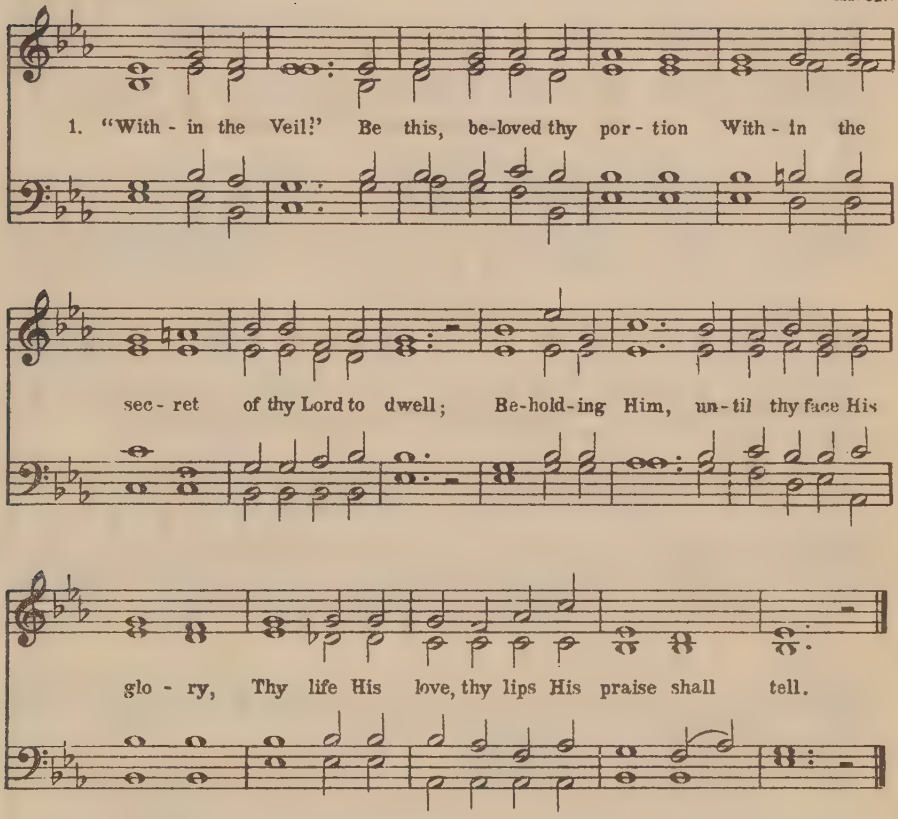
Nearer, still nearer! Lord to be Thine,
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign;
All of its pleasures, pomp, and its pride;
Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified.

4.

Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,
Till all its struggles and trials are past;
Then thro' eternity, ever I'll be
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

302. WITHIN THE VEIL.

F. H. ALLEN. ANON.


1. "With - in the Veil!" Be this, be-loved thy por - tion With - in the
sec - ret of thy Lord to dwell; Be-hold-ing Him, un - til thy face His
glo - ry, Thy life His love, thy lips His praise shall tell.

2. "Within the Veil," for only as thou gazest
Upon the matchless beauty of His face,
Canst thou become a living revelation
Of His great heart of love, His untold grace.

3. "Within the Veil," His fragrance poured upon thee,
Without the Veil, that fragrance shed abroad;
"Within the Veil," His hand shall tune the music
Which sounds on earth the praises of thy Lord.

4. "Within the Veil," thy spirit deeply anchored,
Thou walkest calm above a world of strife;
"Within the Veil," thy soul with Him united,
Shall live on earth His resurrection life.

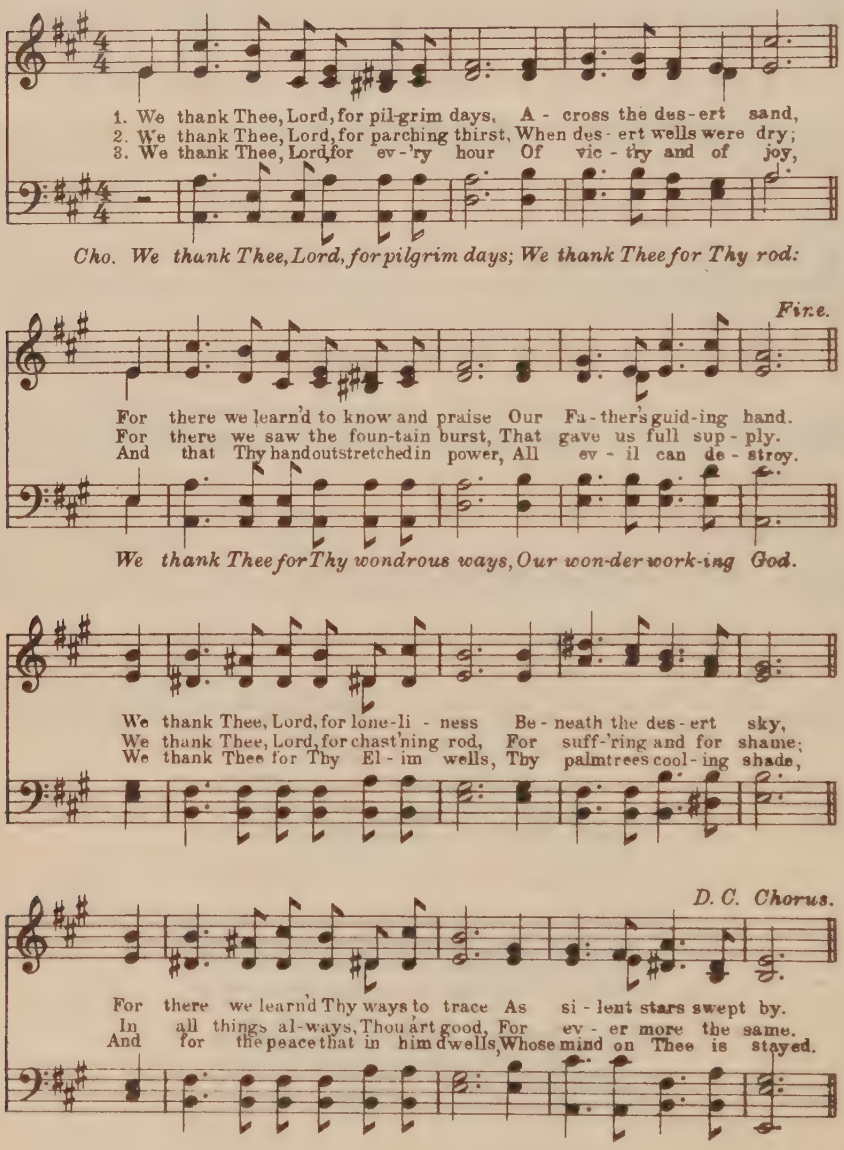
F. H. ALLEN.

We thank Thee, Lord, for pilgrim days.

Deut. viii. 2, 3.

303.

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE. WM. A. HUNTLEY, Arr.

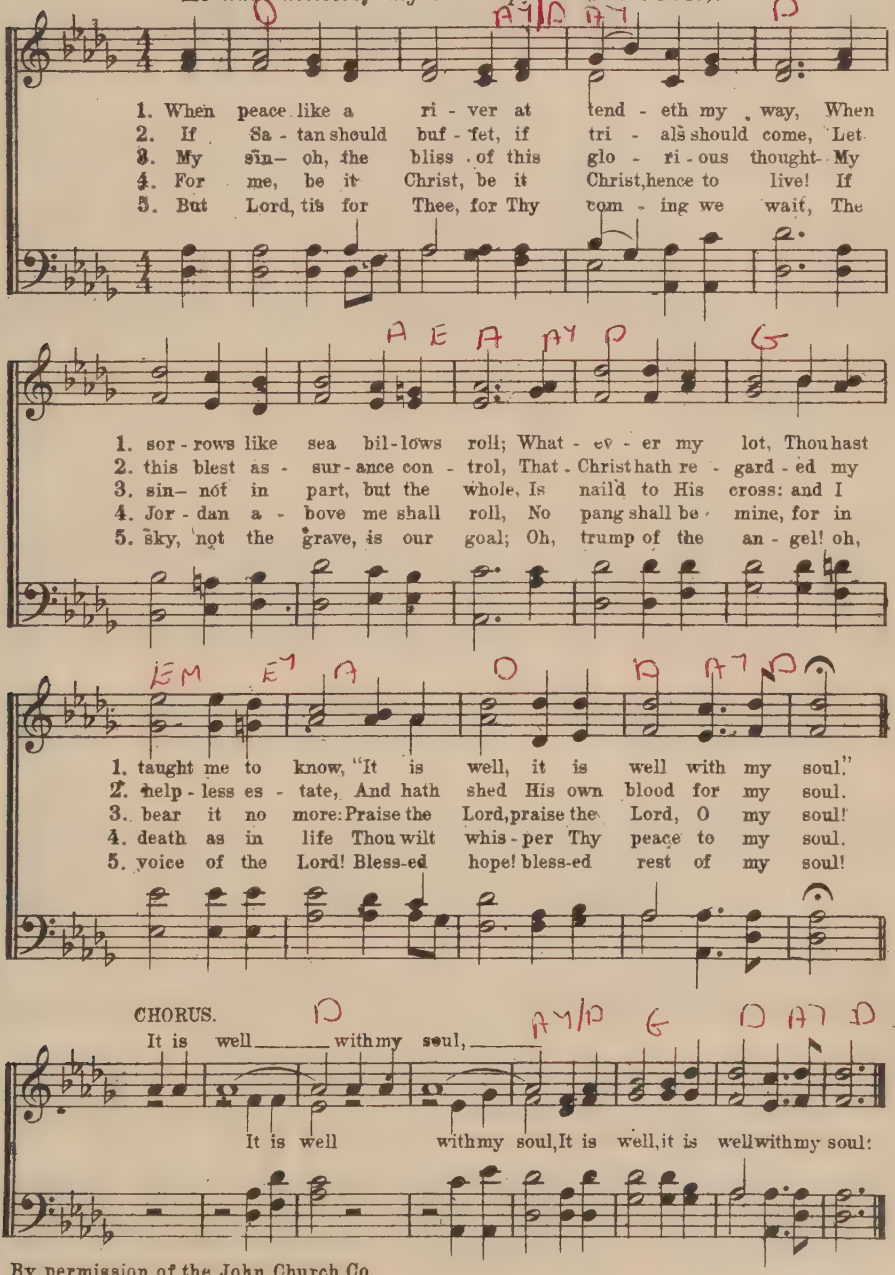

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for pil-grim days, A - cross the des-ert sand,
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for parching thirst, When des - ert wells were dry;
3. We thank Thee, Lord, for ev-'ry hour Of vic - t'ry and of joy,
Cho. We thank Thee, Lord, for pilgrim days; We thank Thee for Thy rod:
Fine.
For there we learn'd to know and praise Our Fa-ther's guid-ing hand.
For there we saw the foun-tain burst, That gave us full sup - ply.
And that Thy hand outstretched in power, All ev - il can de - stroy.
We thank Thee for Thy wondrous ways, Our won-der work-ing God.
We thank Thee, Lord, for lone-li - ness Be - neath the des - ert sky,
We thank Thee, Lord, for chast'ning rod, For suff-'ring and for shame;
We thank Thee for Thy El - im wells, Thy palm trees cool - ing shade,
D. C. Chorus.
For there we learn'd Thy ways to trace As si - lent stars swept by.
In all things al-ways, Thou art good, For ev - er more the same.
And for the peace that in him dwells, Whose mind on Thee is stayed.

IT IS WELL.

304.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss

"*He hath delivered my soul in peace.*" (Psalm lv. 18).


1. When peace like a ri - ver at tend - eth my way, When
2. If Sa - tan should buf - fet, if tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought My
4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ, hence to live! If
5. But Lord, tis for Thee, for Thy com - ing we wait, The
1. sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
2. this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
3. sin— not in part, but the whole, Is nail'd to His cross: and I
4. Jor - dan a - bove me shall roll, No pang shall be mine, for in
5. sky, not the grave, is our goal; Oh, trump of the an - gel! oh,
1. taught me to know, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
2. help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
3. bear it no more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
4. death as in life Thou wilt whis - per Thy peace to my soul.
5. voice of the Lord! Bless-ed hope! bless-ed rest of my soul!
CHORUS.
It is well with my soul,
It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

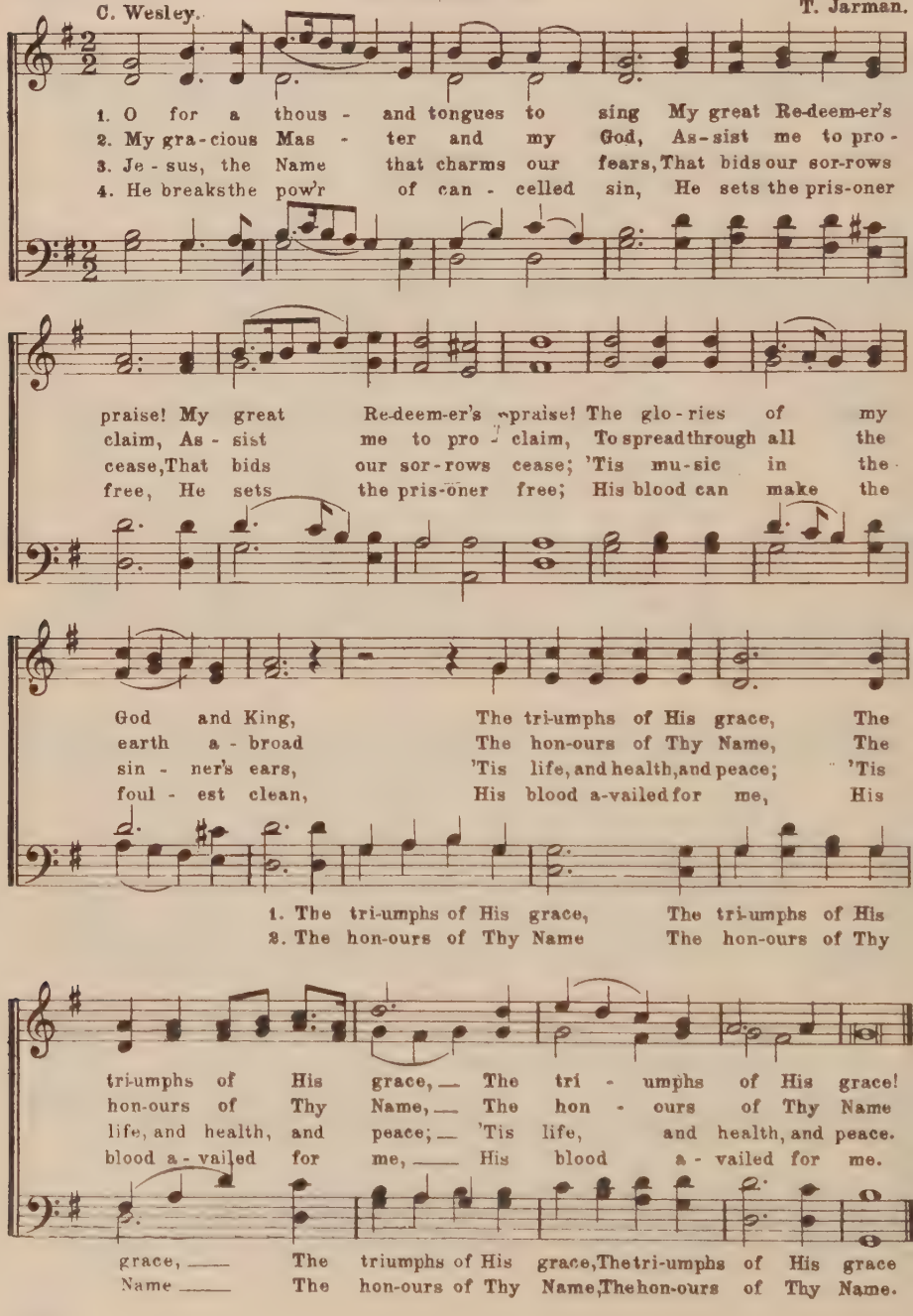
By permission of the John Church Co.

OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES!

"I will praise Thee O Lord with my whole heart" Psalm ix.i.

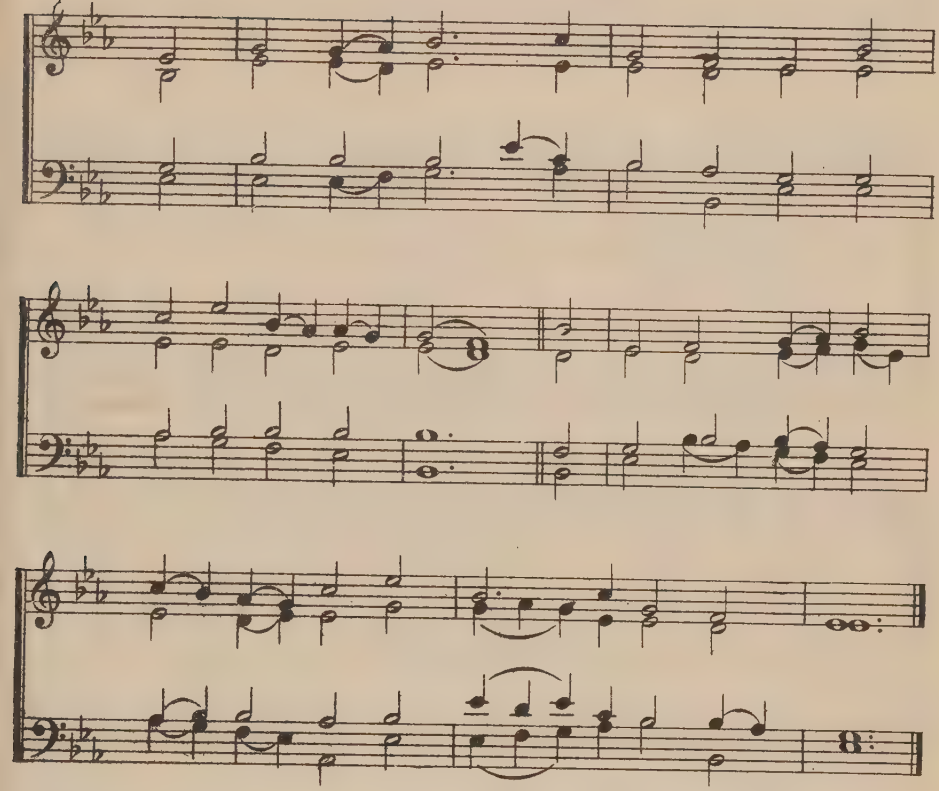
305. LYNGHAM. C.M.

C. Wesley. T. Jarman.


1. O for a thous - and tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As-sist me to pro -
3. Je - sus, the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, He sets the pris-oner
praise! My great Re-deem-er's praise! The glo-ries of my
claim, As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the
cease, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the
free, He sets the pris-oner free; His blood can make the
God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace, The
earth a - broad The hon-ours of Thy Name, The
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis
foul - est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His
1. The tri-umphs of His grace, The tri-umphs of His
3. The hon-ours of Thy Name The hon-ours of Thy
tri-umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
hon-ours of Thy Name, The hon - ours of Thy Name
life, and health, and peace; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood a - vailed for me, His blood a - vailed for me.
grace, The triumphs of His grace, The tri-umphs of His grace
Name The hon-ours of Thy Name, The hon-ours of Thy Name.

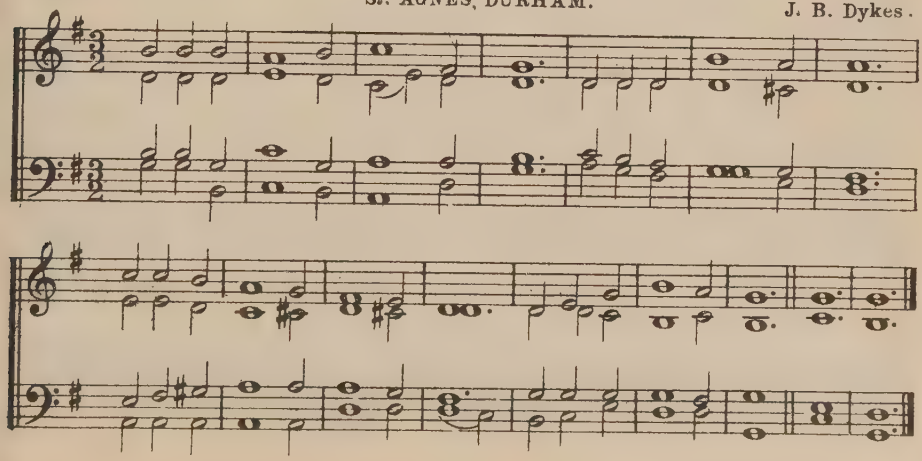
305[A].

St. LAWRENCE (C.M.) R. A. Smith.



305[B].

St. AGNES, DURHAM. J. B. Dykes.

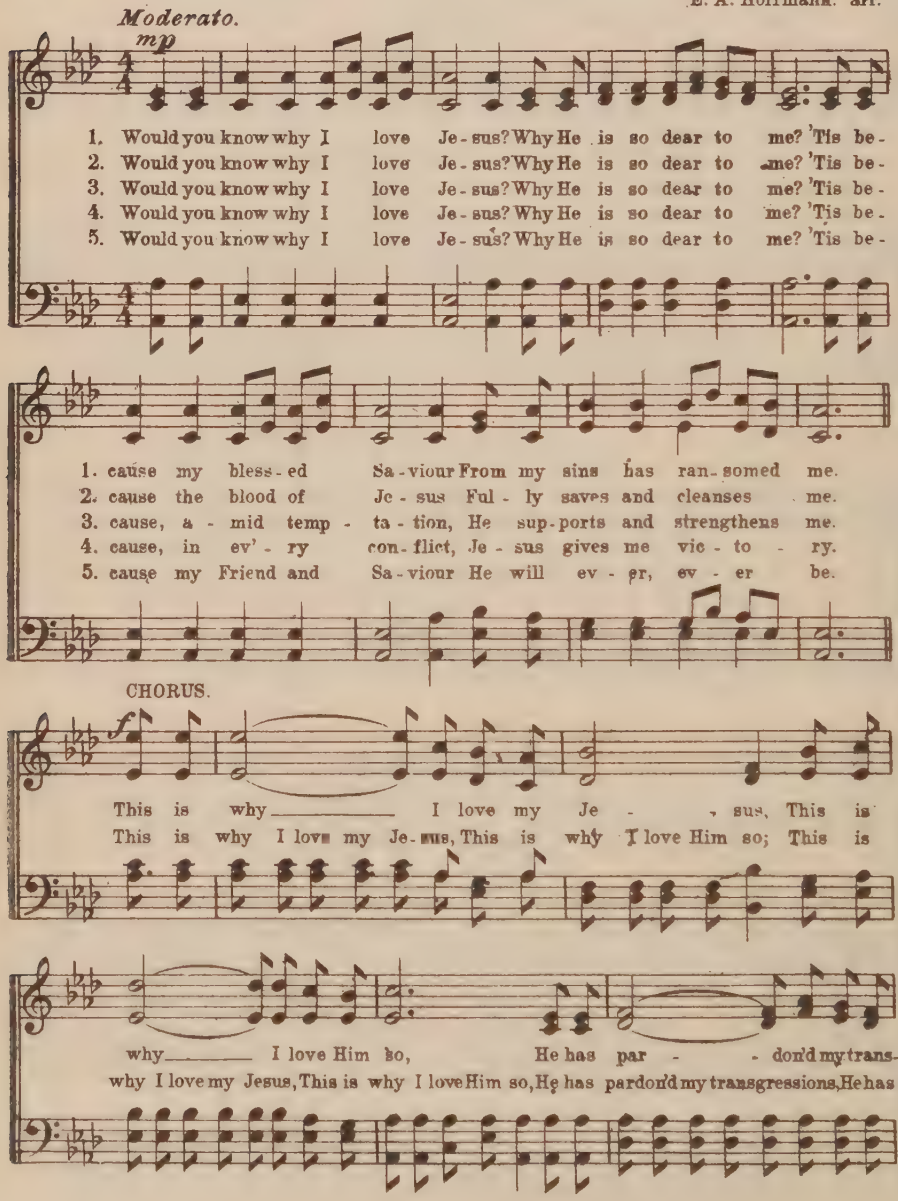


THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS.

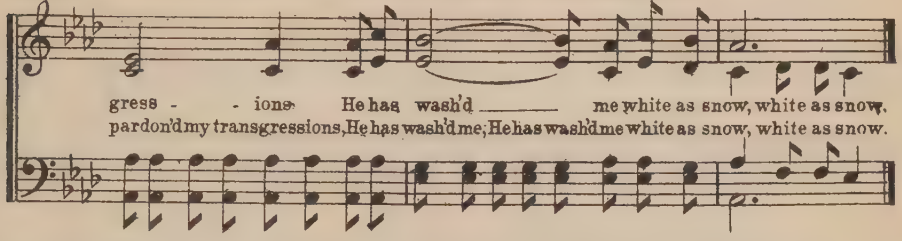
306.

E. A. H.

E. A. Hoffmann, arr.

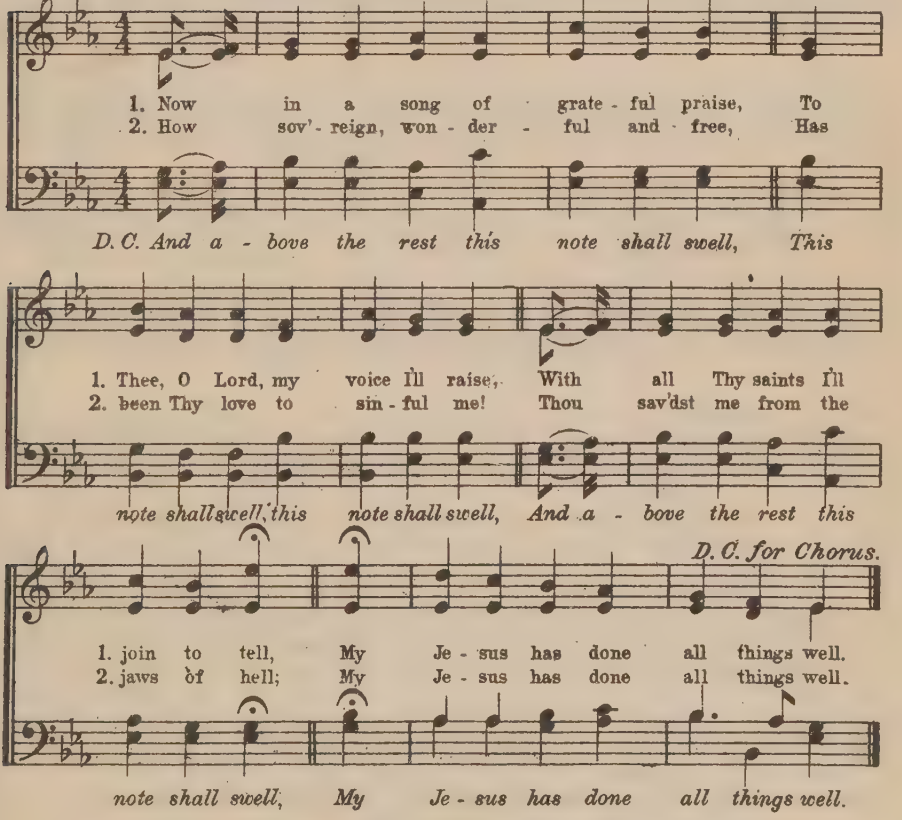

Moderato.
mp
1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me? 'Tis be -
2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me? 'Tis be -
3. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me? 'Tis be -
4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me? 'Tis be -
5. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me? 'Tis be -
1. cause my bless - ed Sa - viour From my sins has ran - somed me.
2. cause the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleanses me.
3. cause, a - mid temp - ta - tion, He sup - ports and strengthens me.
4. cause, in ev' - ry con - flict, Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
5. cause my Friend and Sa - viour He will ev - er, ev - er be.
CHORUS.
f
This is why I love my Je - sus, This is
This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so; This is
why I love Him so, He has par - don'd my trans -
why I love my Jesus, This is why I love Him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has

306 THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS—*continued.*


gress - - ions He has wash'd me white as snow, white as snow.
pardon'd my transgressions, He has wash'd me; He has wash'd me white as snow, white as snow.

NOW IN A SONG OF GRATEFUL PRAISE.

307.

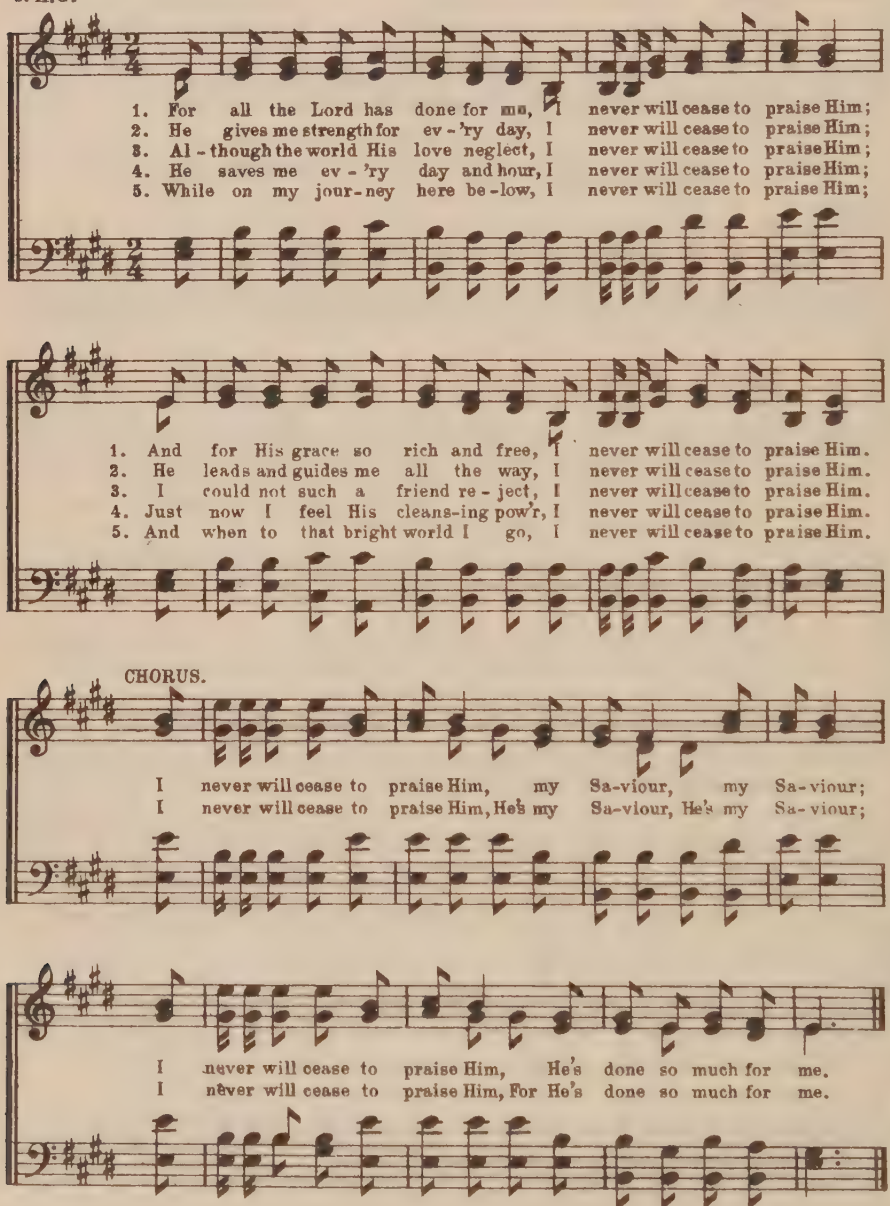
S. Medley. *"He hath done all things well."* (Mark vii. 37).

1. Now in a song of grate - ful praise, To
2. How sov'- reign, won - der - ful and free, Has
D. C. And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, This
1. Thee, O Lord, my voice I'll raise; With all Thy saints I'll
2. been Thy love to sin - ful me! Thou sav'dst me from the
note shall swell, this note shall swell, And a - bove the rest this
D. C. for Chorus.
1. join to tell, My Je - sus has done all things well.
2. jaws of hell; My Je - sus has done all things well.
note shall swell, My Je - sus has done all things well.

3. Since e'er my soul has known His love,
What mercies He has made me prove!
Mercies which do all praise excel!—
My Jesus has done all things well.

4. And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

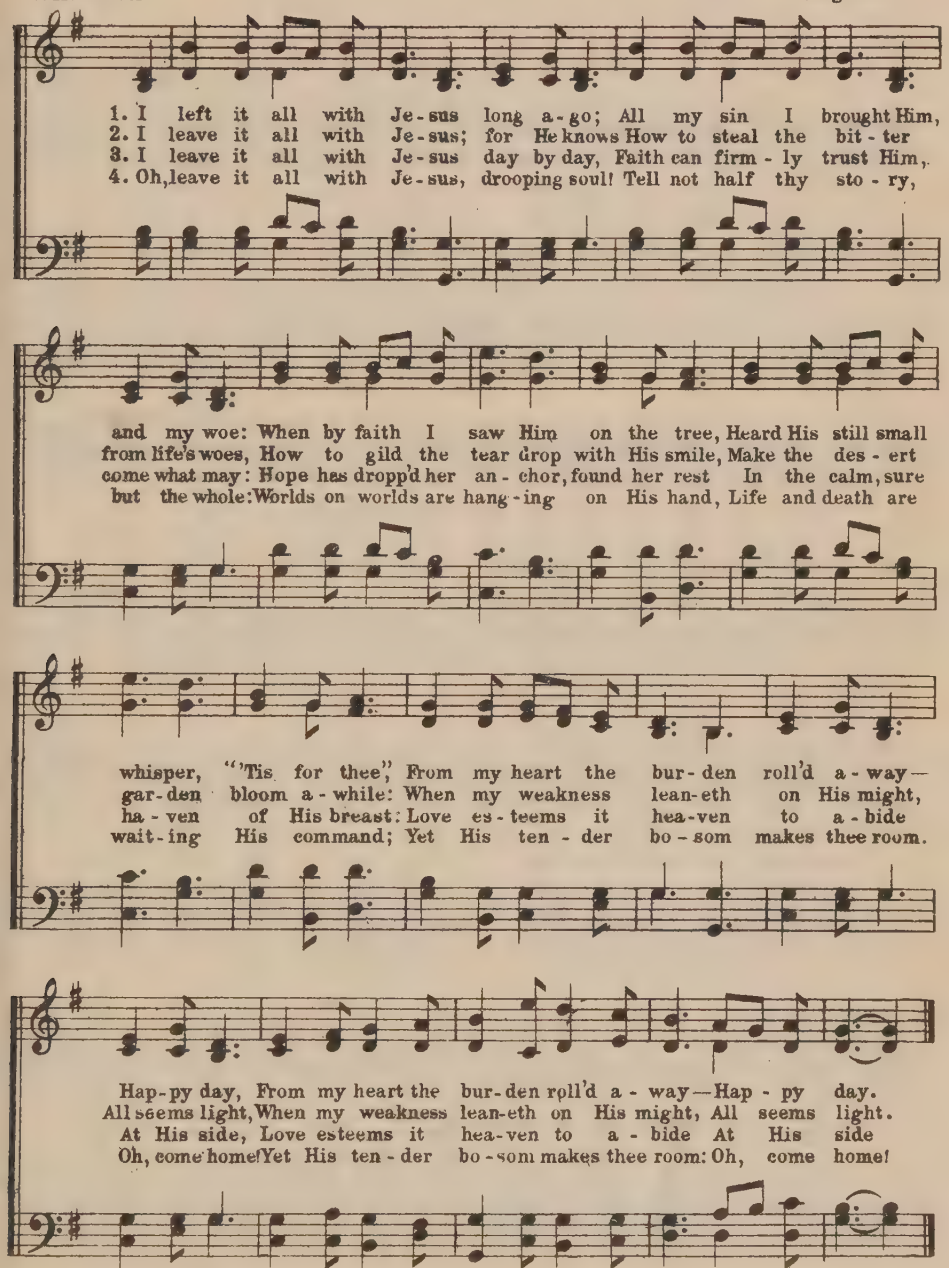
308 I NEVER WILL CEASE TO PRAISE HIM.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to praise Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I never will cease to praise Him;
3. Al-though the world His love neglect, I never will cease to praise Him;
4. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I never will cease to praise Him;
5. While on my jour-ney here be-low, I never will cease to praise Him;
1. And for His grace so rich and free, I never will cease to praise Him.
2. He leads and guides me all the way, I never will cease to praise Him.
3. I could not such a friend re-ject, I never will cease to praise Him.
4. Just now I feel His cleans-ing pow'r, I never will cease to praise Him.
5. And when to that bright world I go, I never will cease to praise Him.
CHORUS.
I never will cease to praise Him, my Sa-viour, my Sa-viour;
I never will cease to praise Him, He's my Sa-viour, He's my Sa-viour;
I never will cease to praise Him, He's done so much for me.
I never will cease to praise Him, For He's done so much for me.

309. I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

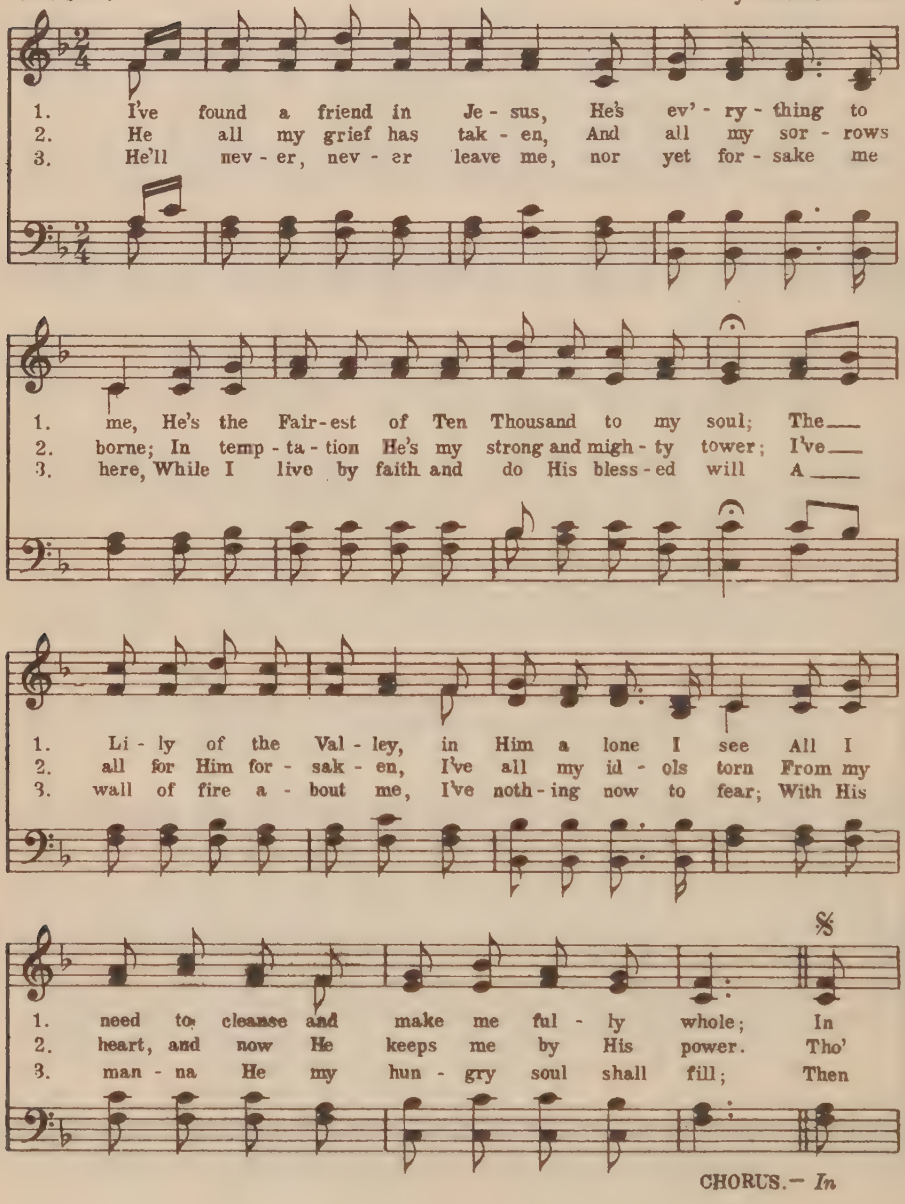
H. H. Willis. English Air.


1. I left it all with Je-sus long a-go; All my sin I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Je-sus; for He knows How to steal the bit-ter
3. I leave it all with Je-sus day by day, Faith can firm-ly trust Him,
4. Oh, leave it all with Je-sus, drooping soul! Tell not half thy sto-ry,
and my woe: When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His still small
from life's woes, How to gild the tear drop with His smile, Make the des-ert
come what may: Hope has dropp'd her an-chor, found her rest In the calm, sure
but the whole: Worlds on worlds are hang-ing on His hand, Life and death are
whisper, "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur-den roll'd a-way—
gar-den bloom a-while: When my weakness lean-eth on His might,
ha-ven of His breast: Love es-teems it hea-ven to a-bide
wait-ing His command; Yet His ten-der bo-som makes thee room.
Hap-py day, From my heart the bur-den roll'd a-way—Hap-py day.
All seems light, When my weakness lean-eth on His might, All seems light.
At His side, Love esteems it hea-ven to a-bide At His side
Oh, come home! Yet His ten-der bo-som makes thee room: Oh, come home!

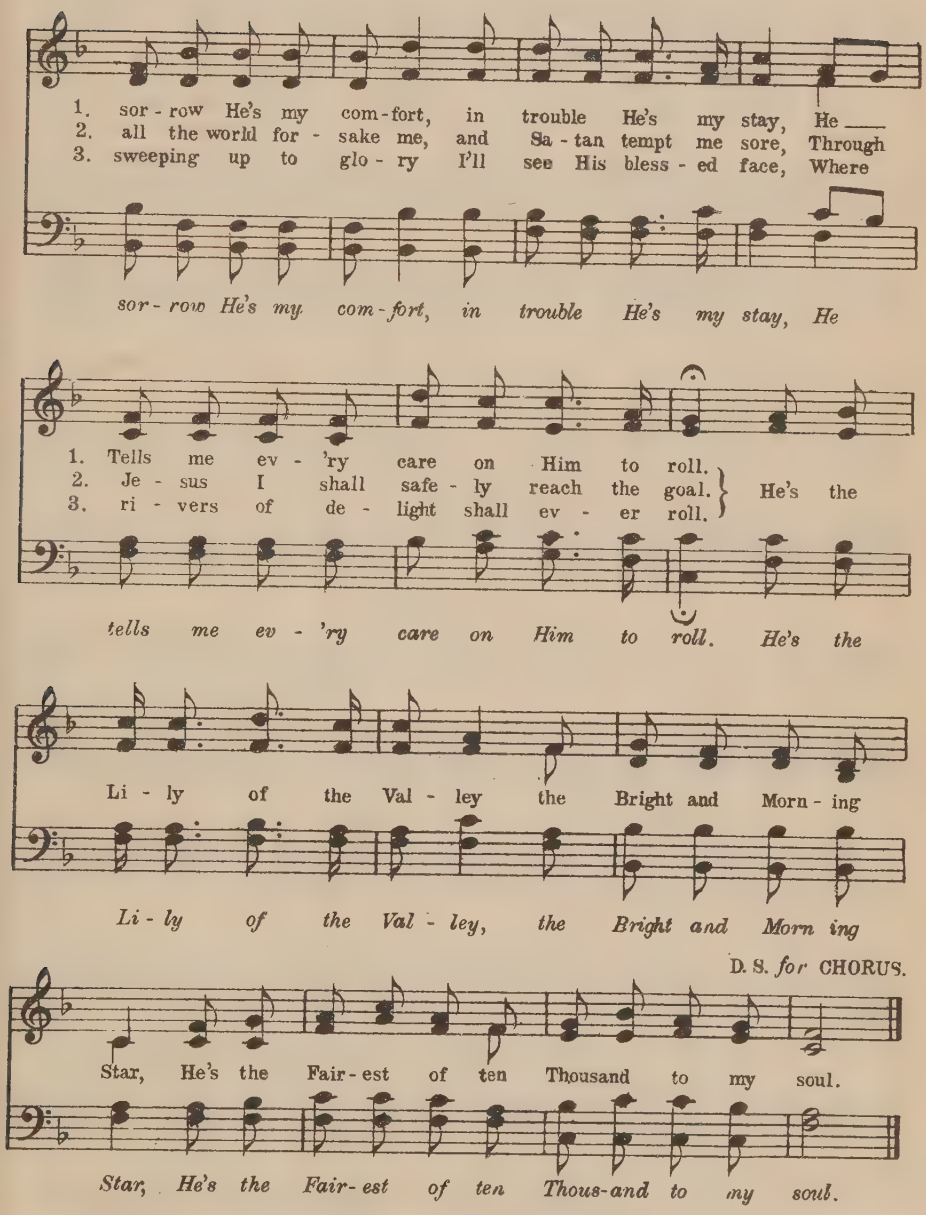
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

310.

C. W. FRY. Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

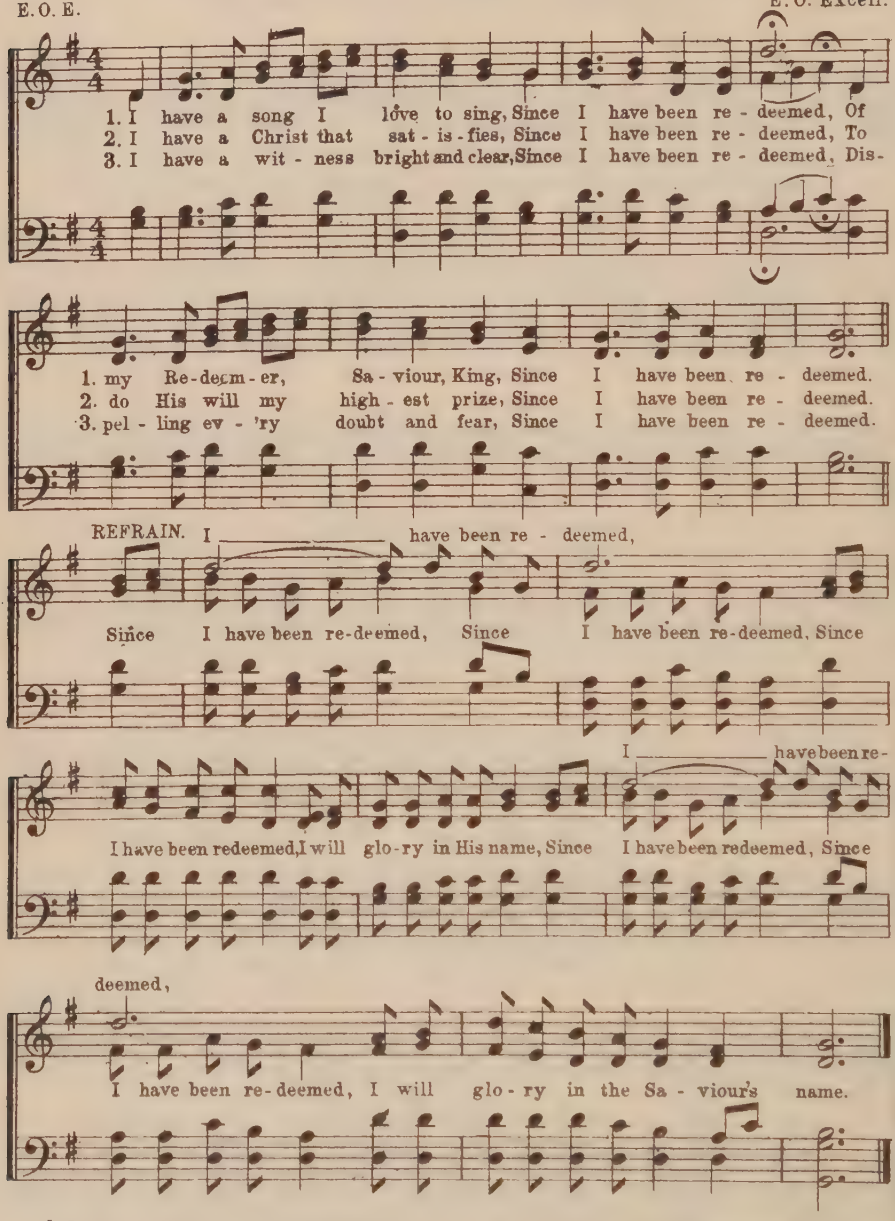

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev' - ry - thing to
2. He all my grief has tak - en, And all my sor - rows
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me
1. me, He's the Fair-est of Ten Thousand to my soul; The
2. borne; In temp - ta - tion He's my strong and migh - ty tower; I've
3. here, While I live by faith and do His bless - ed will A
1. Li - ly of the Val - ley, in Him a lone I see All I
2. all for Him for - sak - en, I've all my id - ols torn From my
3. wall of fire a - bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear; With His
1. need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole; In
2. heart, and now He keeps me by His power. Tho'
3. man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill; Then
CHORUS.— In

310.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. *continued.*

1. sor - row He's my com - fort, in trouble He's my stay, He ___
2. all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore, Through
3. sweeping up to glo - ry I'll see His bless - ed face, Where
sor - row He's my com - fort, in trouble He's my stay, He
1. Tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll.
2. Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal.
3. ri - vers of de - light shall ev - er roll.
He's the
tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Li - ly of the Val - ley the Bright and Morn - ing
Li - ly of the Val - ley, the Bright and Morn ing
D. S. for CHORUS.
Star, He's the Fair - est of ten Thousand to my soul.
Star, He's the Fair - est of ten Thous - and to my soul.

311. SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.


1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed, Of
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed, To
3. I have a wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed, Dis-
1. my Re-deem - er, Sa - viour, King, Since I have been re - deemed.
2. do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deemed.
3. pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deemed.
REFRAIN. I have been re - deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed, Since
I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name, Since I have been redeemed, Since
deemed,
I have been re-deemed, I will glo - ry in the Sa - viour's name.

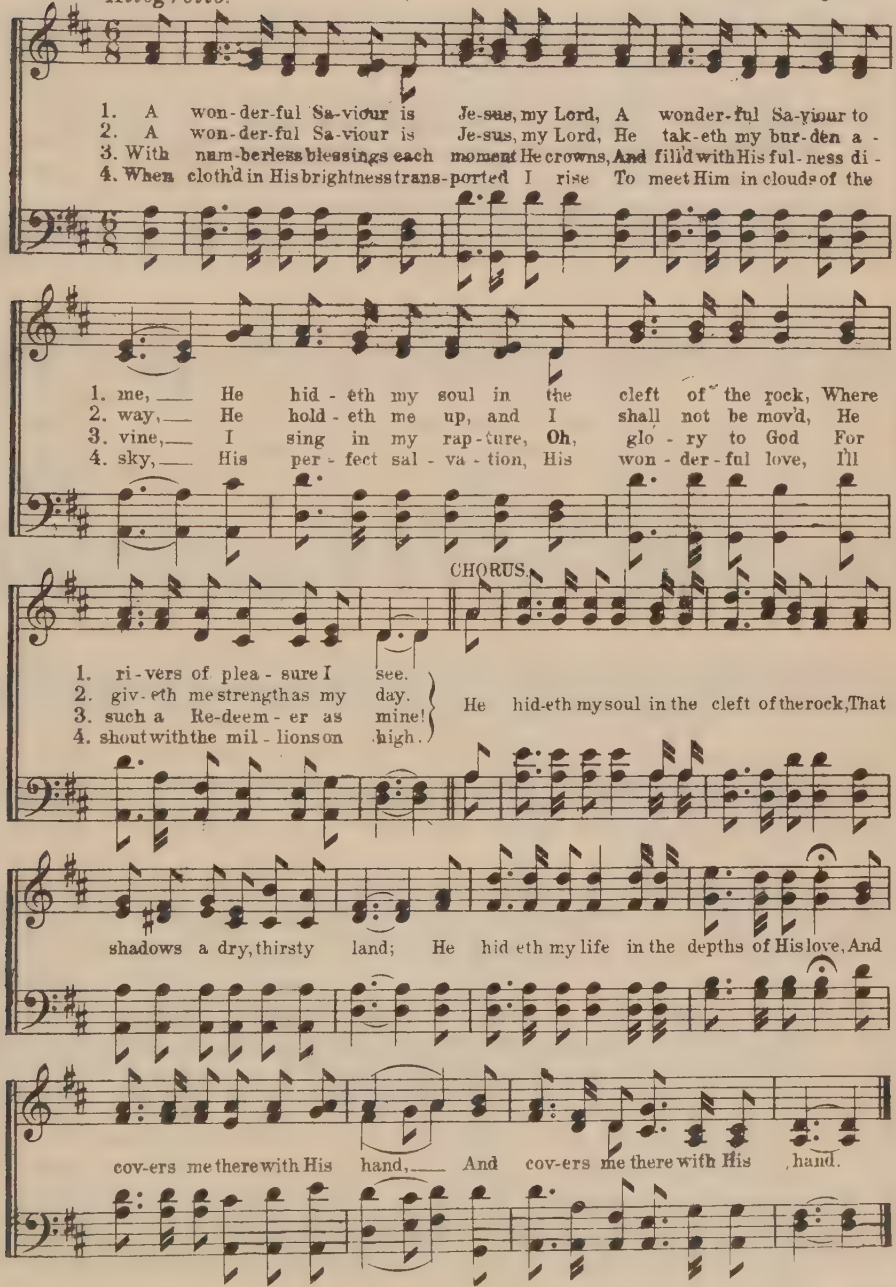
4. I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' His blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed.

5. I have a home prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed.

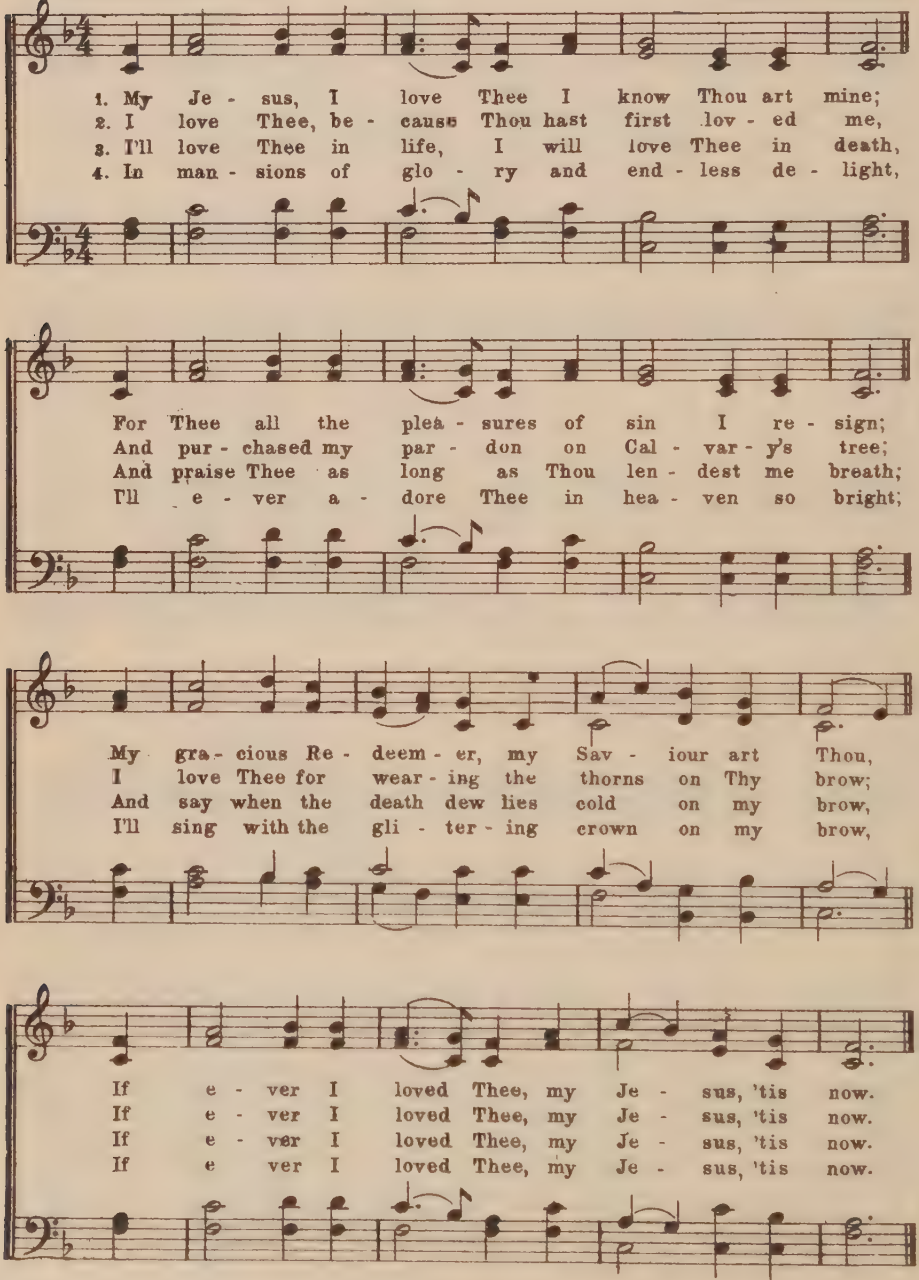
312. HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto.


1. A won-der-ful Sa-viour is Je-sus, my Lord, A wonder-ful Sa-viour to
2. A won-der-ful Sa-viour is Je-sus, my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-
3. With num-berless blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His ful-ness di-
4. When cloth'd in His brightness trans-ported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the
1. me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
2. way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be mov'd, He
3. vine, I sing in my rap-ture, Oh, glo-ry to God For
4. sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll
CHORUS.
1. ri-vers of plea-sure I see.
2. giv-eth me strength as my day.
3. such a Re-deem-er as mine!
4. shout with the mil-lions on high.
He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid eth my life in the depths of His love, And
cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

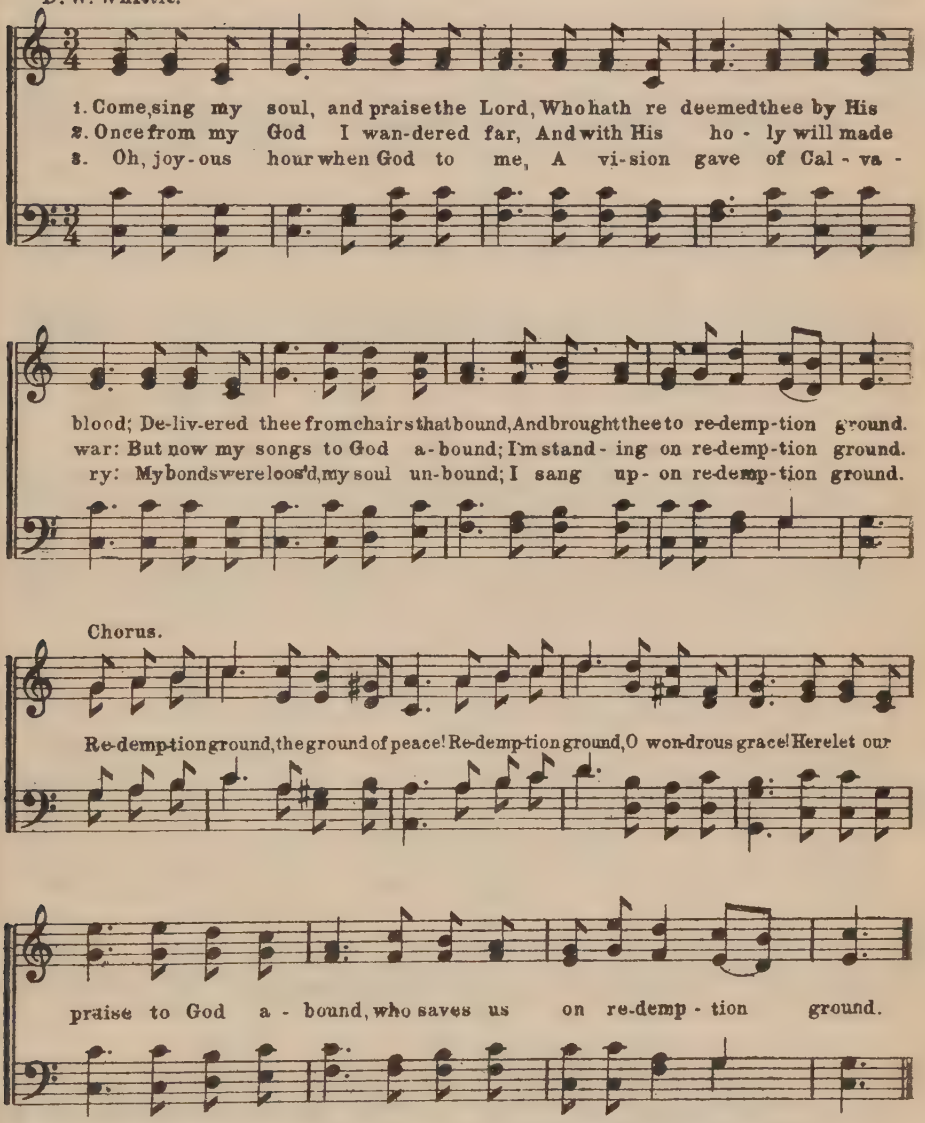
313. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. Rev. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee I know Thou art mine;
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the plea - sures of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - var - y's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou len - dest me breath;
I'll e - ver a - dore Thee in hea - ven so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the gli - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
If e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
If e - ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
If e ver I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

REDEMPTION GROUND.

314.

D. W. Whittle. J. McGranahan.


1. Come, sing my soul, and praise the Lord, Who hath re deemed thee by His
2. Once from my God I wan-dered far, And with His ho - ly will made
3. Oh, joy-ous hour when God to me, A vi-sion gave of Cal - va -
blood; De-liv-ered thee from chains that bound, And brought thee to re-demp-tion ground.
war: But now my songs to God a-bound; I'm stand - ing on re-demp-tion ground.
ry: My bonds were loos'd, my soul un-bound; I sang up - on re-demp-tion ground.
Chorus.
Re-demp-tion ground, the ground of peace! Re-demp-tion ground, O won-drous grace! Here let our
praise to God a - bound, who saves us on re-demp - tion ground.

4. No works of merit now I plead
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found
Except upon redemption ground.

5. Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption, and be blest:
The Christ, who died, by God is crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.

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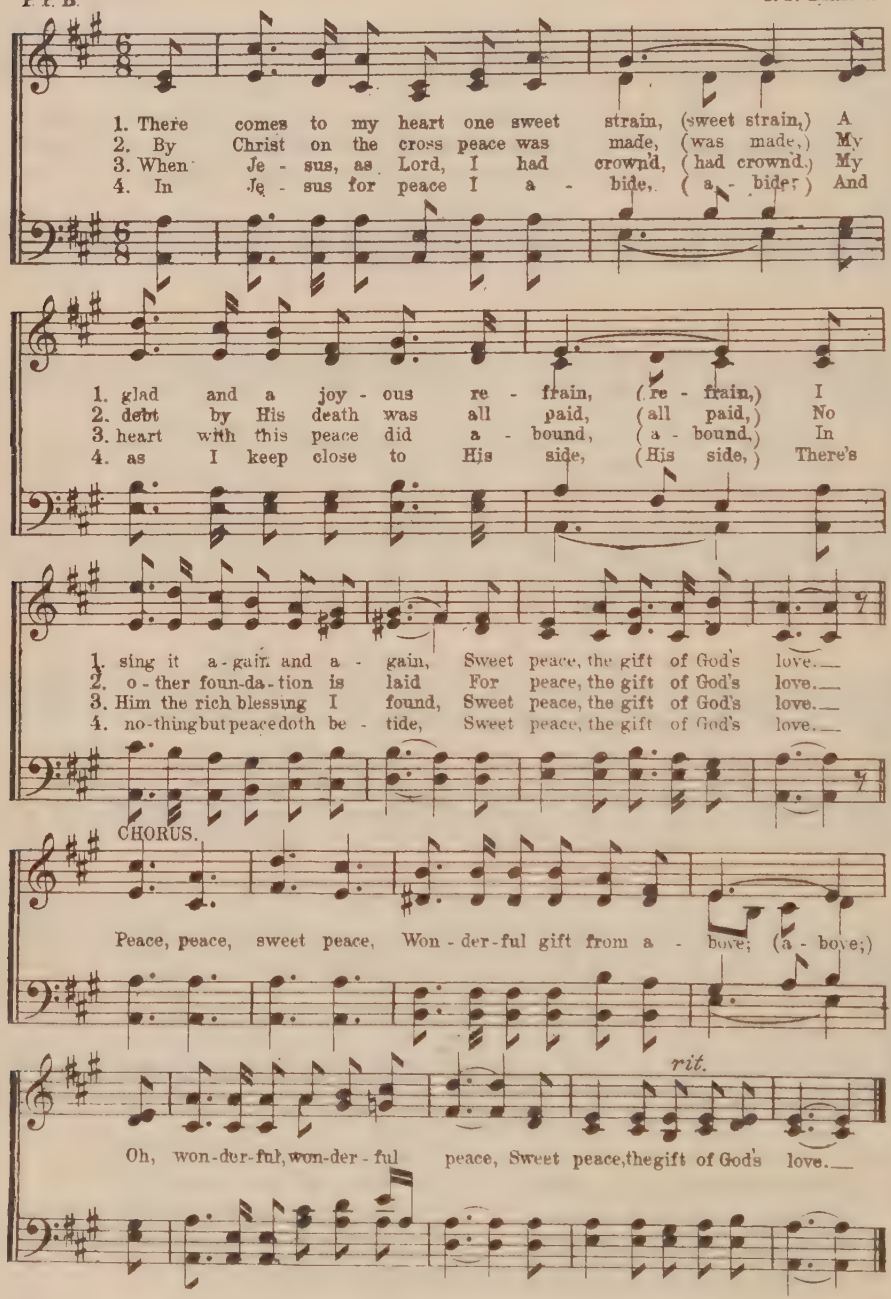
SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

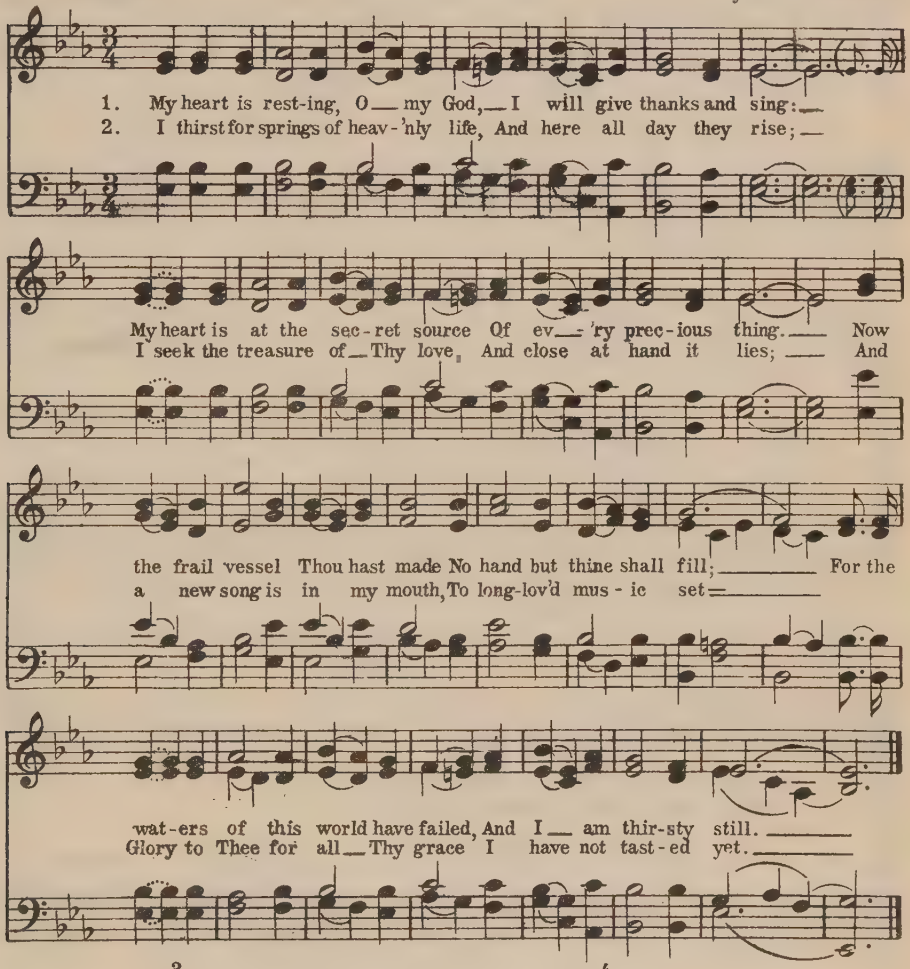
315.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus, as Lord, I had crown'd, (had crown'd,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide;) And
1. glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
2. debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
3. heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
4. as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's
1. sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
2. o - ther foun-da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
3. Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
4. no-thing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der-ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove;)
rit.
Oh, won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

316. MY HEART IS RESTING.

"Drink to me only"

A. L. WARING. English Air
Arr. by S. F. CUPPLES.


1. My heart is rest-ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing:
2. I thirst for springs of heav-'nly life, And here all day they rise;
My heart is at the sec-ret source Of ev-'ry prec-ious thing. Now
I seek the treasure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies; And
the frail vessel Thou hast made No hand but thine shall fill; For the
a new song is in my mouth, To long-lov'd mus-ic set
wat-ers of this world have failed, And I am thir-sty still.
Glory to Thee for all Thy grace I have not tast-ed yet.

3.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most mine own.
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the Hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my Portion, saith my soul,"
Ten Thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

317. THE NEW SONG.

Flora L. Best. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I lov'd to sing, When my heart was blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gracious Master hath
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jas - per wall When I come to the gloom of the

1. bird in Spring, But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the
2. din of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
3. made me glad? When He points where the ma - ny man - sions be, And
4. e ven - fall, For I know that the shadows, drea - ry and dim, Have a

Vivace.

REFRAIN.

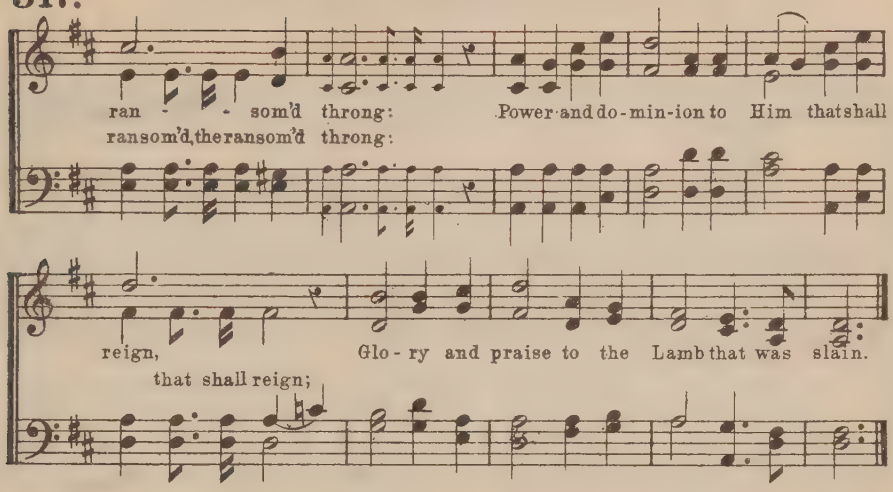
1. dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O the
2. sing the psalm they are singing there.
3. sweet - ly says "There is one for thee"?
4. path of light that will lead to Him.

O, the new, new song!

new, new song! I can sing it now With the

O, the new, new song! I can sing just now

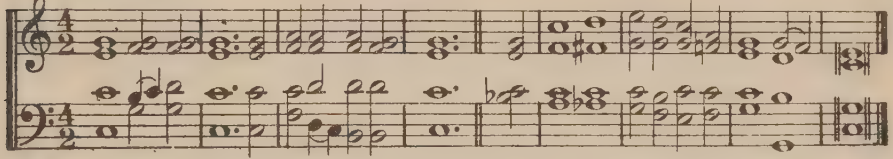
317. THE NEW SONG—*continued.*


ran - - som'd throng: Power and do-min-ion to Him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng:
reign, Glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign;

318. PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." (Isa. xxvi 3.)

E. H. Bickersteth. G. T. Caldbeck.



1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
   The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
   To do the will of Jesus— this is rest.

3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
   On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4. Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
   In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
   Jesus we know; and He is on the Throne.

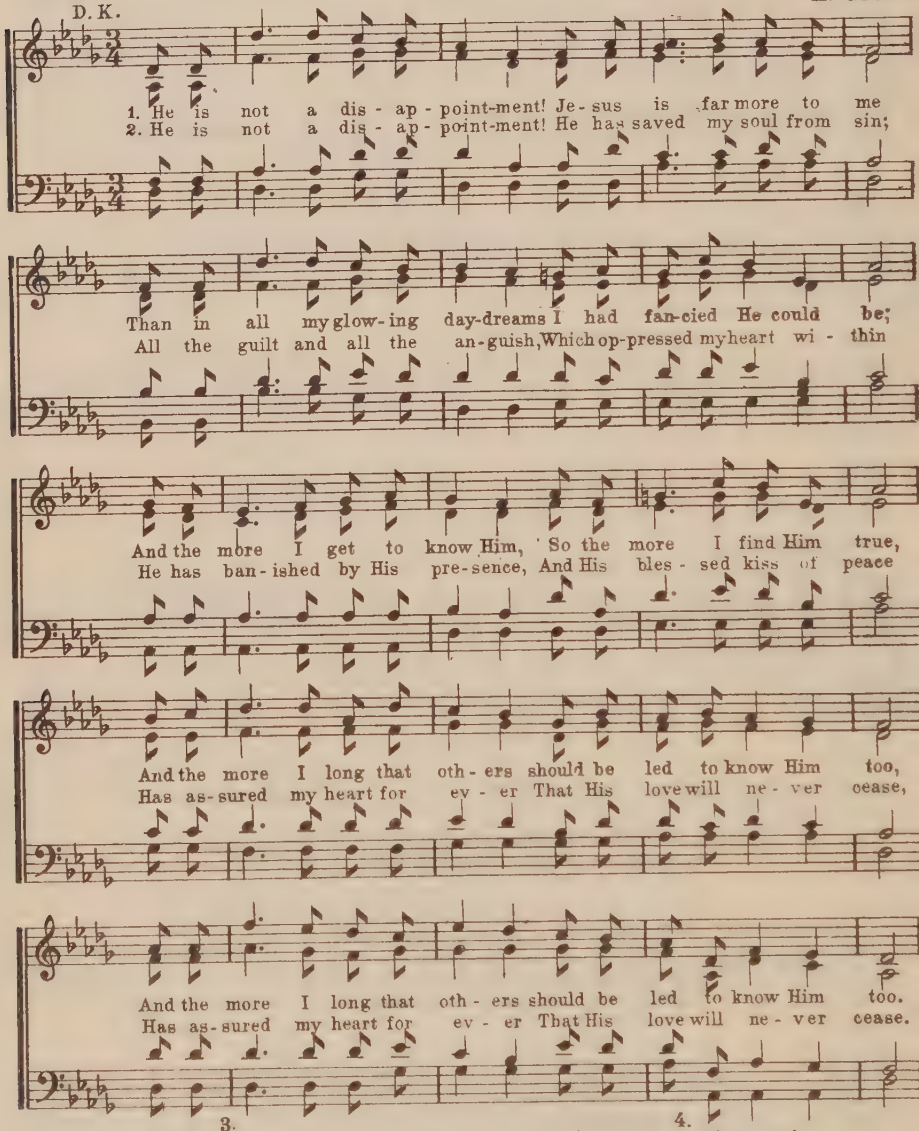
6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
   Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
   And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

HE IS NOT A DISAPPOINTMENT.

319.

H. Green.


D. K.
1. He is not a dis - ap - point-ment! Je - sus is far more to me
2. He is not a dis - ap - point-ment! He has saved my soul from sin;
Than in all my glow - ing day-dreams I had fan-cied He could be;
All the guilt and all the an-guish, Which op-pressed my heart wi - thin
And the more I get to know Him, So the more I find Him true,
He has ban - ished by His pre-sence, And His bles - sed kiss of peace
And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know Him too,
Has as-sured my heart for ev - er That His love will ne - ver cease,
And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know Him too.
Has as-sured my heart for ev - er That His love will ne - ver cease.

3.

He is not a disappointment!
He has sanctified my soul,
Cleansed me from my heart corruption,
Purified and made me whole;
He removed the sinward proneness,
Stamped His image in its place,
For He won me by the beauty
And unveiling of His face.

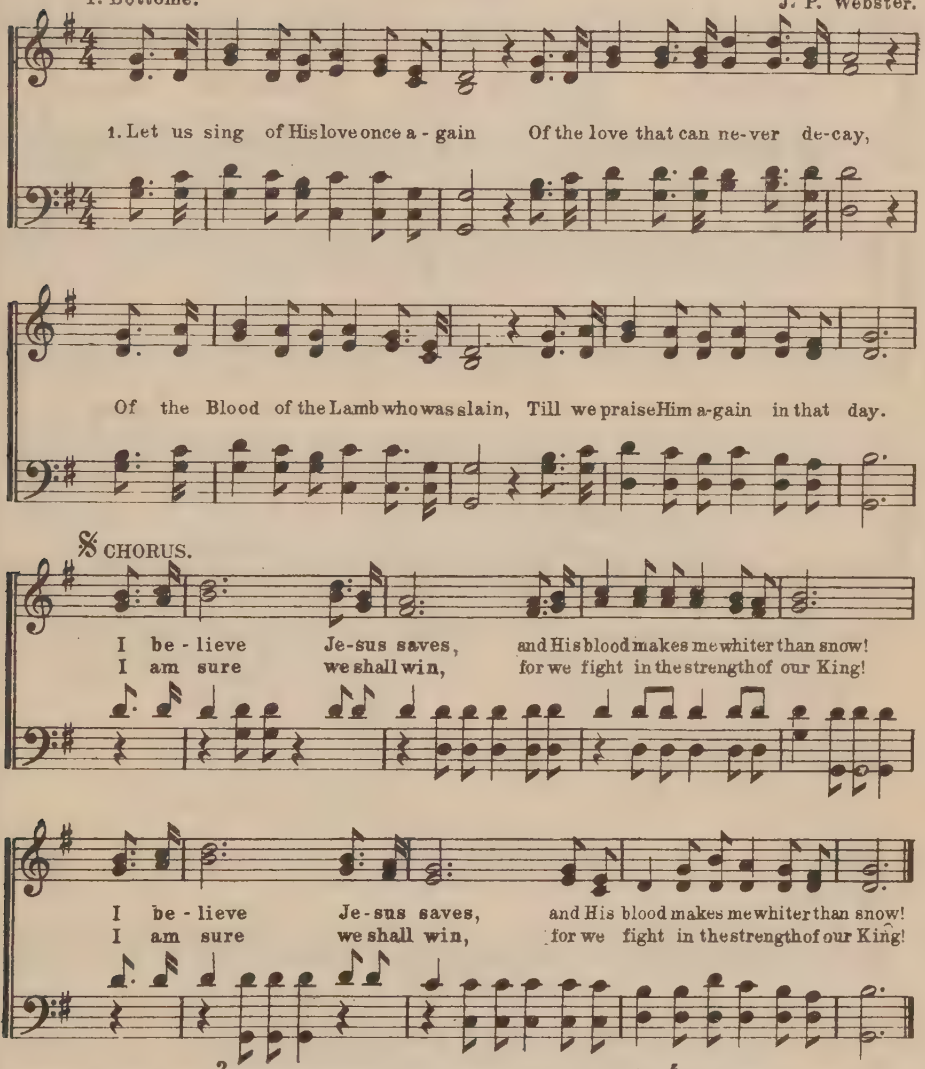
4.

He is not a disappointment!
He is all in all to me—
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer;
The unchanging Christ is He!
He has won my heart's affections,
And He meets my every need;
He is not a disappointment,
For He satisfies indeed.

I BELIEVE! JESUS SAVES.

320.

F. Bottome. J. P. Webster.


1. Let us sing of His love once a - gain Of the love that can ne-ver de-cay,
Of the Blood of the Lamb who was slain, Till we praise Him a-gain in that day.
CHORUS.
I be - lieve Je-sus saves, and His blood makes me whiter than snow!
I am sure we shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King!
I be - lieve Je-sus saves, and His blood makes me whiter than snow!
I am sure we shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King!

2.

There are cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving flood;
There is perfect deliverance and joy
To be had in this world through the blood.

3

Even now, while we taste of His love,
We are filled with delight through His name;
But what will it be when, above,
We shall join in the song of the Lamb?

4.

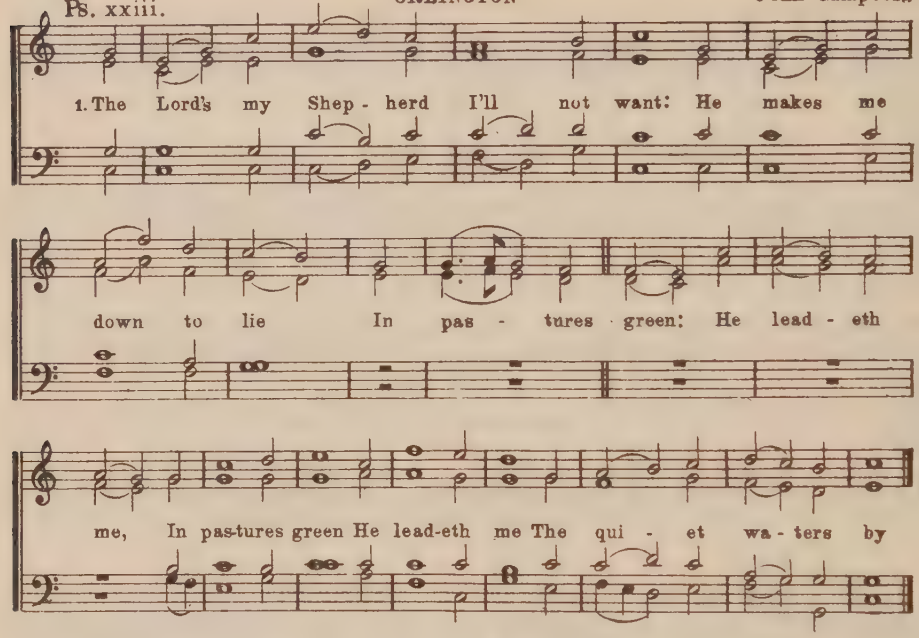
Then we'll march in His name till we come,
At His bidding to cease from the fight,
And our Saviour shall welcome us home
To the regions of glory and light.

5.

So with banner unfurled to the breeze,
Our motto shall "Holiness" be
Till the crown from His hand we receive
And the King in His glory we see!

321. THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD.

Ps. xxiii. "ORLINGTON" John Campbell.


1. The Lord's my Shep - herd I'll not want: He makes me
down to lie In pas - tures green: He lead - eth
me, In pas-tures green He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by

2. My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

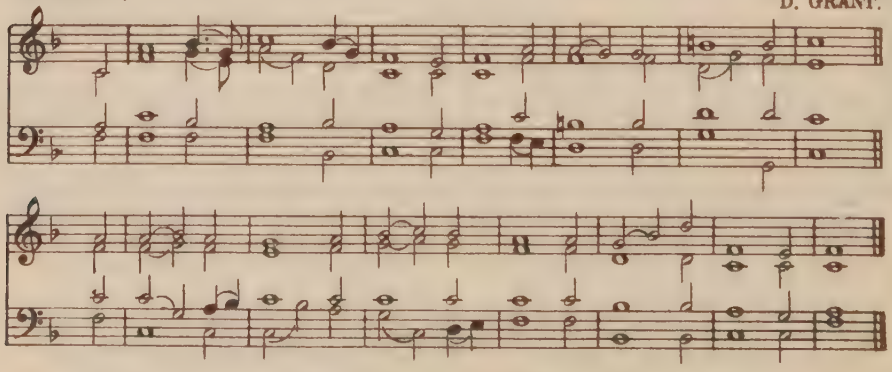
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4. My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

321A.

CRIMOND. D. GRANT.

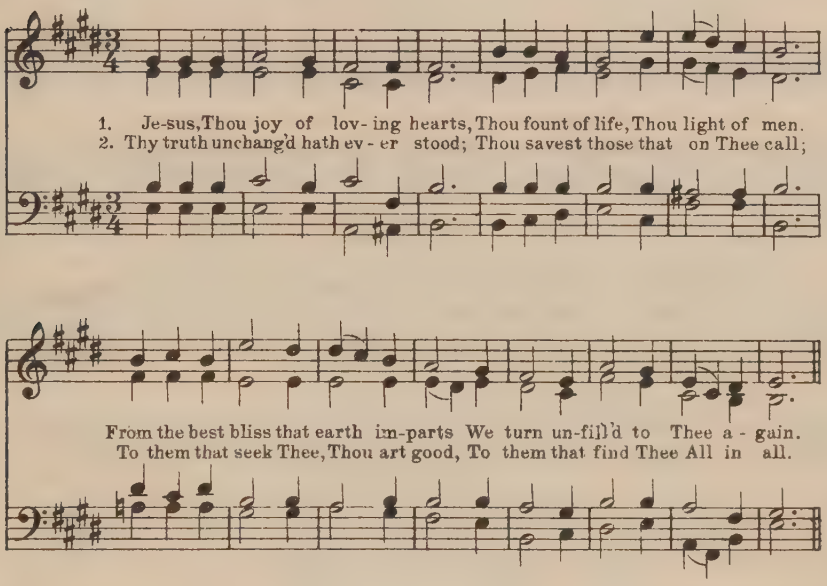


Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts.

MARYTON.

322.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX. H. P. SMITH.


1. Je-sus, Thou joy of lov- ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men.
2. Thy truth unchang'd hath ev - er stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call;
From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn un-fill'd to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee All in all.

3.

We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the fountain head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5.

O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away:
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

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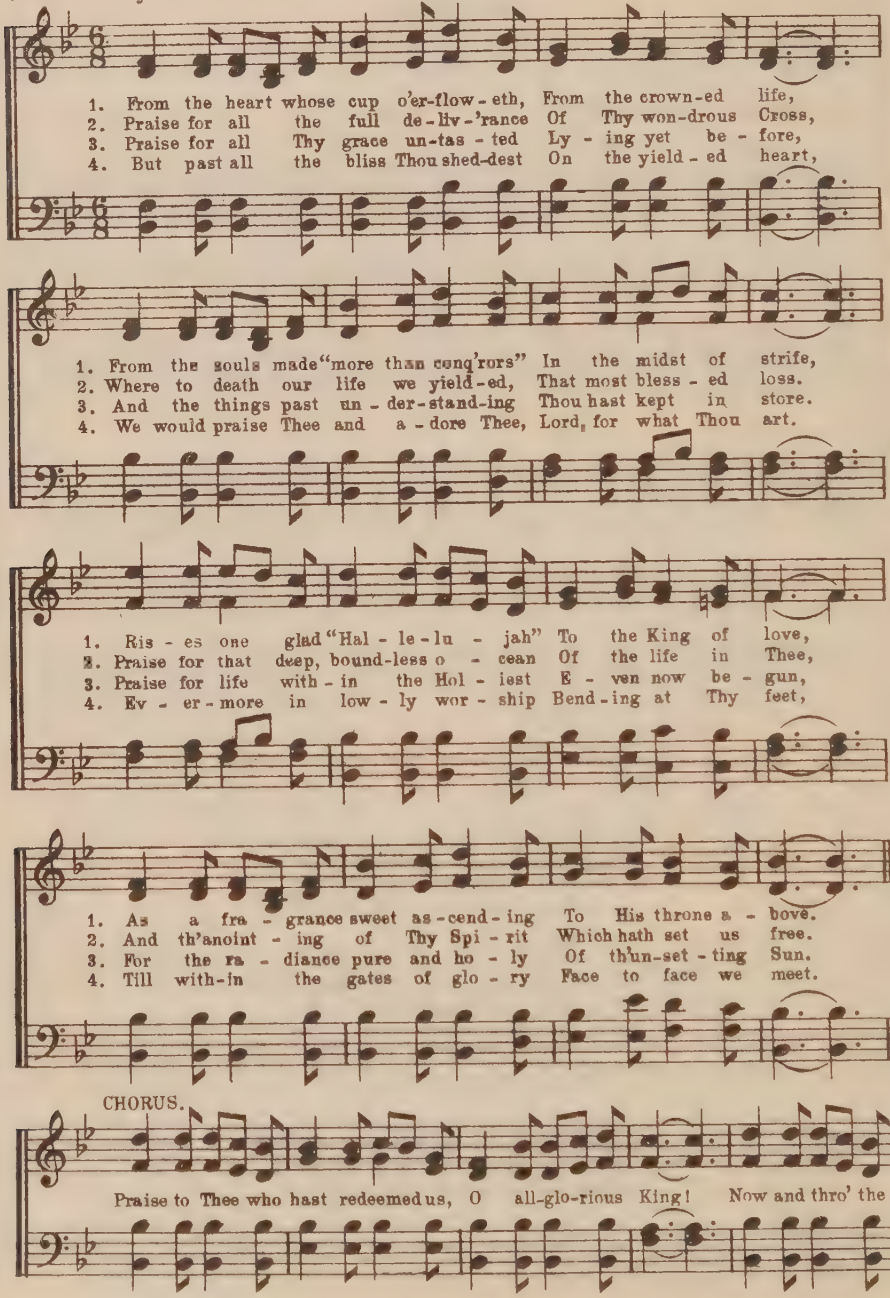
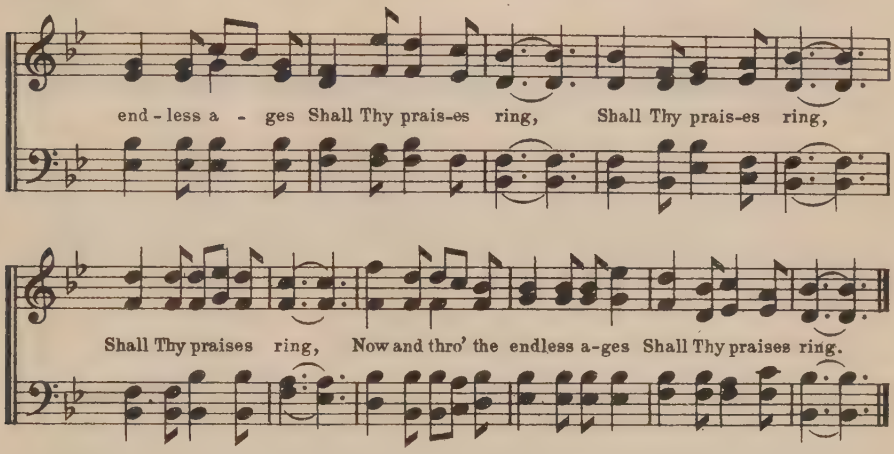
323. FROM THE HEART WHOSE CUP O'ERFLOWETH.

Freda Hanbury Allen. J. H. Burke.


1. From the heart whose cup o'er-flow-eth, From the crown-ed life,
2. Praise for all the full de-liv-'rance Of Thy won-drous Cross,
3. Praise for all Thy grace un-tas-ted Ly-ing yet be-fore,
4. But past all the bliss Thou shed-dest On the yield-ed heart,
1. From the souls made "more than conq'rors" In the midst of strife,
2. Where to death our life we yield-ed, That most bless-ed loss.
3. And the things past un-der-stand-ing Thou hast kept in store.
4. We would praise Thee and a-dore Thee, Lord, for what Thou art.
1. Ris-es one glad "Hal-le-lu-jah" To the King of love,
2. Praise for that deep, bound-less o-cean Of the life in Thee,
3. Praise for life with-in the Hol-iest E-ven now be-gun,
4. Ev-er-more in low-ly wor-ship Bend-ing at Thy feet,
1. As a fra-grance sweet as-cend-ing To His throne a-bove.
2. And th'anoint-ing of Thy Spi-rit Which hath set us free.
3. For the ra-diance pure and ho-ly Of th'un-set-ting Sun.
4. Till with-in the gates of glo-ry Face to face we meet.
CHORUS.
Praise to Thee who hast redeemed us, O all-glo-rious King! Now and thro' the

323. FROM THE HEART WHOSE CUP O'ERFLOWETH – *continued.*


end - less a - ges Shall Thy prais-es ring, Shall Thy prais-es ring,
Shall Thy praises ring, Now and thro' the endless a-ges Shall Thy praises ring.

324.

FROM THE GLORY.

(To tune on opposite page.)

1. From the glory and the gladness,
   From His secret place;
   From the rapture of His presence
   From His radiant Face
   Christ, the Son of God, hath sent me
   Through the midnight lands;
   Mine the mighty ordination
   Of the pierced hands.

   Mine the message grand and glorious
   Strange unsealed surprise
   That the goal is God's Beloved,
   Christ in Paradise.
   Glory to His name!
   Glory to His name!
   Yes the goal is God's Beloved,
   Christ in Paradise.

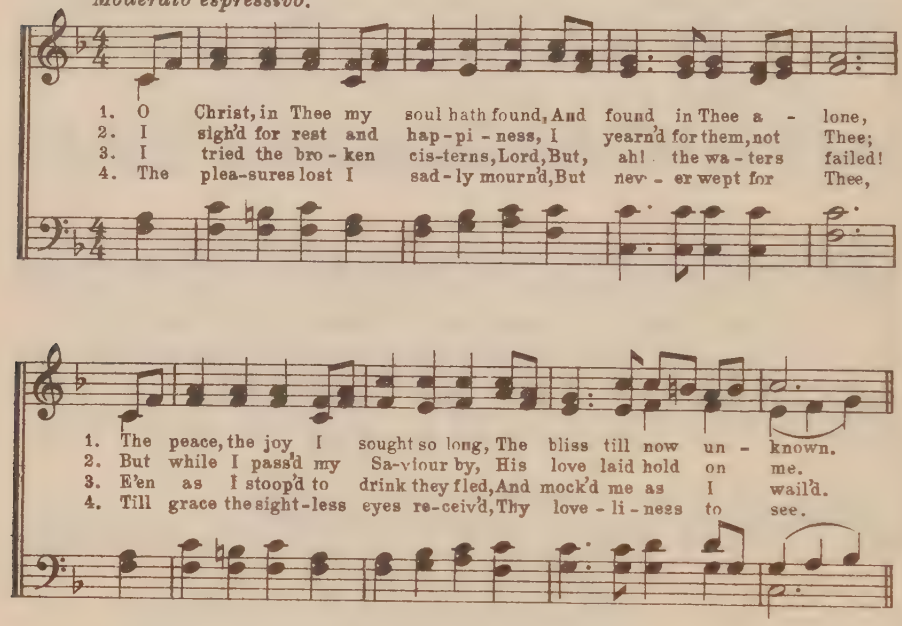
2. Hear me, weary men and women,
   Sinners dead in sin;
   I am come from heaven to tell you
   Of the love within;
   Not alone of God's great pathway
   Leading up to heaven;
   Not alone how you may enter
   Stainless and forgiven;

3. But I tell you I have seen Him,
   God's belovèd Son,
   From His lips have learnt the mystery,
   He and His are one.
   There, as knit into the body
   Every joint and limb,
   We, His ransomed, His belovèd,
   We are one with Him.

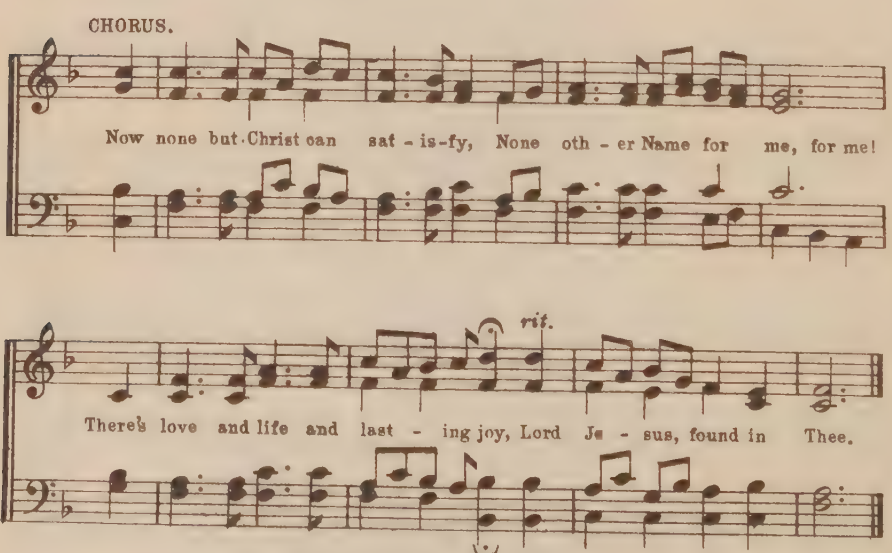
325. NONE BUT CHRIST CAN SATISFY.

B.E. (arr.) J. McGranahan.

Moderato espressivo.


1. O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found, And found in Thee a - lone,
2. I sigh'd for rest and hap-pi-ness, I yearn'd for them, not Thee;
3. I tried the bro-ken cis-terns, Lord, But, ah! the wa-ters failed!
4. The plea-sures lost I sad-ly mourn'd, But nev-er wept for Thee,
1. The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now un - known.
2. But while I pass'd my Sa-viour by, His love laid hold on me.
3. E'en as I stoop'd to drink they fled, And mock'd me as I wail'd.
4. Till grace the sight-less eyes re-ceiv'd, Thy love - li-ness to see.

CHORUS.


Now none but Christ can sat-is-fy, None oth-er Name for me, for me!
rit.
There's love and life and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee.

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326. "Lloyd."

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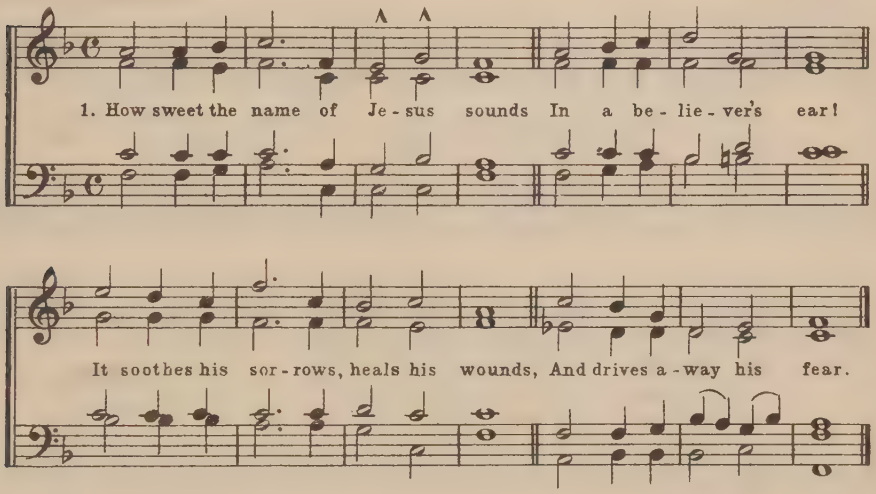
J. NEWTON. CUTHBERT HOWARD.



2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name! — the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding place,
My never-failing Treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace!

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

327. The inexpressible Love of Jesus

(To above Tune.)

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name
O Saviour of mankind!

3. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5. Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

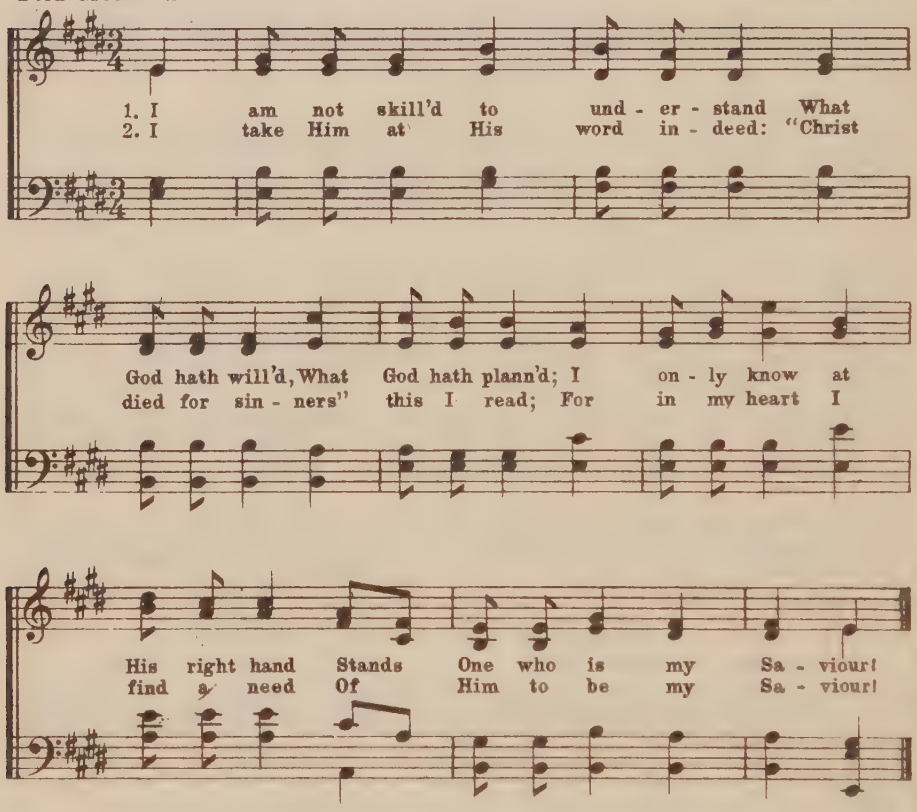
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

Also to Tune 305B.

MY SAVIOUR.

328.

Dora Greenwell. Wm J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I am not skill'd to und - er - stand What
2. I take Him at His word in - deed: "Christ
God hath will'd, What God hath plann'd; I on - ly know at
died for sin - ners" this I read; For in my heart I
His right hand Stands One who is my Sa - viour!
find a need Of Him to be my Sa - viour!

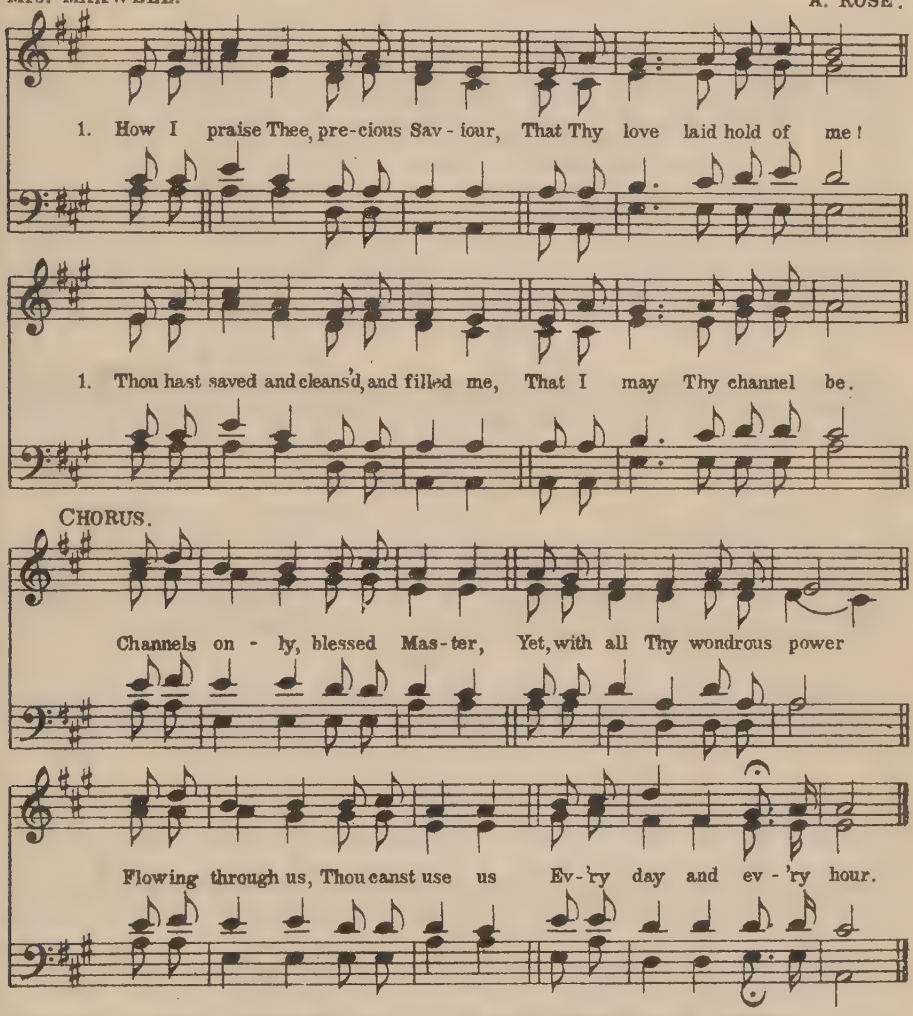
3. That He should leave His place on high,
And come for sinful man to die,
You count it strange?—so once did I,
Before I knew my Saviour!

4. And oh, that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

5. Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour!

329. CHANNELS ONLY!

Mrs. MAXWELL. A. ROSE.


1. How I praise Thee, pre-cious Sav - iour, That Thy love laid hold of me!
1. Thou hast saved and cleans'd, and filled me, That I may Thy channel be.
CHORUS.
Channels on - ly, blessed Mas-ter, Yet, with all Thy wondrous power
Flowing through us, Thou canst use us Ev-'ry day and ev - 'ry hour.

2. Emptied that Thou shouldest fill me,
A clean vessel in Thine hand,
With no power but as Thou givest
Graciously, with each command.

3. Witnessing Thy power to save me,
Setting free from self and sin;
Thou who bought'st me to possess me,
In Thy fulness, Lord, come in.

4. Just a channel full of blessing,
To the thirsty hearts around;
To tell out Thy full salvation,
All thy loving message sound.

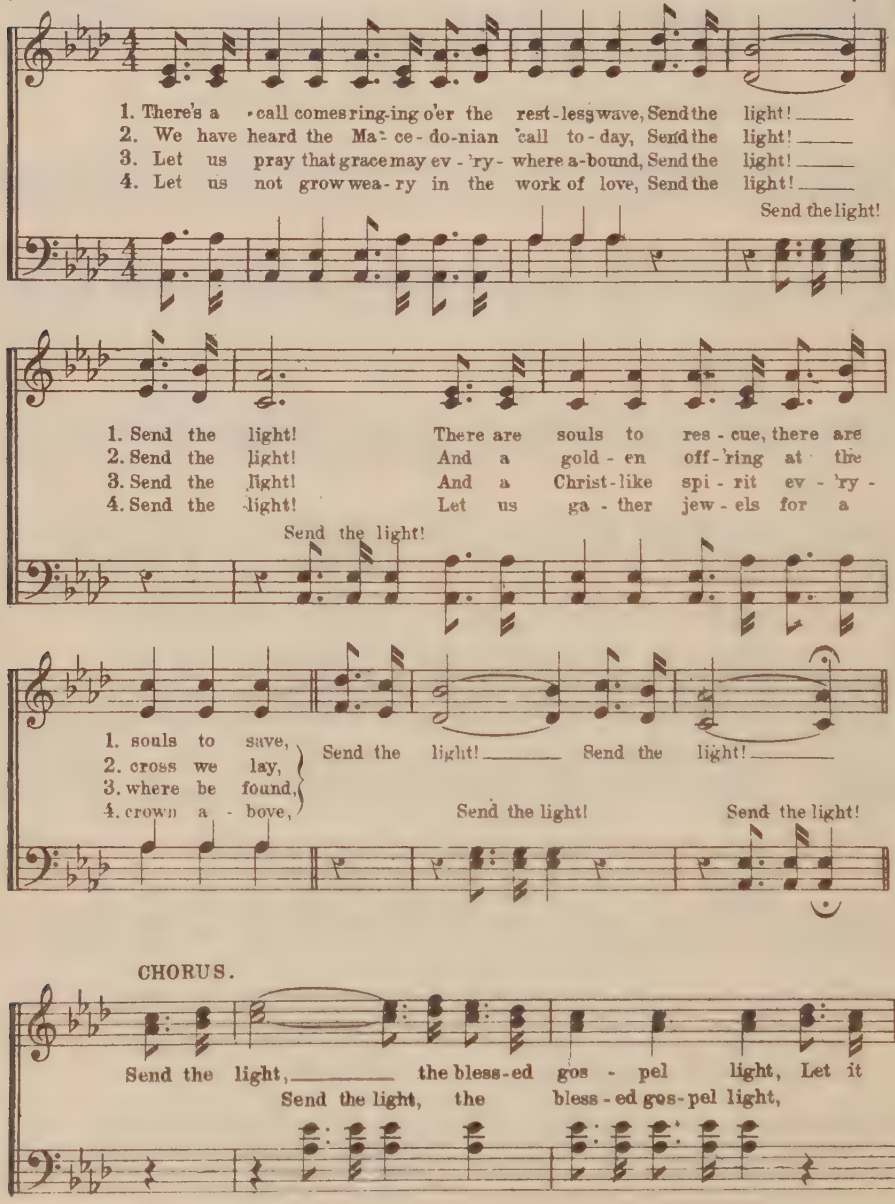
5. Jesus, fill now with Thy spirit
Hearts that full surrender know,
That the streams of living water
From our inner man may flow.

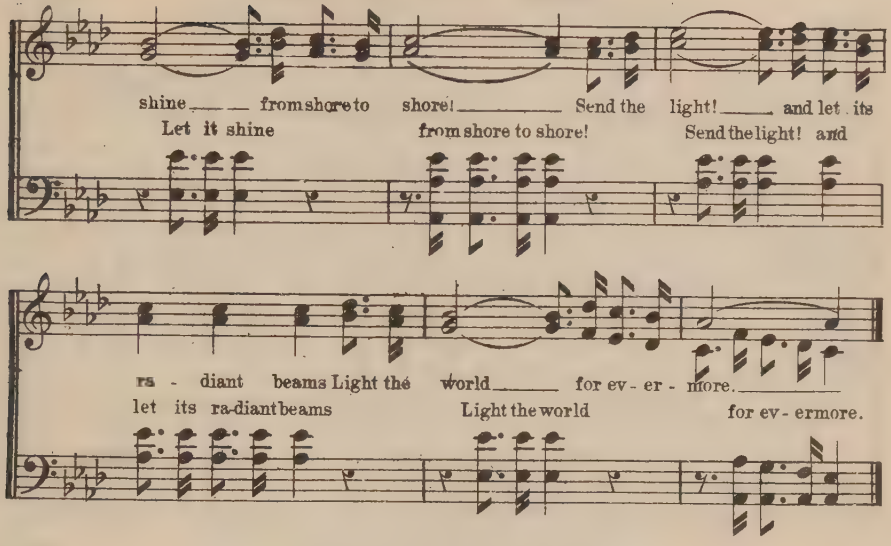
By permission J. C. Gibbs, Central Hall, Bromley.

330. SEND THE LIGHT.

O send out Thy light and Thy truth! (Ps. xliii. 3).

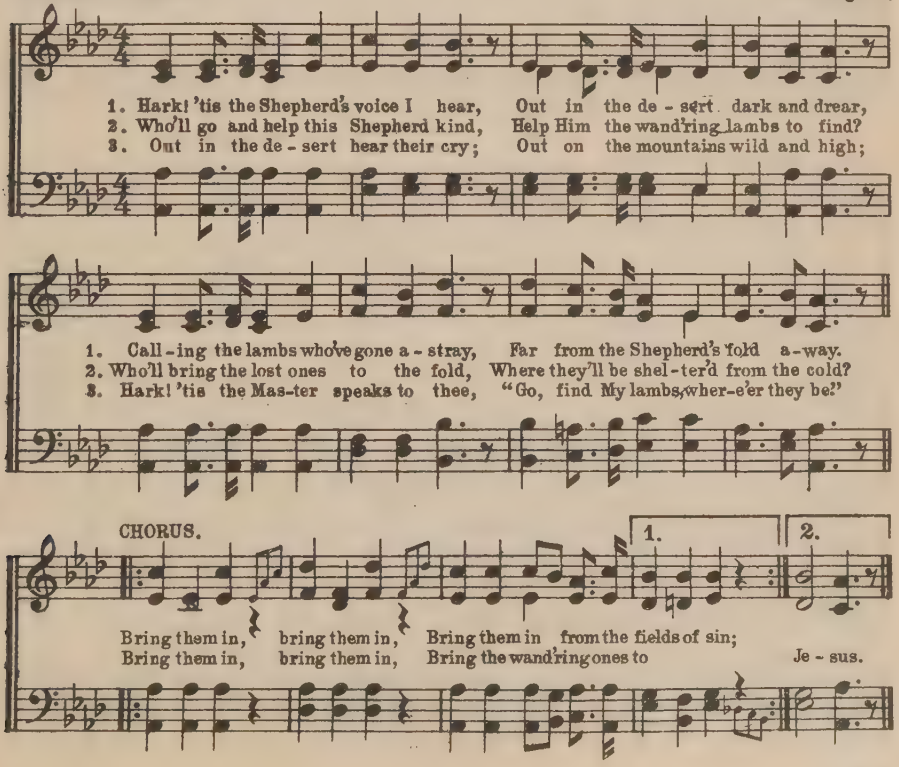
C. H. Gabriel. C. H. G.


1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound, Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light!
Send the light!
1. Send the light! There are souls to res-cue, there are
2. Send the light! And a gold-en off-'ring at the
3. Send the light! And a Christ-like spi-rit ev-'ry-
4. Send the light! Let us ga-ther jew-els for a
Send the light!
1. souls to save,
2. cross we lay,
3. where be found,
4. crown a-bove,
Send the light! Send the light!
Send the light! Send the light!
CHORUS.
Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light, Let it
Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light,

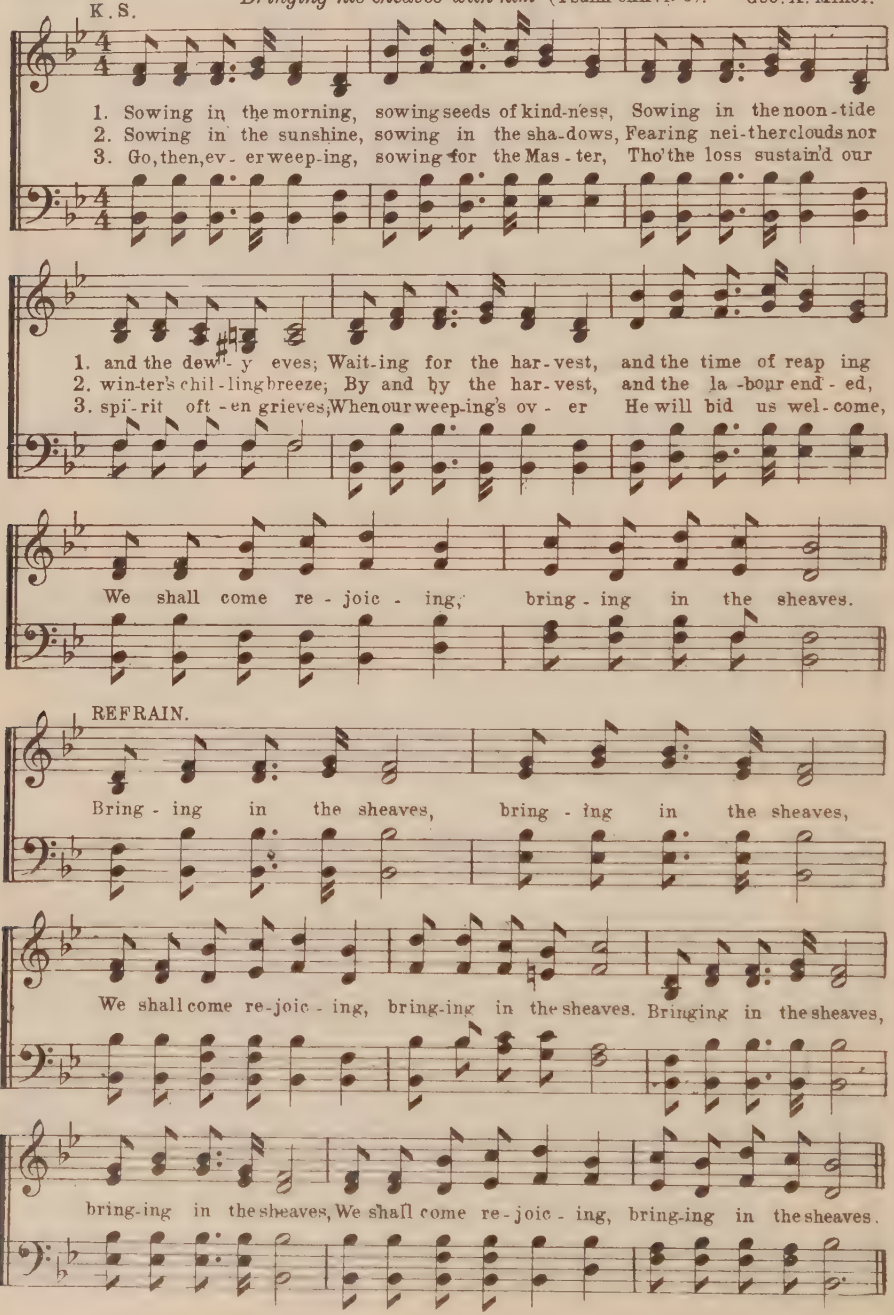
330. SEND THE LIGHT—*continued*.

shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and let its
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and
ra - diant beams Light the world for ev - er - more.
let its ra-diant beams Light the world for ev - ermore.

331. BRING THEM IN.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the de - sert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the de - sert hear their cry; Out on the mountains wild and high;
1. Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
2. Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel - ter'd from the cold?
3. Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find My lambs, wher-e'er they be!"
CHORUS.
1.
2.
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

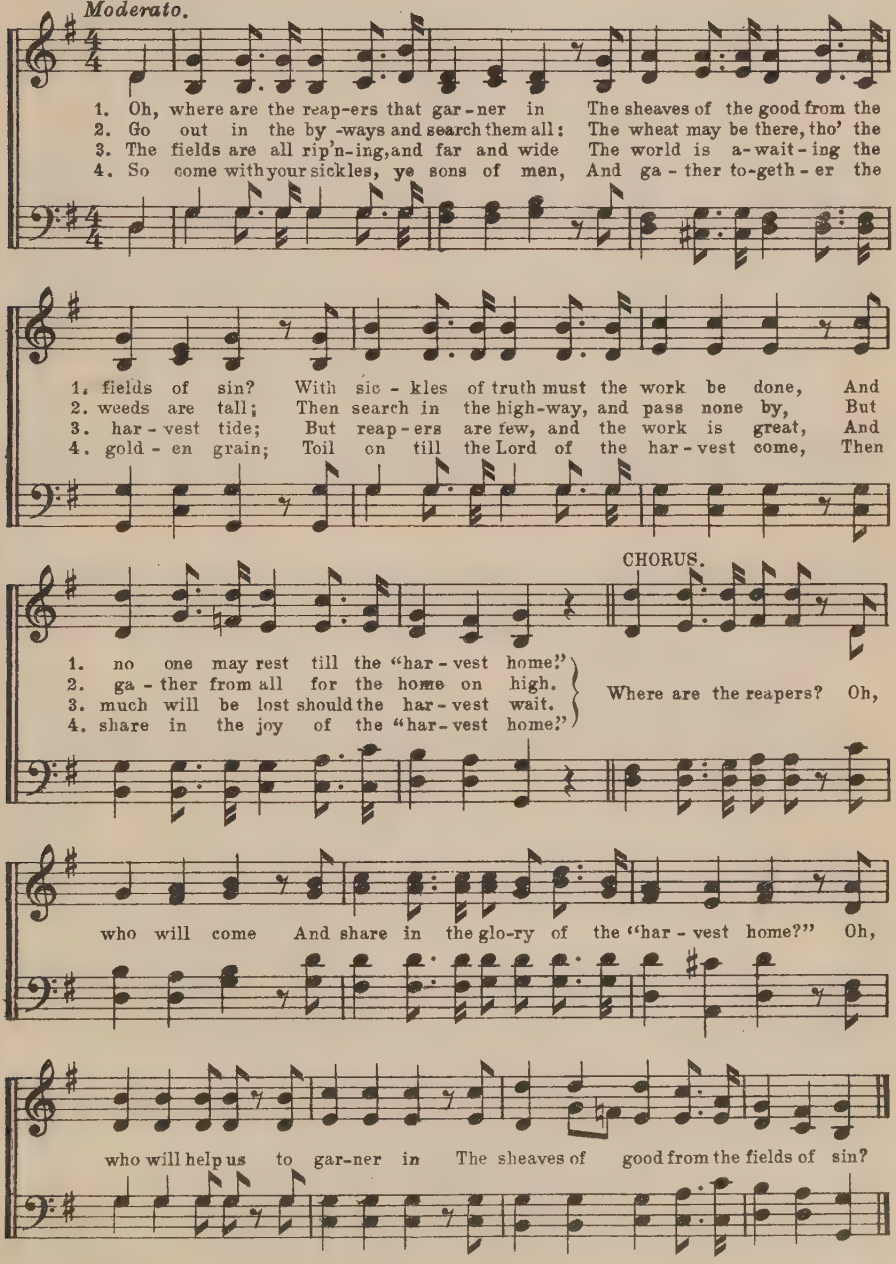
332. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"Bringing his sheaves with him" (Psalm cxxvi. 6). Geo. A. Minor.

K. S.
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the sha-dows, Fearing nei-ther clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our
1. and the dew-y eves; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap ing
2. win-ter's chil-ling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bour end-ed,
3. spi-rit oft-en grieves, When our weep-ing's ov-er He will bid us wel-come,
We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
REFRAIN.
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves,
We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

333. WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

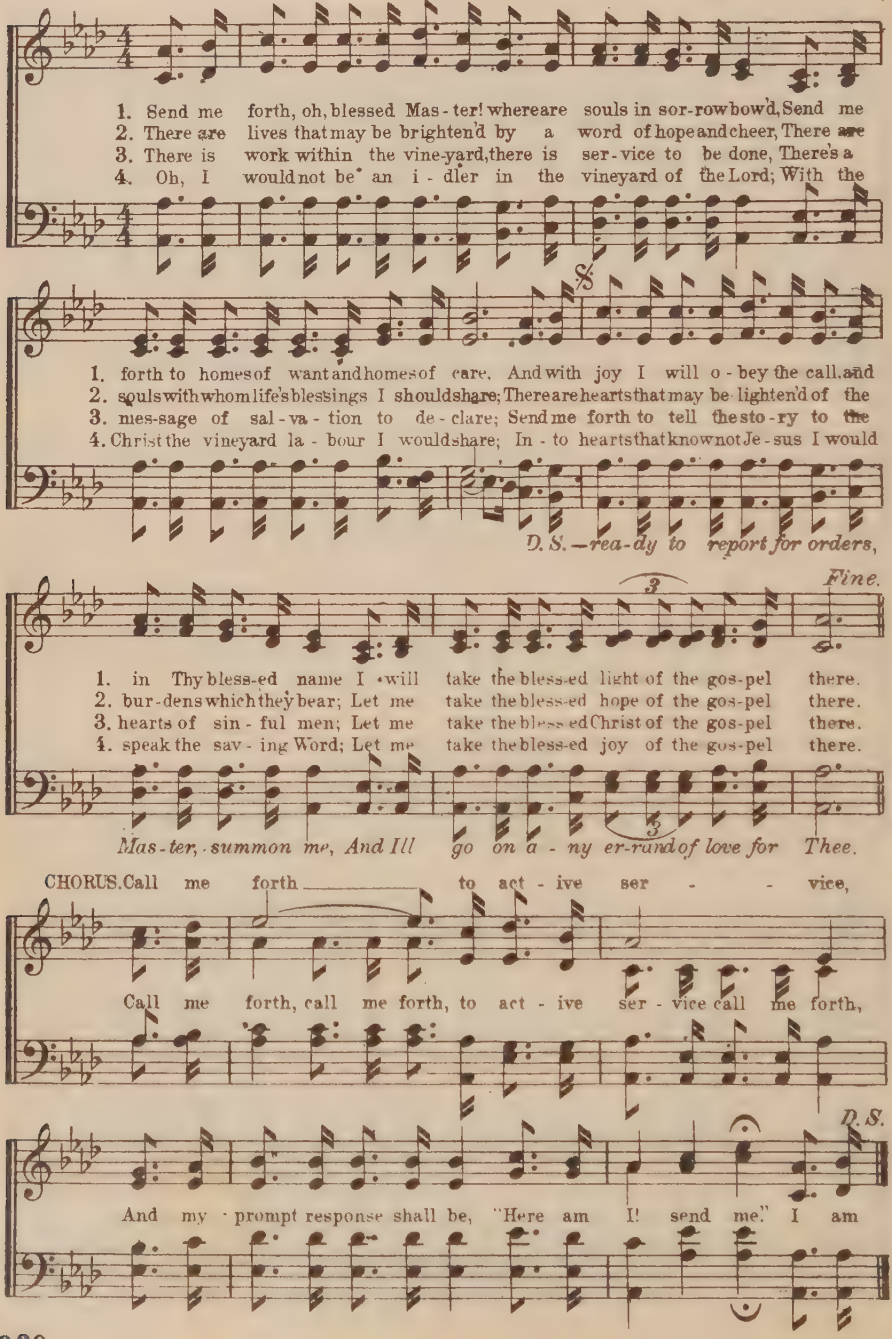
E. E. Rexford. G. F. Root. By Per.

Moderato.


1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good from the
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all: The wheat may be there, tho' the
3. The fields are all rip'n-ing, and far and wide The world is a-wait-ing the
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And ga-ther to-geth-er the
1. fields of sin? With sic-kles of truth must the work be done, And
2. weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But
3. har-vest tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great, And
4. gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come, Then
CHORUS.
1. no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
2. ga-ther from all for the home on high.
3. much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
4. share in the joy of the "har-vest home."
Where are the reapers? Oh,
who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,
who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

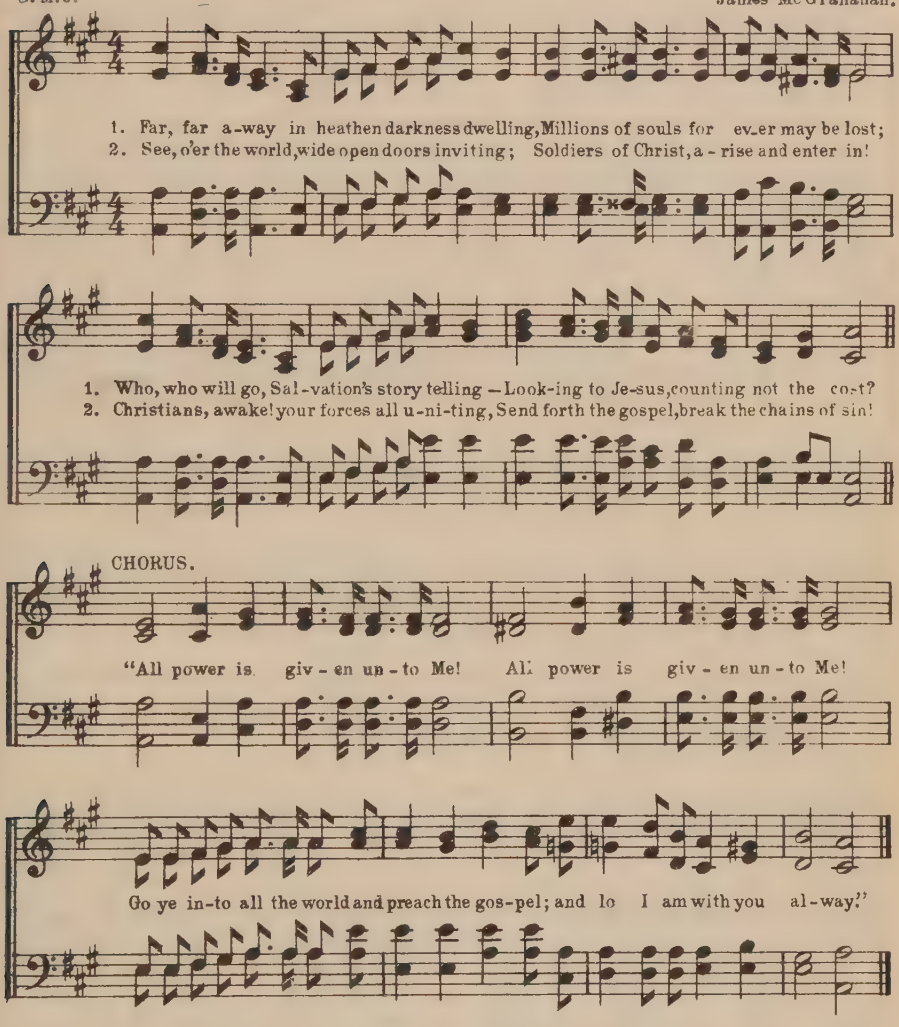
MASTER, USE ME.

334.
E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Send me forth, oh, blessed Mas-ter! where are souls in sor-row bow'd, Send me
2. There are lives that may be brighten'd by a word of hope and cheer, There are
3. There is work within the vine-yard, there is ser-vice to be done, There's a
4. Oh, I would not be an i-dler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the
1. forth to homes of want and homes of care. And with joy I will o-bey the call, and
2. souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lighten'd of the
3. mes-sage of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the sto-ry to the
4. Christ the vineyard la-bour I would share; In-to hearts that know not Je-sus I would
D. S.—rea-dy to report for orders,
Fine.
1. in Thy bless-ed name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos-pel there.
2. bur-dens which they bear; Let me take the bless-ed hope of the gos-pel there.
3. hearts of sin-ful men; Let me take the bless-ed Christ of the gos-pel there.
4. speak the sav-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos-pel there.
Mas-ter, summon me, And I'll go on a-ny er-rand of love for Thee.
CHORUS. Call me forth to act-ive ser-vice,
Call me forth, call me forth, to act-ive ser-vice call me forth,
D. S.
And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me." I am

335. "GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD."

S. M. J. James Mc Granahan.


1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for ev-er may be lost;
2. See, o'er the world, wide open doors inviting; Soldiers of Christ, a-rise and enter in!
1. Who, who will go, Sal-vation's story telling — Look-ing to Je-sus, counting not the cost?
2. Christians, awake! your forces all u-ni-ting, Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin!
CHORUS.
"All power is giv-en un-to Me! All power is giv-en un-to Me!
Go ye in-to all the world and preach the gos-pel; and lo I am with you al-way."

3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling;
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His Name;
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.

4. God speed the day when those of every nation,
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

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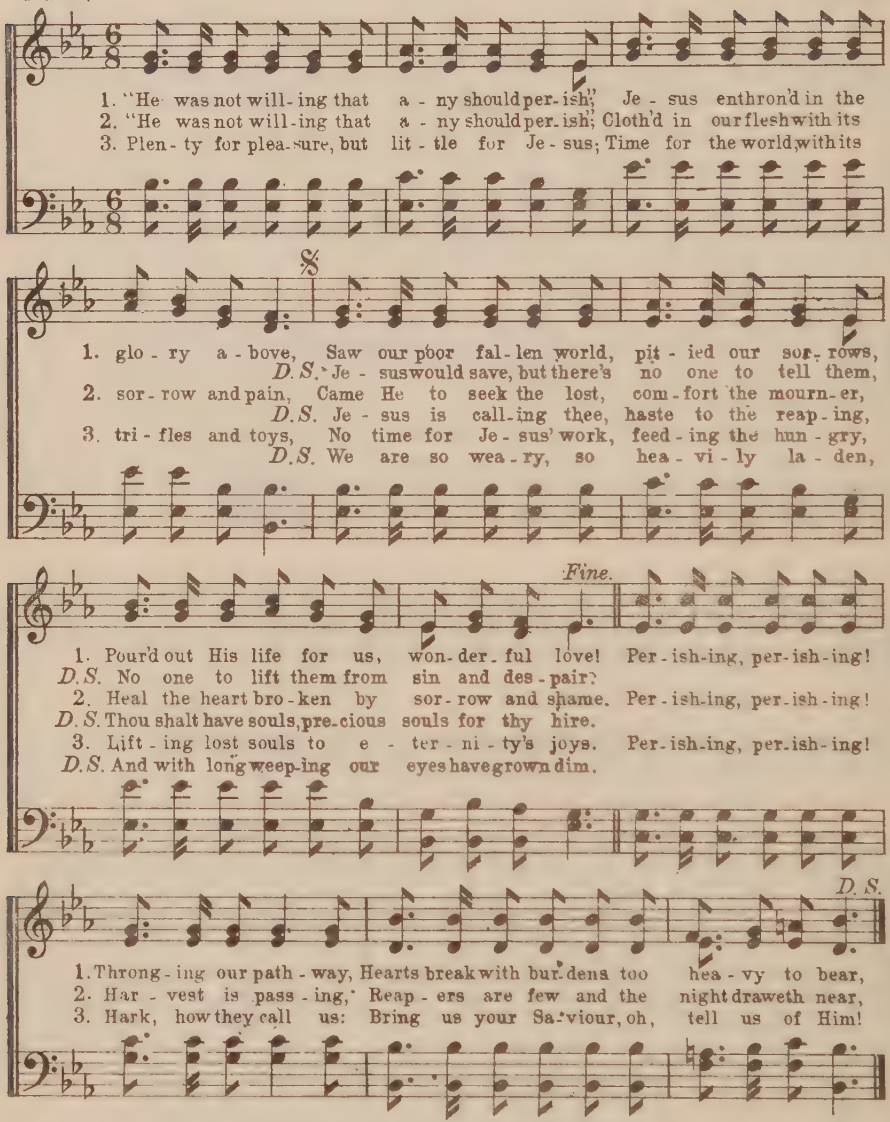
336. HE WAS NOT WILLING.

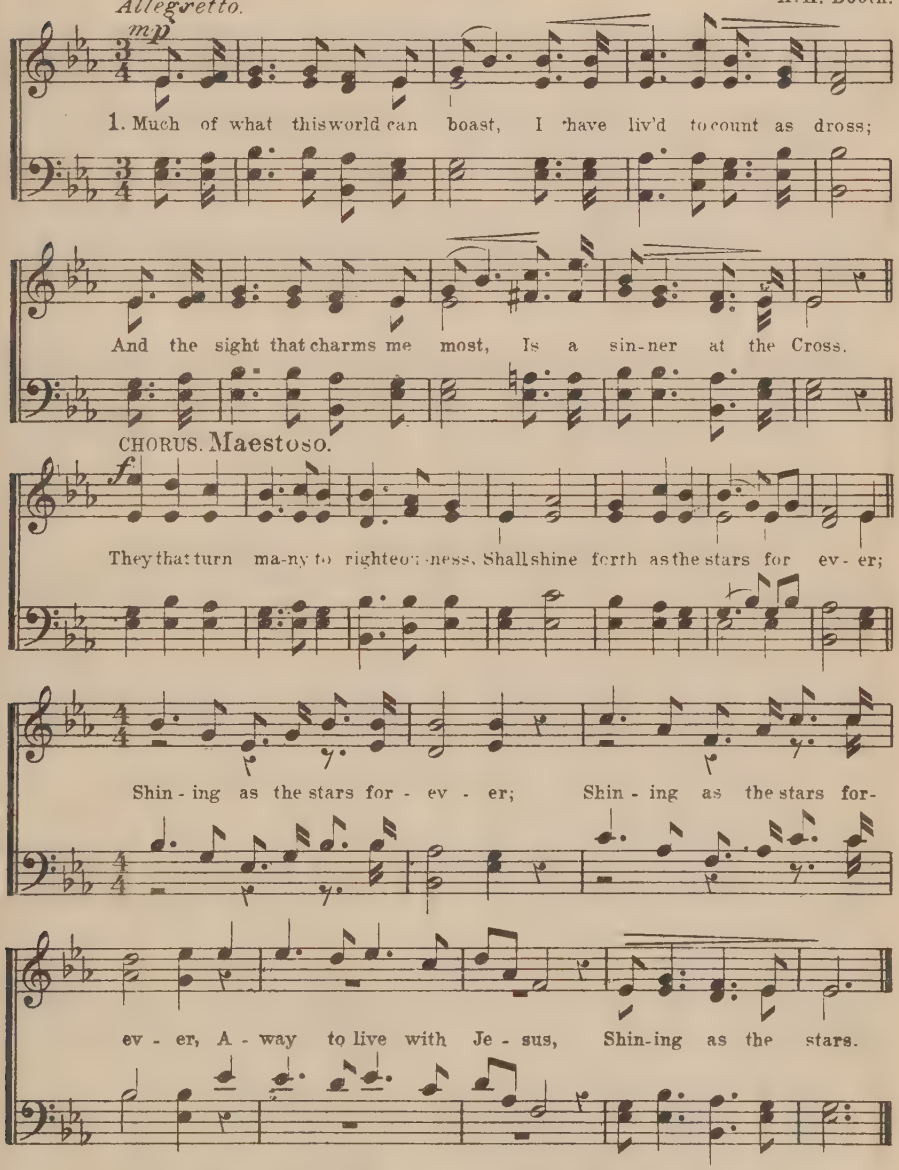
L.R.M. L.R.M.

1. "He was not will-ing that a-ny should per-ish;" Je-sus enthron'd in the
2. "He was not will-ing that a-ny should per-ish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
3. Plen-ty for plea-sure, but lit-tle for Je-sus; Time for the world, with its
1. glo-ry a-bove, Saw our poor fal-len world, pit-ied our sor-rows,
D.S. Je-sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
2. sor-row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com-fort the mourn-er,
D.S. Je-sus is call-ing thee, haste to the reap-ing,
3. tri-fles and toys, No time for Je-sus' work, feed-ing the hun-gry,
D.S. We are so wea-ry, so hea-vi-ly la-den,
Fine.
1. Pour'd out His life for us, won-der-ful love! Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing!
D.S. No one to lift them from sin and des-pair?
2. Heal the heart bro-ken by sor-row and shame. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing!
D.S. Thou shalt have souls, pre-cious souls for thy hire.
3. Lift-ing lost souls to e-ter-ni-ty's joys. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing!
D.S. And with long weep-ing our eyes have grown dim.
D.S.
1. Throng-ing our path-way, Hearts break with bur-dens too hea-vy to bear,
2. Har-vest is pass-ing, Reap-ers are few and the night draweth near,
3. Hark, how they call us: Bring us your Sa-viour, oh, tell us of Him!

4. "He was not willing that any should perish;"
Am I His follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing;
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.

337. SHINING AS THE STARS.

H.H.B.

H. H. Booth.

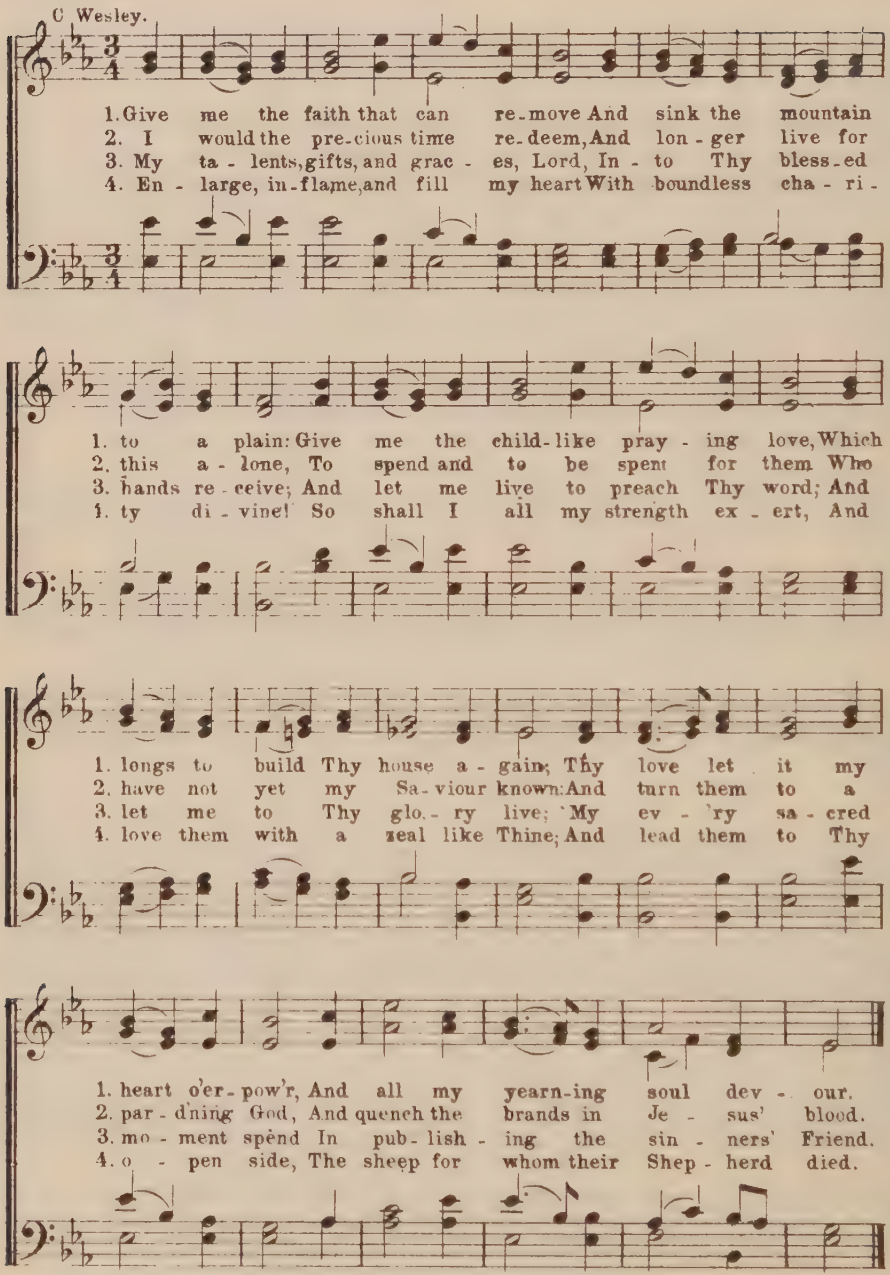

Allegretto.
mp
1. Much of what this world can boast, I have liv'd to count as dross;
And the sight that charms me most, Is a sin-ner at the Cross.
CHORUS. Maestoso.
f
They that turn ma-ny to right-eous-ness, Shall shine forth as the stars for ev-er;
Shin-ing as the stars for-ev-er; Shin-ing as the stars for-
ev-er, A-way to live with Je-sus, Shin-ing as the stars.

2. Sounds of rapture, earthly glee,
Thunder's roll and ocean's wave,
These I've heard, but give to me
Sinners asking Christ to save.

3. Charms and joys once felt and known,
Backward through my life I trace;
But this joy stands out alone—
Sinners found and saved by grace.

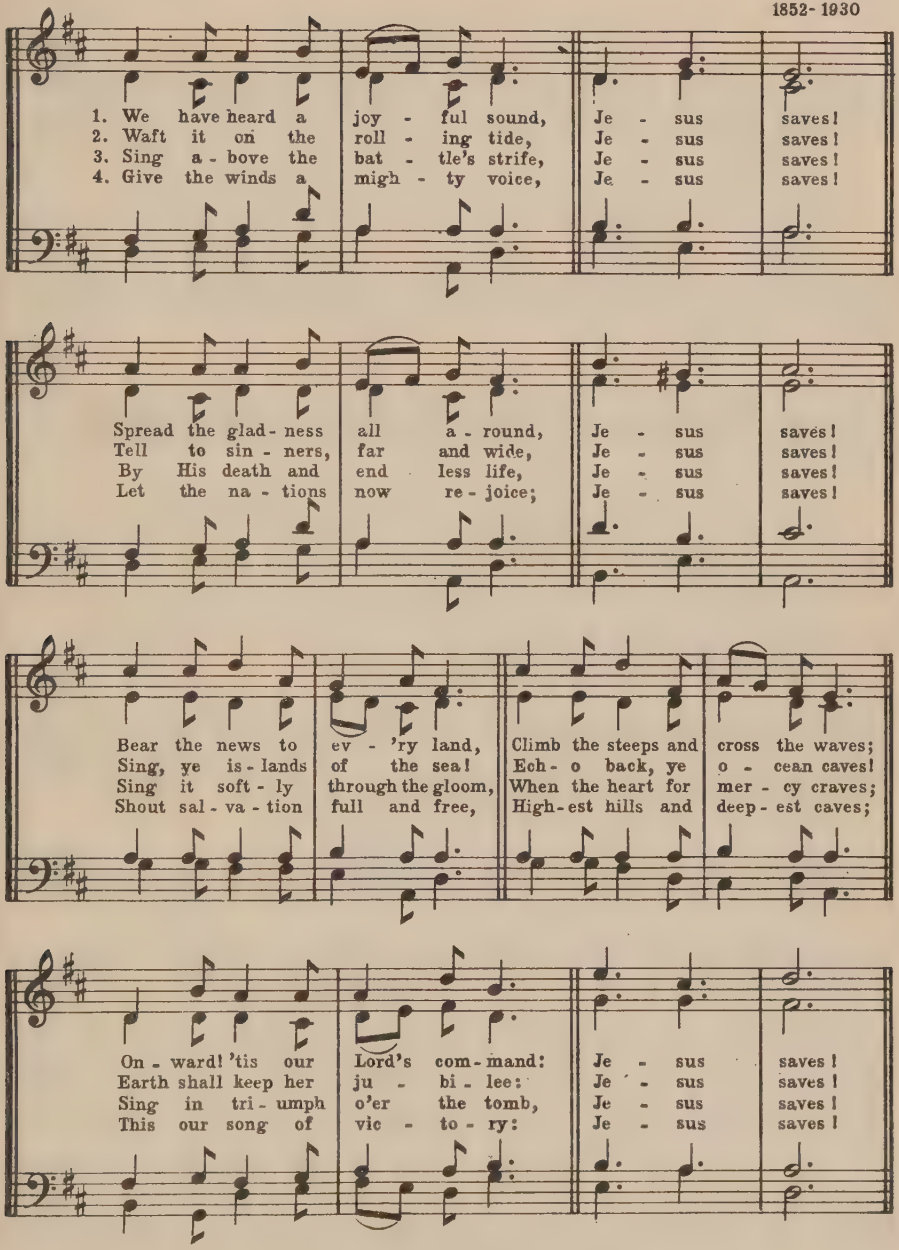
GIVE ME THE FAITH.

338. "STELLA."

C. Wesley.

1. Give me the faith that can re-move And sink the mountain
2. I would the pre-cious time re-deem, And lon-ger live for
3. My ta-lents, gifts, and grac-es, Lord, In-to Thy bless-ed
4. En-large, in-flame, and fill my heart With boundless cha-ri-
1. to a plain: Give me the child-like pray-ing love, Which
2. this a-lone, To spend and to be spent for them Who
3. hands re-ceive; And let me live to preach Thy word; And
4. ty di-vine! So shall I all my strength ex-ert, And
1. longs to build Thy house a-gain; Thy love let it my
2. have not yet my Sa-viour known: And turn them to a
3. let me to Thy glo.-ry live; My ev-'ry sa-cred
4. love them with a zeal like Thine; And lead them to Thy
1. heart o'er-pow'r, And all my yearn-ing soul dev-our.
2. par-d'ning God, And quench the brands in Je-sus' blood.
3. mo-ment spend In pub-lish-ing the sin-ners' Friend.
4. o-pen side, The sheep for whom their Shep-herd died.

339 JESUS SAVES!

"LIMPSFIELD"

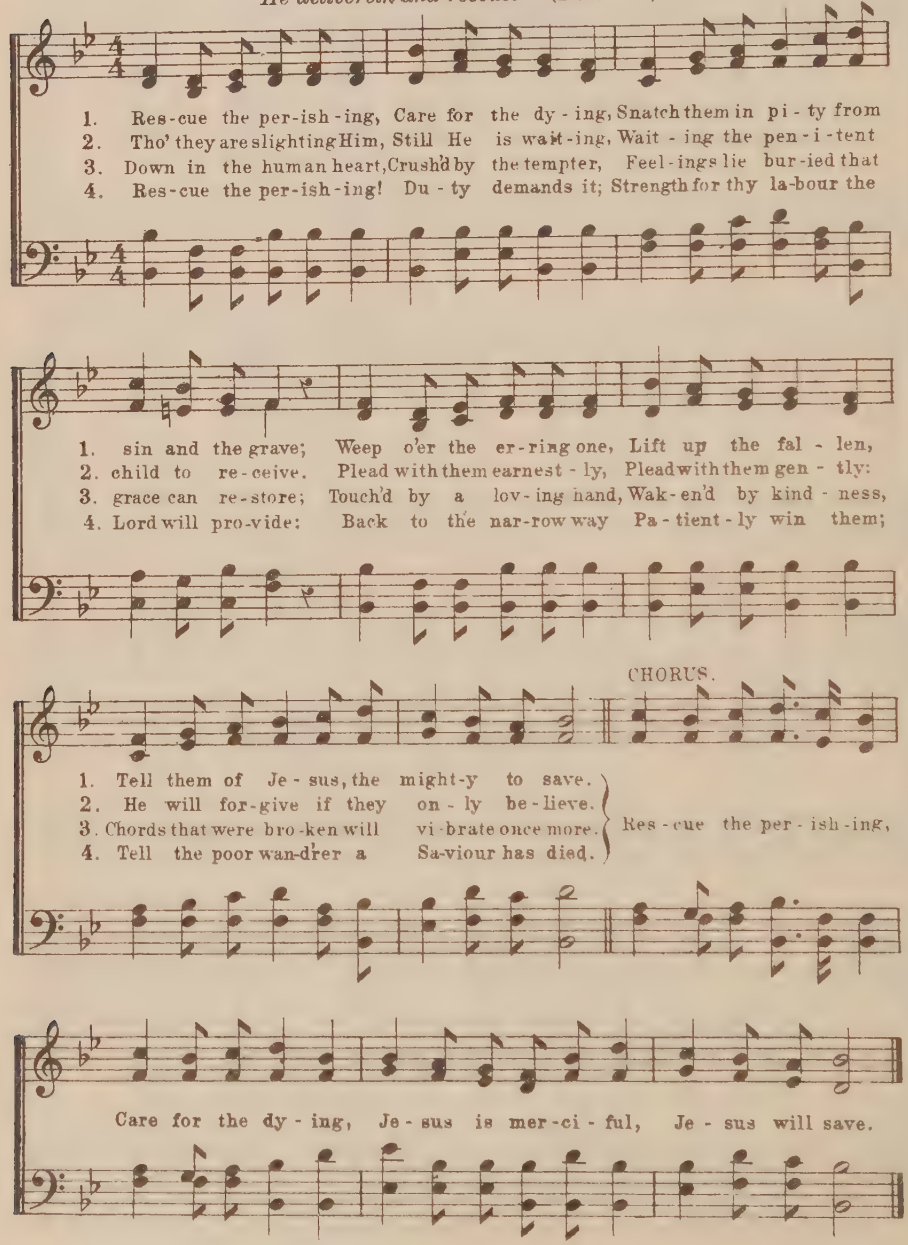
Priscilla J. Owens. Josiah Booth. 1852-1930

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a migh - ty voice, Je - sus saves!
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice; Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea! Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves!
Sing it soft - ly through the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On - ward! 'tis our Lord's com - mand: Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry: Je - sus saves!

By permission of the Trustees of the Revised Church Hymnary.

340. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

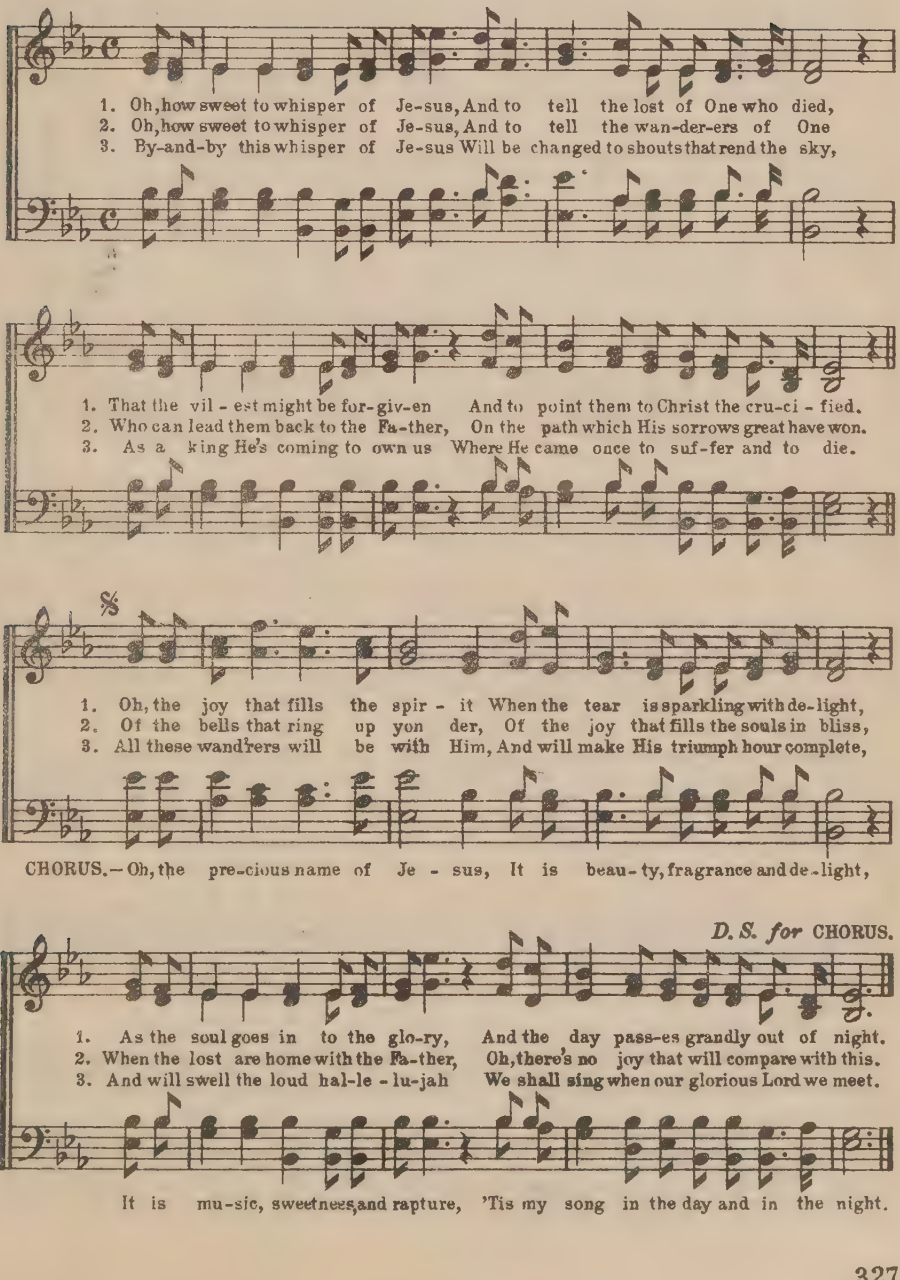
F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane. By per.

"He delivereth and rescueth" (Dan. vi. 27).

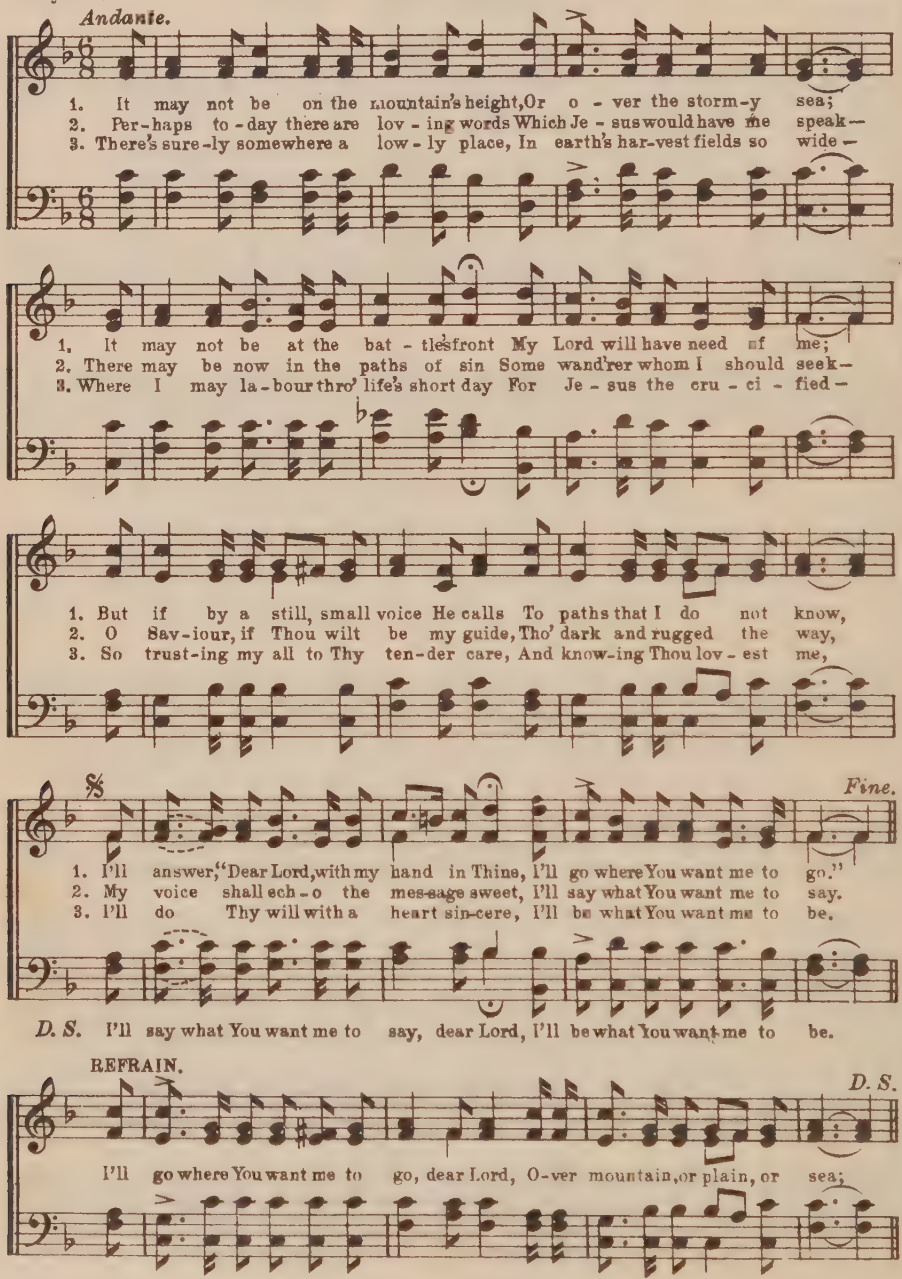

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pi-ty from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive.
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store;
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing! Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bour the Lord will pro-vide:
Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fal-len,
Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
Touch'd by a lov-ing hand, Wak-en'd by kind-ness,
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
1. Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save.
2. He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
3. Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
4. Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sa-viour has died.
Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Care for the dy-ing, Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

341. THE PRECIOUS NAME.

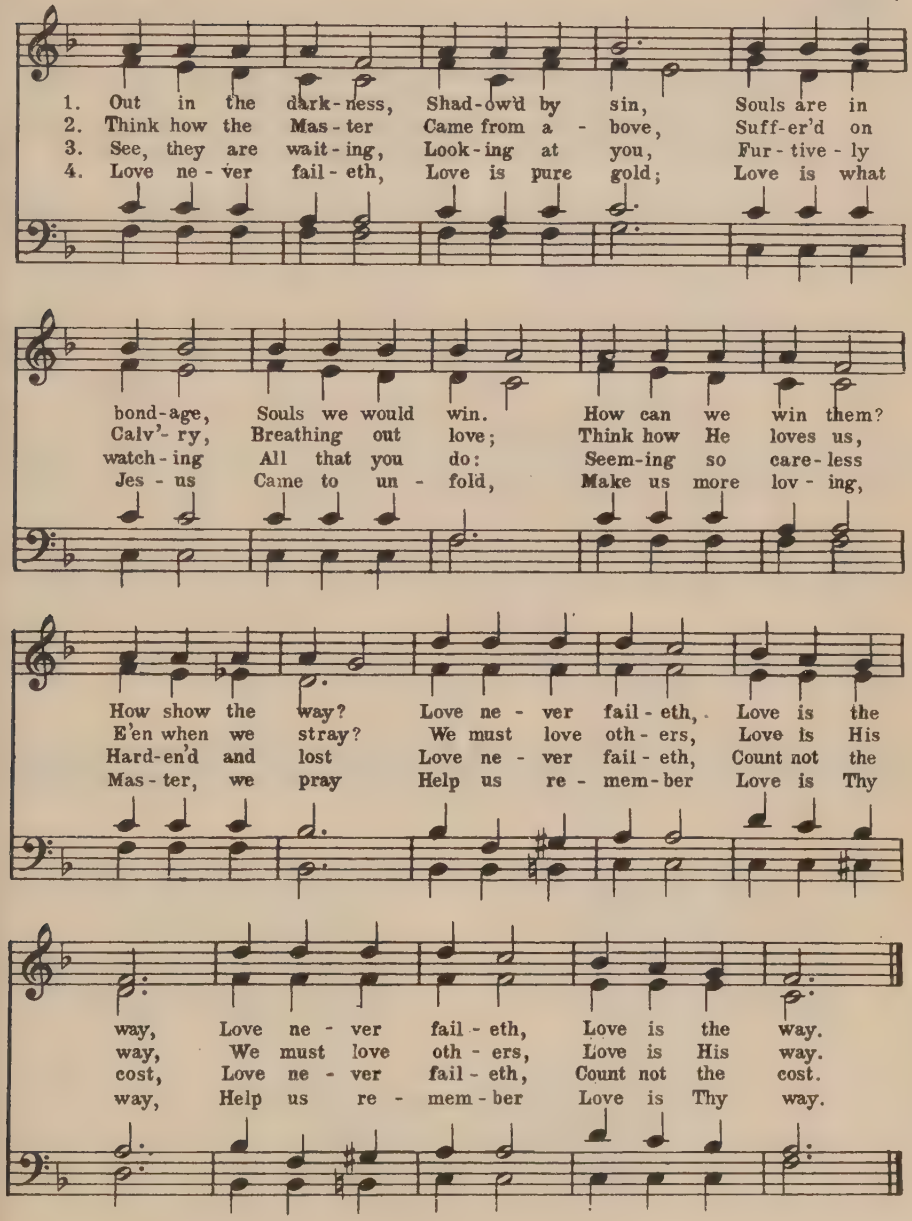
J. Wakefield MacGill.


1. Oh, how sweet to whisper of Je-sus, And to tell the lost of One who died,
2. Oh, how sweet to whisper of Je-sus, And to tell the wan-der-ers of One
3. By-and-by this whisper of Je-sus Will be changed to shouts that rend the sky,
1. That the vil - est might be for-giv-en And to point them to Christ the cru-ci - fied.
2. Who can lead them back to the Fa-ther, On the path which His sorrows great have won.
3. As a king He's coming to own us Where He came once to suf-fer and to die.
1. Oh, the joy that fills the spir - it When the tear is sparkling with de-light,
2. Of the bells that ring up yon der, Of the joy that fills the souls in bliss,
3. All these wand'rers will be with Him, And will make His triumph hour complete,
CHORUS.—Oh, the pre-cious name of Je - sus, It is beau-ty, fragrance and de-light,
D. S. for CHORUS.
1. As the soul goes in to the glo-ry, And the day pass-es grandly out of night.
2. When the lost are home with the Fa-ther, Oh, there's no joy that will compare with this.
3. And will swell the loud hal-le - lu-jah We shall sing when our glorious Lord we meet.
It is mu-sic, sweetness, and rapture, 'Tis my song in the day and in the night.

342. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME.

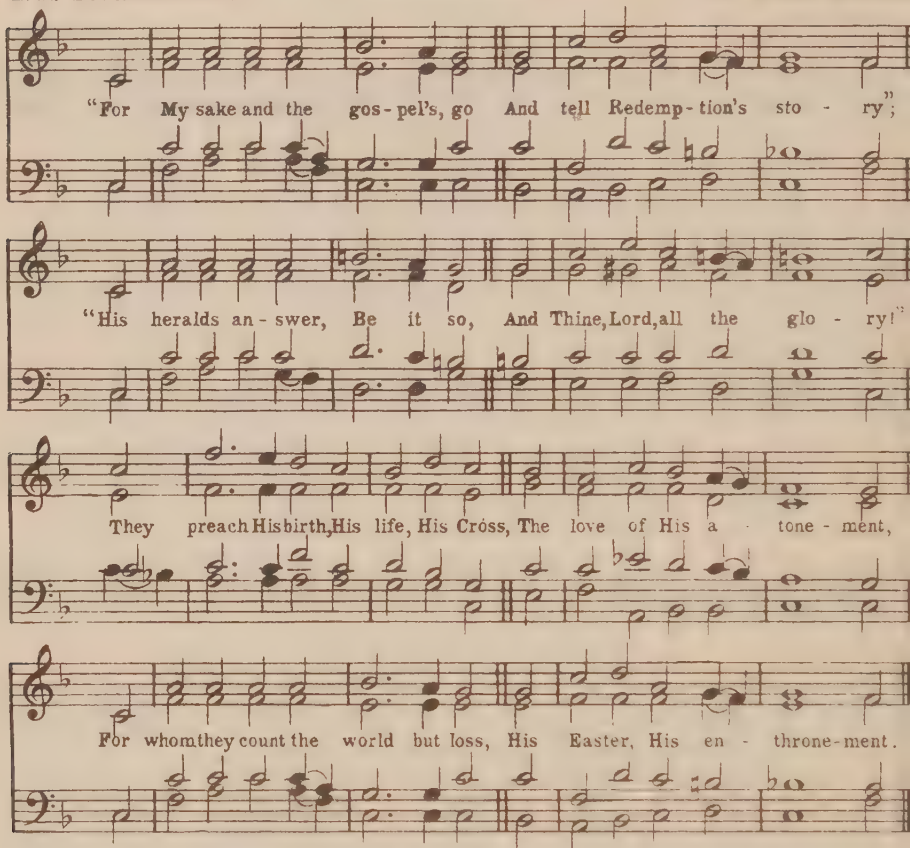
Mary Brown. "CONSECRATION." Carrie F. Rounsefell.

Andante.
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak—
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's har-vest fields so wide—
1. It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
2. There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
3. Where I may la-bour thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—
1. But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
2. O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
3. So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
1. I'll answer, "Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go."
2. My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
3. I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.
Fine.
D. S. I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

343. OUT IN THE DARKNESS.

F. KIRKLAND. KOSCHAT.

1. Out in the dark-ness, Shad-ow'd by sin, Souls are in bond-age, Souls we would win. How can we win them?
2. Think how the Mas-ter Came from a - bove, Suff-er'd on Calv'-ry, Breathing out love; Think how He loves us,
3. See, they are wait-ing, Look-ing at you, Fur-tive-ly watch-ing All that you do: Seem-ing so care-less
4. Love ne-ver fail-eth, Love is pure gold; Love is what Jes-us Came to un-fold, Make us more lov-ing,
How show the way? Love ne-ver fail-eth, Love is the
E'en when we stray? We must love oth-ers, Love is His
Hard-en'd and lost Love ne-ver fail-eth, Count not the
Mas-ter, we pray Help us re-mem-ber Love is Thy
way, Love ne-ver fail-eth, Love is the way.
way, We must love oth-ers, Love is His way.
cost, Love ne-ver fail-eth, Count not the cost.
way, Help us re-mem-ber Love is Thy way.

344. FOR MY SAKE.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. BISHOPSGARTH. Sir Arthur Sullivan.


"For My sake and the gos-pel's, go And tell Redemp-tion's sto - ry";
"His heralds an-swer, Be it so, And Thine, Lord, all the glo - ry!"
They preach His birth, His life, His Cross, The love of His a - tone-ment,
For whom they count the world but loss, His Easter, His en - throne-ment.

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2. Hark, hark, the trump of Jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation:
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly Dayspring, thro' the gloom,
Breaks on the night of ages.

3. Still on and on the anthems spread
Of Hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph song are singing.

4. He comes, whose advent trumpet drowns
The last of time's evangels;
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns
The Lord of saints and angels;
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never:
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever.

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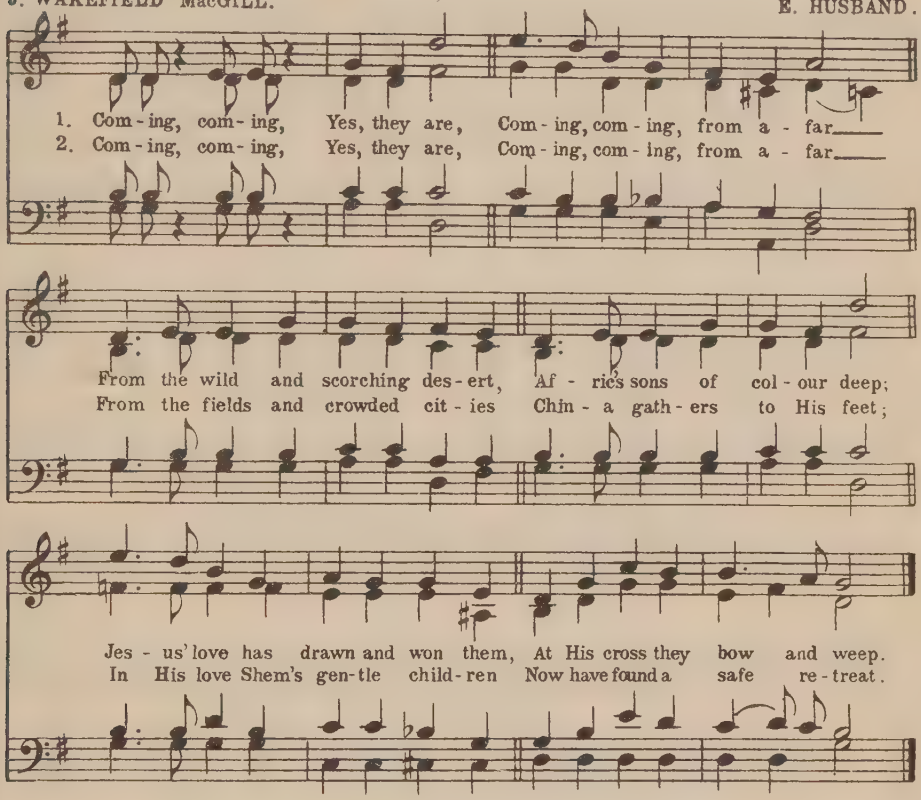
COMING, COMING, YES THEY ARE.

345.

J. WAKEFIELD MacGILL. E. HUSBAND.


1. Com-ing, com-ing, Yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a-far
2. Com-ing, com-ing, Yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a-far
From the wild and scorching des-ert, Af-ric's sons of col-our deep;
From the fields and crowded cit-ies Chin-a gath-ers to His feet;
Jes-us' love has drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
In His love Shem's gen-tle child-ren Now have found a safe re-treat.

3. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the Indus and the Ganges,
Steady flows the living stream,
To love's ocean, to His bosom,
Calvary their wond'ring theme.

4. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the steppes of Russia dreary,
From Slavonia's scattered lands,
They are yielding soul and spirit
Into Jesus' loving hands.

5. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the frozen realms of midnight,
Over many a weary mile,
To exchange their soul's long winter
For the summer of His smile.

6. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
All to meet in plains of glory,
All to sing His praises sweet;
What a chorus, what a meeting,
With the family complete.

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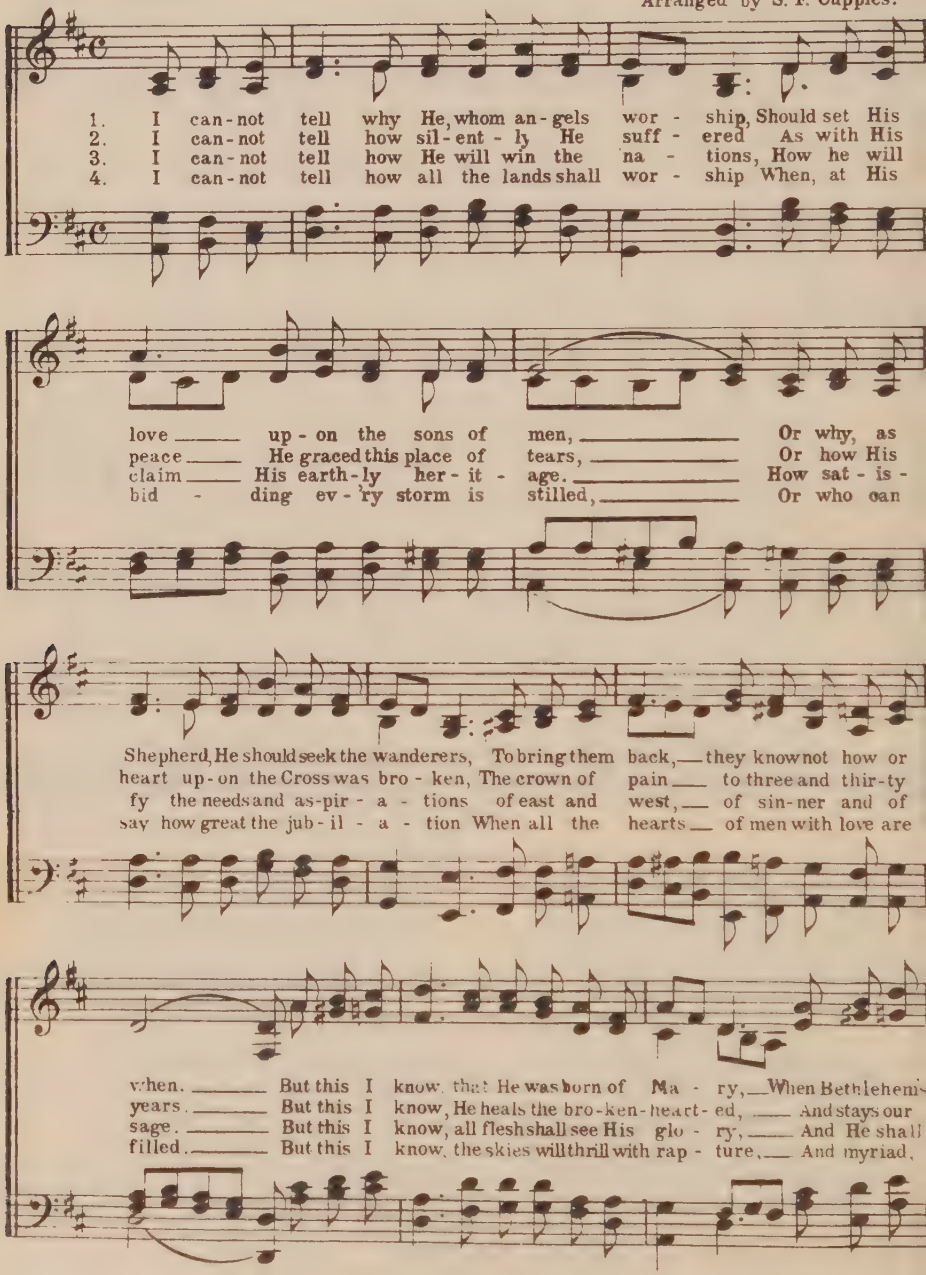
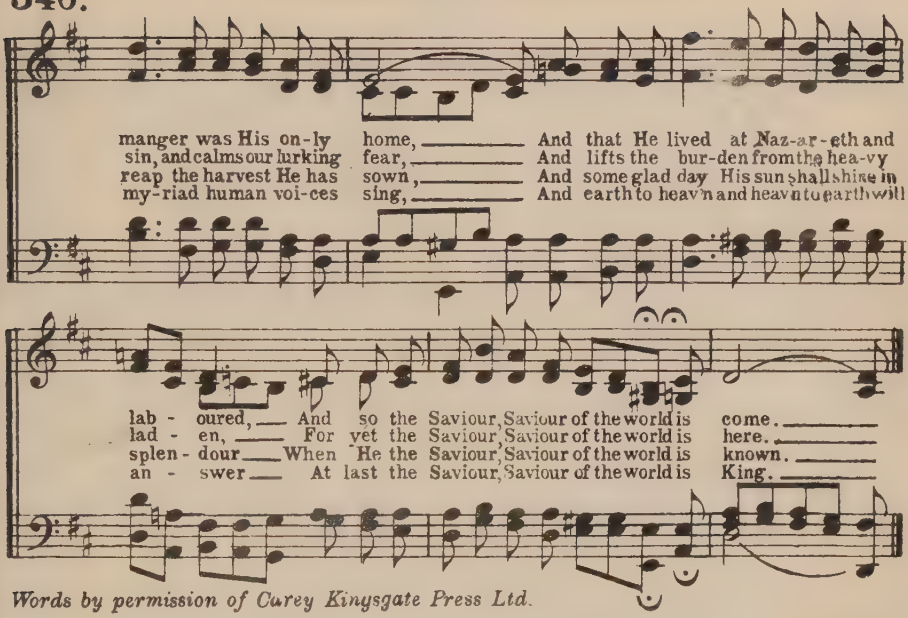
346. I CANNOT TELL.

W. Y. FULLERTON.

Londonderry Air
Arranged by S. F. Cupples.


1. I can-not tell why He, whom an-gels wor - ship, Should set His
2. I can-not tell how sil-ent - ly He suff - ered As with His
3. I can-not tell how He will win the na - tions, How he will
4. I can-not tell how all the lands shall wor - ship When, at His
love up - on the sons of men, Or why, as
peace He graced this place of tears, Or how His
claim His earth-ly her - it - age. How sat - is -
bid - ding ev - 'ry storm is stilled, Or who can
Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers, To bring them back, they know not how or
heart up-on the Cross was bro - ken, The crown of pain to three and thir-ty
fy the needs and as-pir - a - tions of east and west, of sin-ner and of
say how great the jub-il - a - tion When all the hearts of men with love are
when. But this I know, that He was born of Ma - ry, When Bethlehem's
years. But this I know, He heals the bro-ken-heart - ed, And stays our
sage. But this I know, all flesh shall see His glo - ry, And He shall
filled. But this I know, the skies will thrill with rap - ture, And myriad,

346. I CANNOT TELL (continued)

manger was His on-ly home, And that He lived at Naz-ar-eth and
sin, and calms our lurking fear, And lifts the bur-den from the hea-vy
reap the harvest He has sown, And some glad day His sun shall shine in
my-riad human voi-ces sing, And earth to heav'n and heav'n to earth will
lab - oured, And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world is come.
lad - en, For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world is here.
splen - dour When He the Saviour, Saviour of the world is known.
an - swer At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world is King.

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YOU ASK ME WHY.

347.

1. You ask me why I see no charm nor glory
   In this world's pleasures or its wealth and fame?
   And why I love that Galilean story
   Of One who died upon a Cross of shame?
   It is because my soul hath known her sinning,
   The grief and darkness of that cry undone,
   And at that Cross has found a new beginning,
   Life through the death of that dear Dying One.

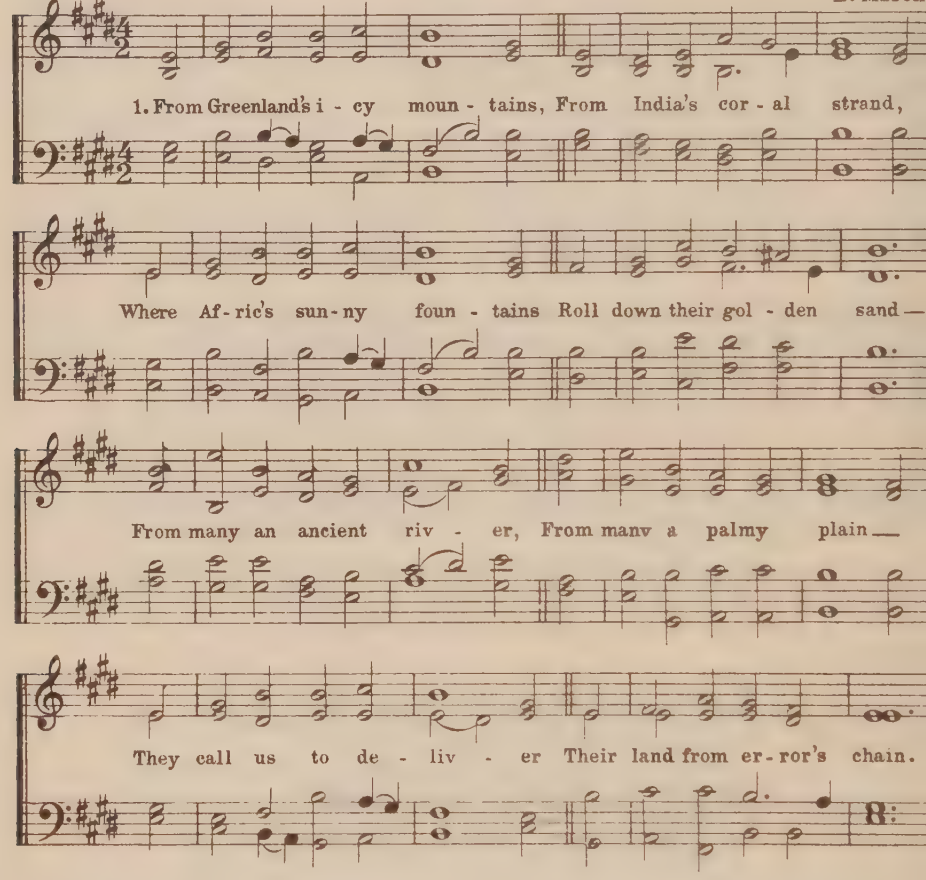
2. You ask me why I find no rest nor gladness
   In paths where selfish ease would while my hours?
   And why I toil where hearts in bitter sadness
   Lie crushed beneath sin's fierce o erwhelming powers?
   It is because I know Life's thread is slender,
   But one short hour, one little stretch of road.
   Then yearns my heart with love divinely tender,
   To seek the lost and bring them home to God.

3. You ask me why what gifts I have, what graces
   Are poured an offering at His holy feet,
   And why I brave the cold contemptuous faces
   Of those who love this world and find it sweet.
   It is because I see a distant morning
   When stand God's sons around His jasper throne;
   I see bright crowns those holy brows adorning,
   And I, too, long to hear my Lord's "Well done!"

E. M. GOVAN.

348. THE JOYFUL SOUND PROCLAIM.

R. Heber. "HEBER." L. Mason


1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From India's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gol - den sand—
From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain—
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

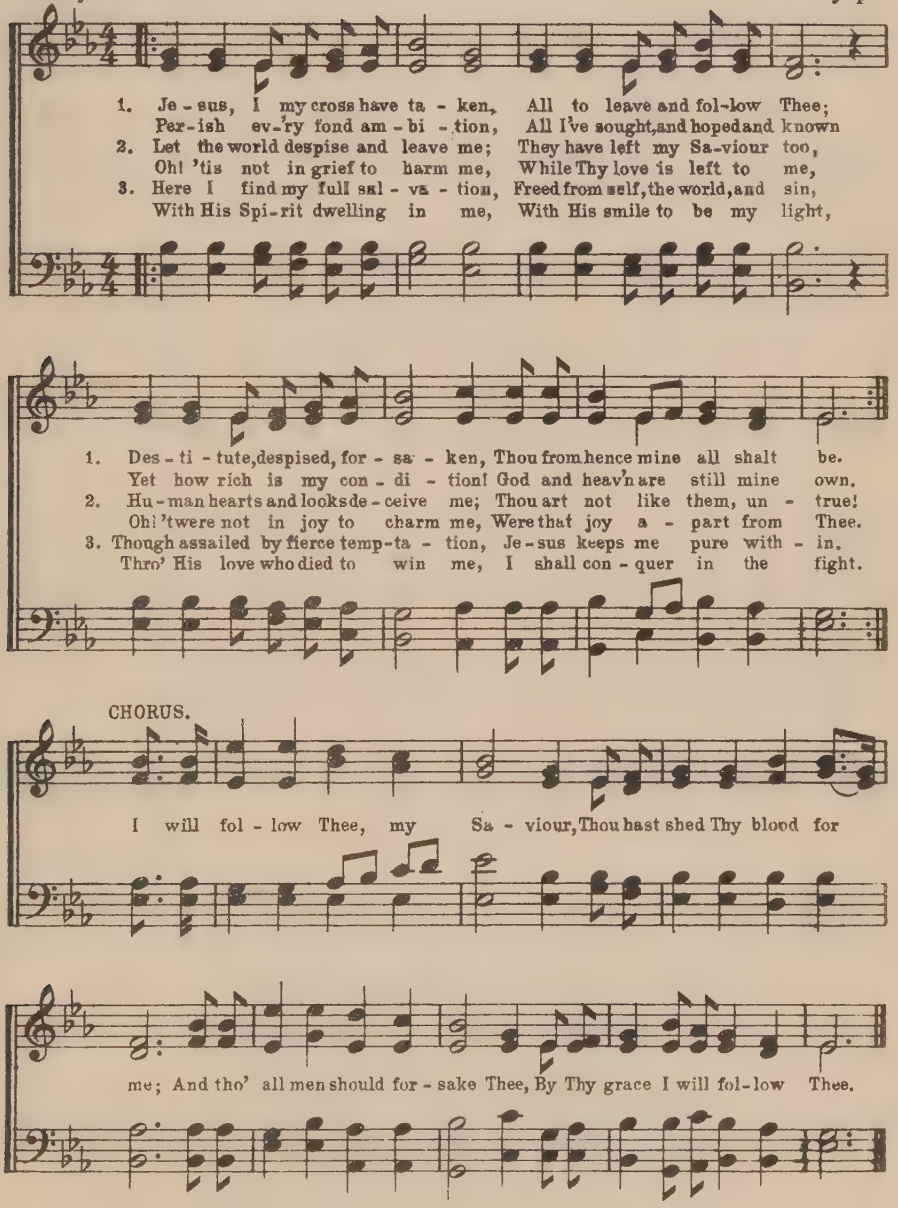
2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every object pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high —
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

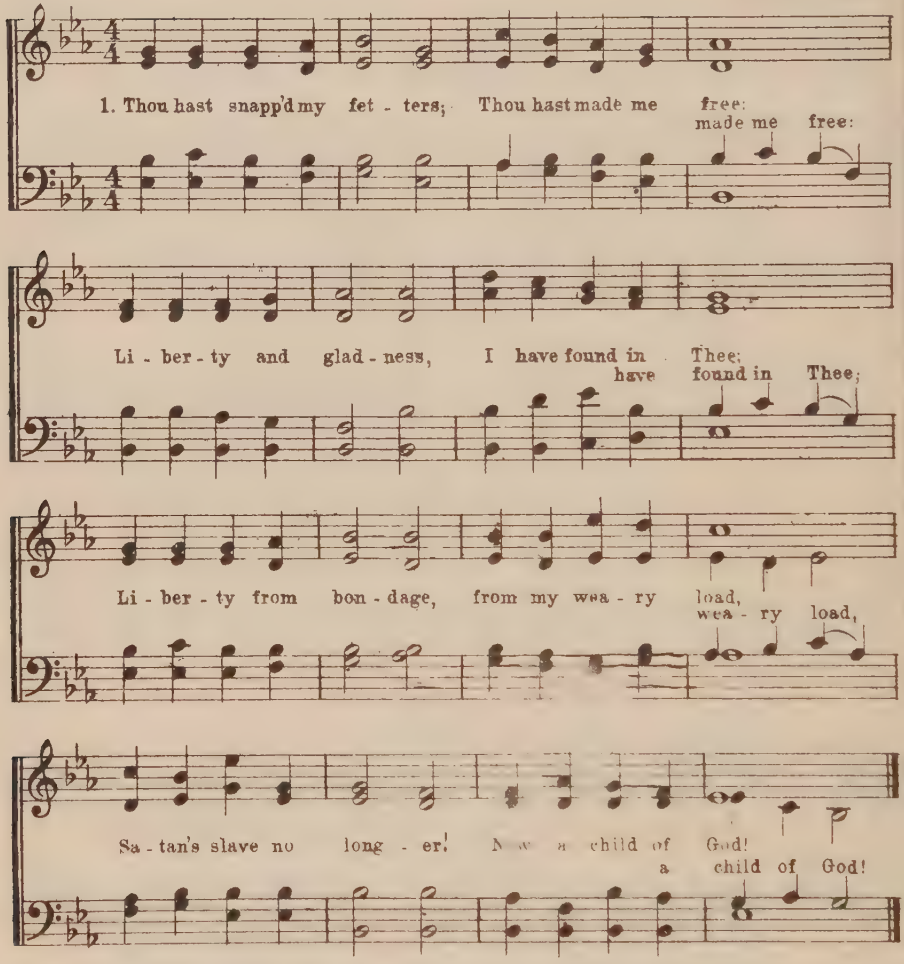
349. I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

H. F. Lyte. By per.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
Per-ish ev-'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped and known
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Sa-viour too,
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me,
3. Here I find my full sal - va - tion, Freed from self, the world, and sin,
With His Spi-rit dwelling in me, With His smile to be my light,
1. Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence mine all shalt be.
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still mine own.
2. Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not like them, un - true!
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy a - part from Thee.
3. Though assailed by fierce temp-ta - tion, Je - sus keeps me pure with - in.
Thro' His love who died to win me, I shall con - quer in the fight.
CHORUS.
I will fol - low Thee, my Sa - viour, Thou hast shed Thy blood for
me; And tho' all men should for - sake Thee, By Thy grace I will fol-low Thee.

THOU HAST SNAPPED MY FETTERS.

350.

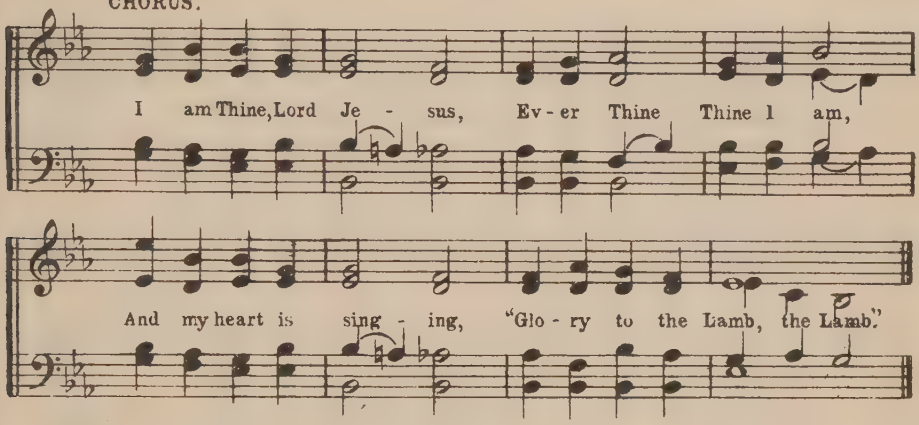
Harmonized by
Jas. Mc. W. Bonnar.

1. Thou hast snapp'd my fet - ters; Thou hast made me free:
made me free:
Li - ber - ty and glad - ness, I have found in Thee:
have found in Thee;
Li - ber - ty from bon - dage, from my wea - ry load,
wea - ry load,
Sa - tan's slave no long - er! Now a child of God!
a child of God!

2. Living in the sunshine, shining in Thy light,
Fighting as Thy soldier, mighty in Thy might;
Going on Thy mission, pointing men to Thee,
Telling of the Saviour who can set them free.

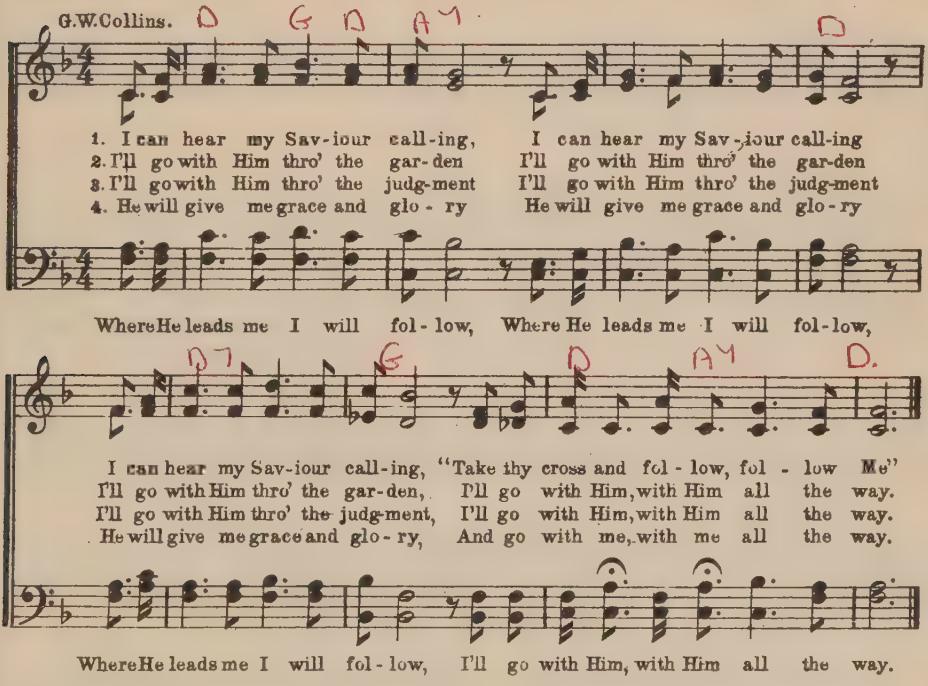
3. Such the life, Lord Jesus, I would ever live,
Such the grateful tribute I would ever give;
Witnessing for Thee, Lord, every-where I go
Of the Blood that cleanseth, washing white as snow.

4. And when life is ended, when the victory's won,
When I hear from Thee, Lord, the glad words, "Well done,"
With what joy and rapture shall I sing of Thee,
Who from sin's dark chains didst set my spirit free!

350. THOU HAST SNAPPED MY FETTERS *continued.*

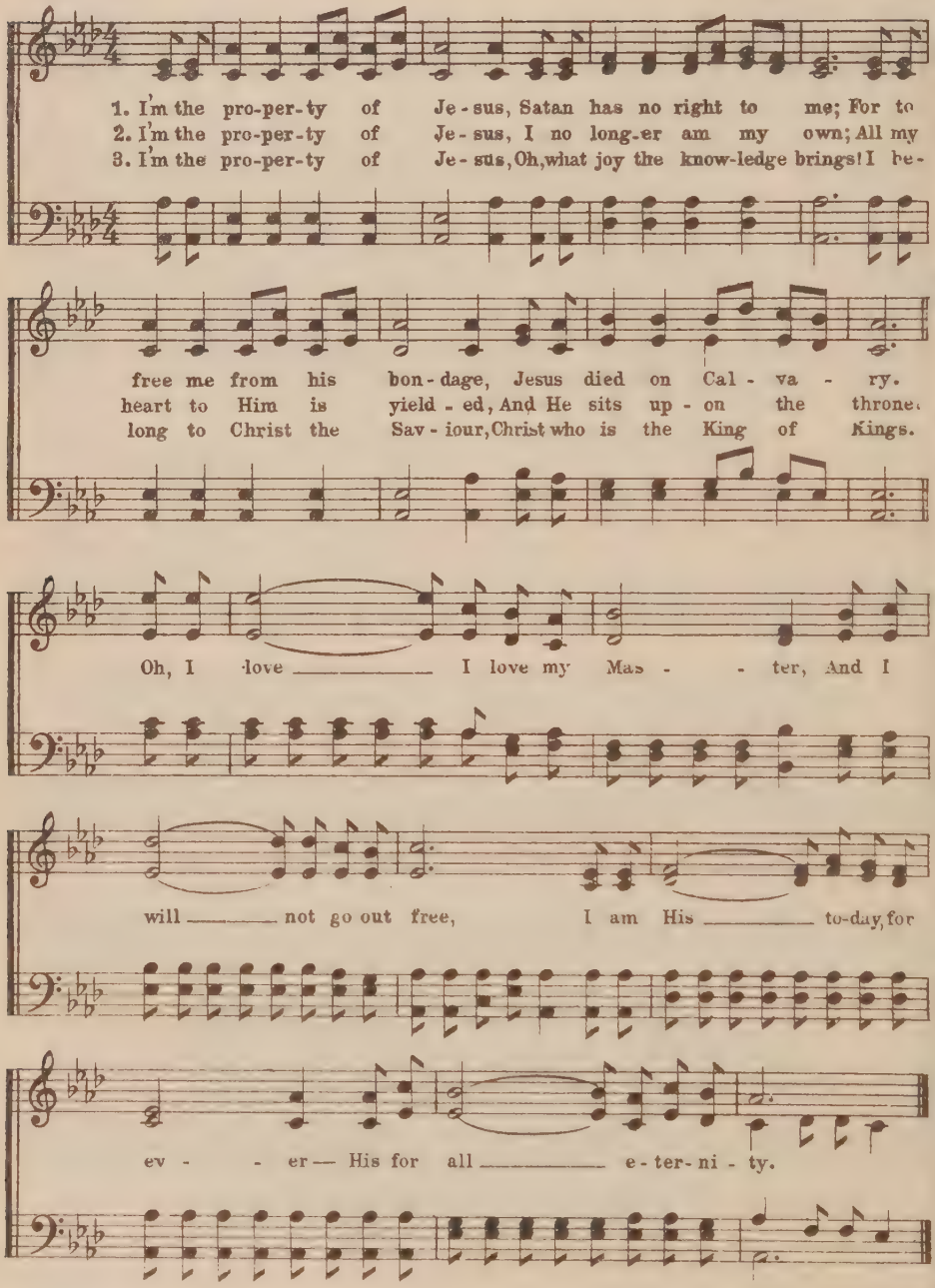
CHORUS.

351. I CAN HEAR MY SAVIOUR CALLING.

G. W. Collins.


D G D A7 D
1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry He will give me grace and glo-ry
Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
D7 G D A7 D.
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me"
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

352. "I WILL NOT GO OUT FREE."

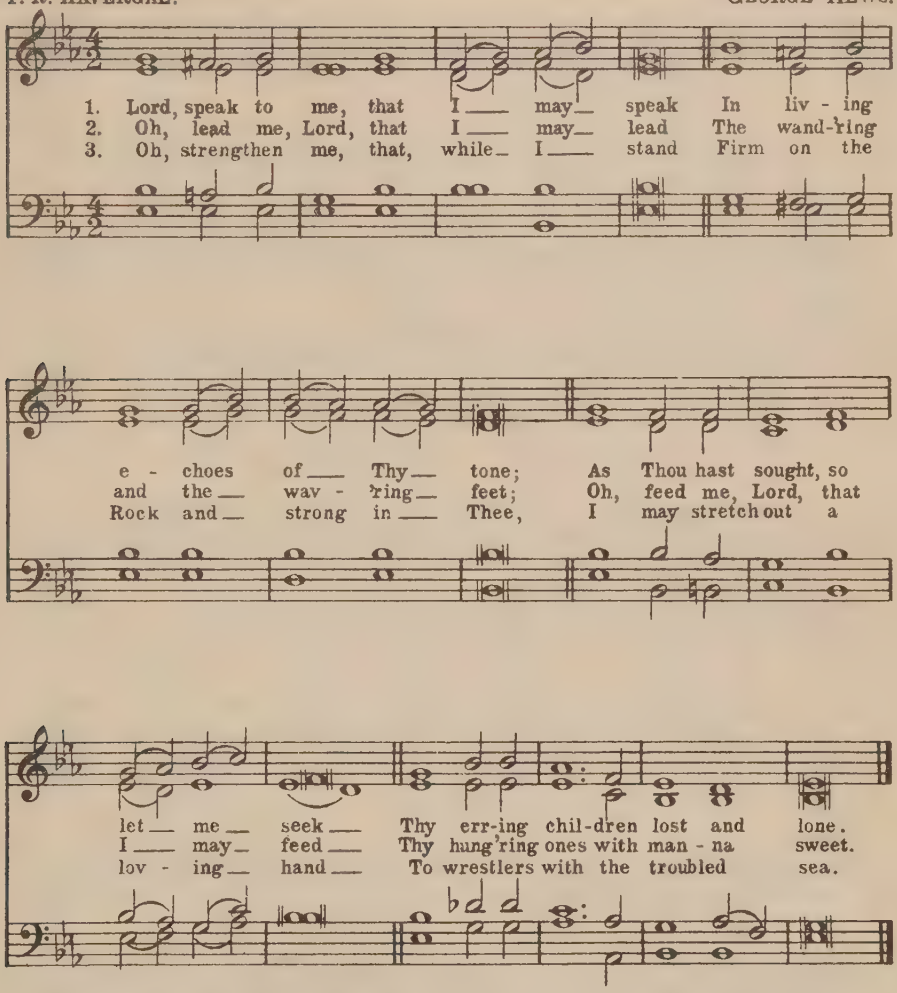
J. H. Watson. E. A. Hoffmann. arr.


1. I'm the pro-per-ty of Je-sus, Satan has no right to me; For to
2. I'm the pro-per-ty of Je-sus, I no long-er am my own; All my
3. I'm the pro-per-ty of Je-sus, Oh, what joy the know-ledge brings! I be-
free me from his bon-dage, Jesus died on Cal-va-ry.
heart to Him is yield-ed, And He sits up-on the throne.
long to Christ the Sav-iour, Christ who is the King of Kings.
Oh, I love I love my Mas-ter, And I
will not go out free, I am His to-day, for
ev-er— His for all e-ter-ni-ty.

353. LORD SPEAK TO ME.

HOLLY.

F. R. HAVERGAL. GEORGE HEWS.


1. Lord, speak to me, that I ___ may ___ speak In liv - ing
2. Oh, lead me, Lord, that I ___ may ___ lead The wand-'ring
3. Oh, strengthen me, that, while ___ I ___ stand Firm on the
e - choes of ___ Thy ___ tone; As Thou hast sought, so
and the ___ wav - 'ring ___ feet; Oh, feed me, Lord, that
Rock and ___ strong in ___ Thee, I may stretch out a
let ___ me ___ seek ___ Thy err-ing chil-dren lost and lone.
I ___ may ___ feed ___ Thy hung'ring ones with man - na sweet.
lov - ing ___ hand ___ To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4. Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

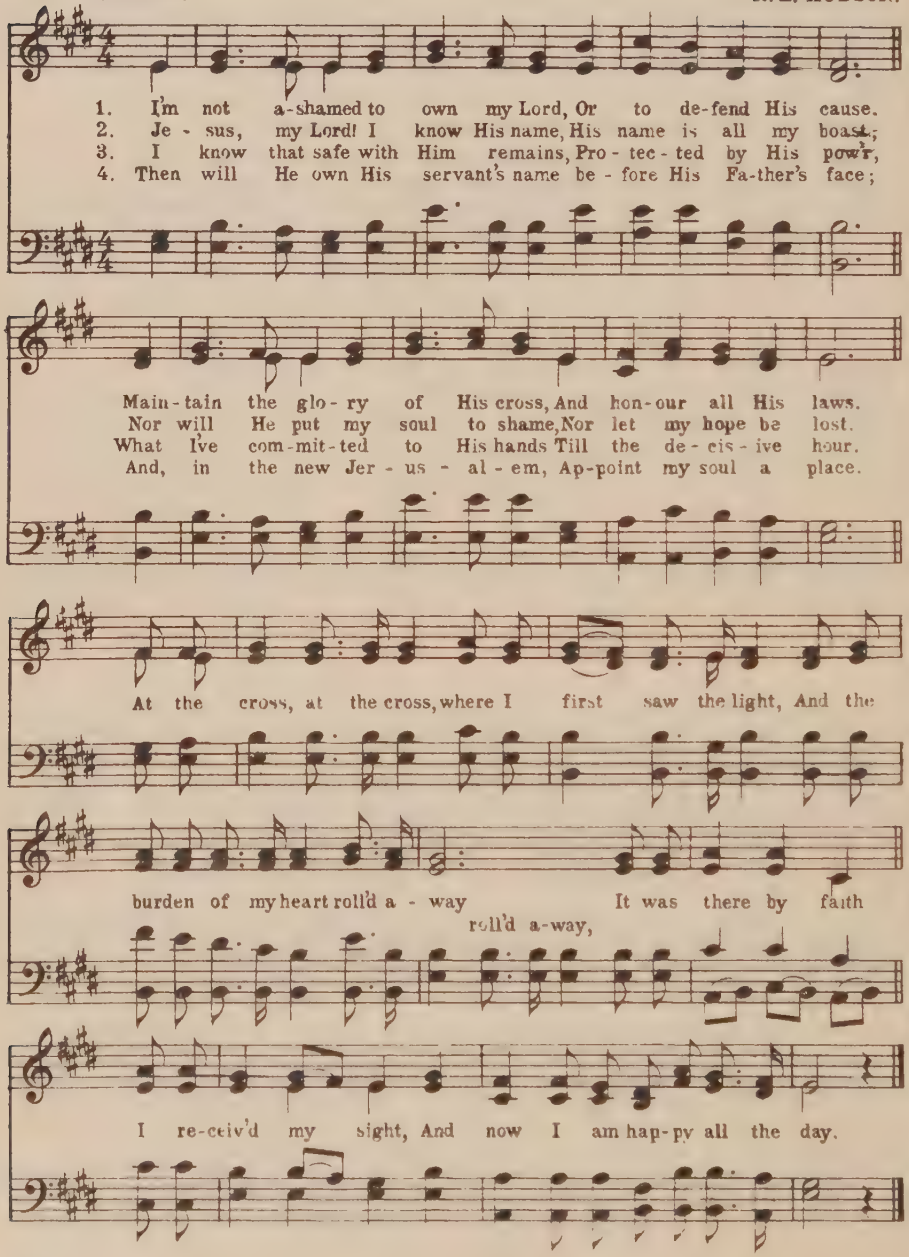
5. Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6. Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought, and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7. Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

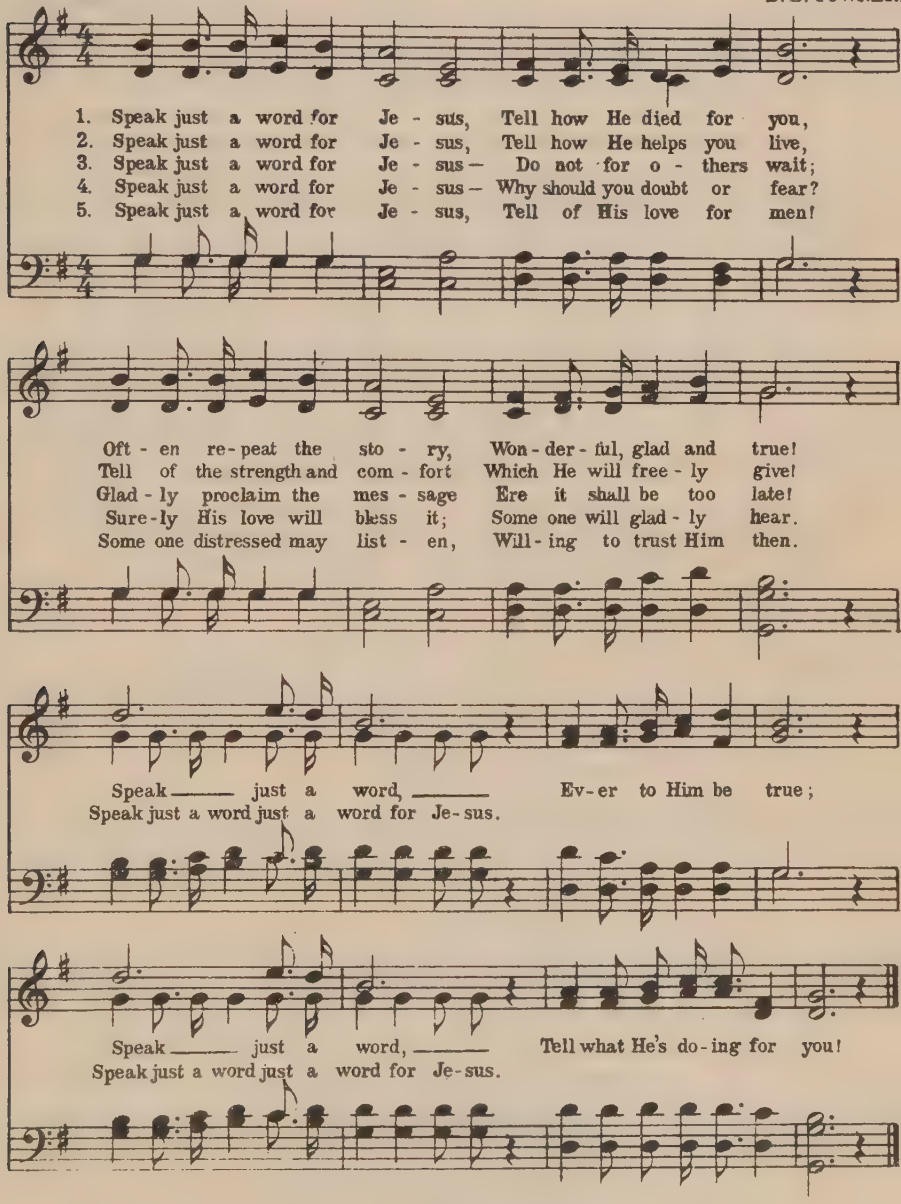
354. AT THE CROSS.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.


1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause.
2. Je - sus, my Lord! I know His name, His name is all my boast;
3. I know that safe with Him remains, Pro - tec - ted by His pow'r,
4. Then will He own His servant's name be - fore His Fa-ther's face;
Main-tain the glo - ry of His cross, And hon-our all His laws.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit-ted to His hands Till the de - cis - ive hour.
And, in the new Jer - us - al - em, Ap-point my soul a place.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
burden of my heart roll'd a - way It was there by faith
roll'd a-way,
I re-ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

355. SPEAK JUST A WORD!

KATHERINE O. BARKER. D. B. TOWNER


1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He died for you,
2. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He helps you live,
3. Speak just a word for Je - sus— Do not for o - thers wait;
4. Speak just a word for Je - sus— Why should you doubt or fear?
5. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell of His love for men!
Oft - en re - peat the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, glad and true!
Tell of the strength and com - fort Which He will free - ly give!
Glad - ly proclaim the mes - sage Ere it shall be too late!
Sure - ly His love will bless it; Some one will glad - ly hear.
Some one distressed may list - en, Will - ing to trust Him then.
Speak —— just a word, —— Ev - er to Him be true;
Speak just a word just a word for Je - sus.
Speak —— just a word, —— Tell what He's do - ing for you!
Speak just a word just a word for Je - sus.

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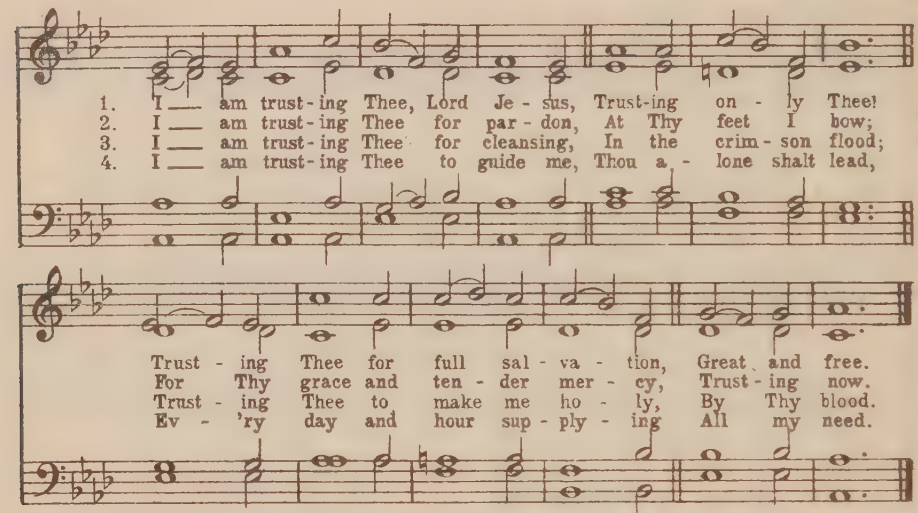
356. I AM TRUSTING THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. E. W. BULLINGER.

1. I — am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee!
2. I — am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I — am trust-ing Thee for cleansing, In the crim - son flood;
4. I — am trust-ing Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt lead,
Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly, By Thy blood.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.

5. I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

357. FROM THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE GLORY.

1. From the brightness of the glory,
"Go ye forth," He said:
"Heal the sick, and cleanse the lepers,
Raise the dead.

2. Freely give I thee the treasure,
Freely give the same;
Take no store of gold or silver
Take my Name.

3. Thou art fitted for the journey,
How so long it be:
Thou shalt come, unworn, unwearied,
Back to me.

4. Thou shalt tell Me in the glory
All that thou hast done,
Setting forth alone; returning
Not alone.

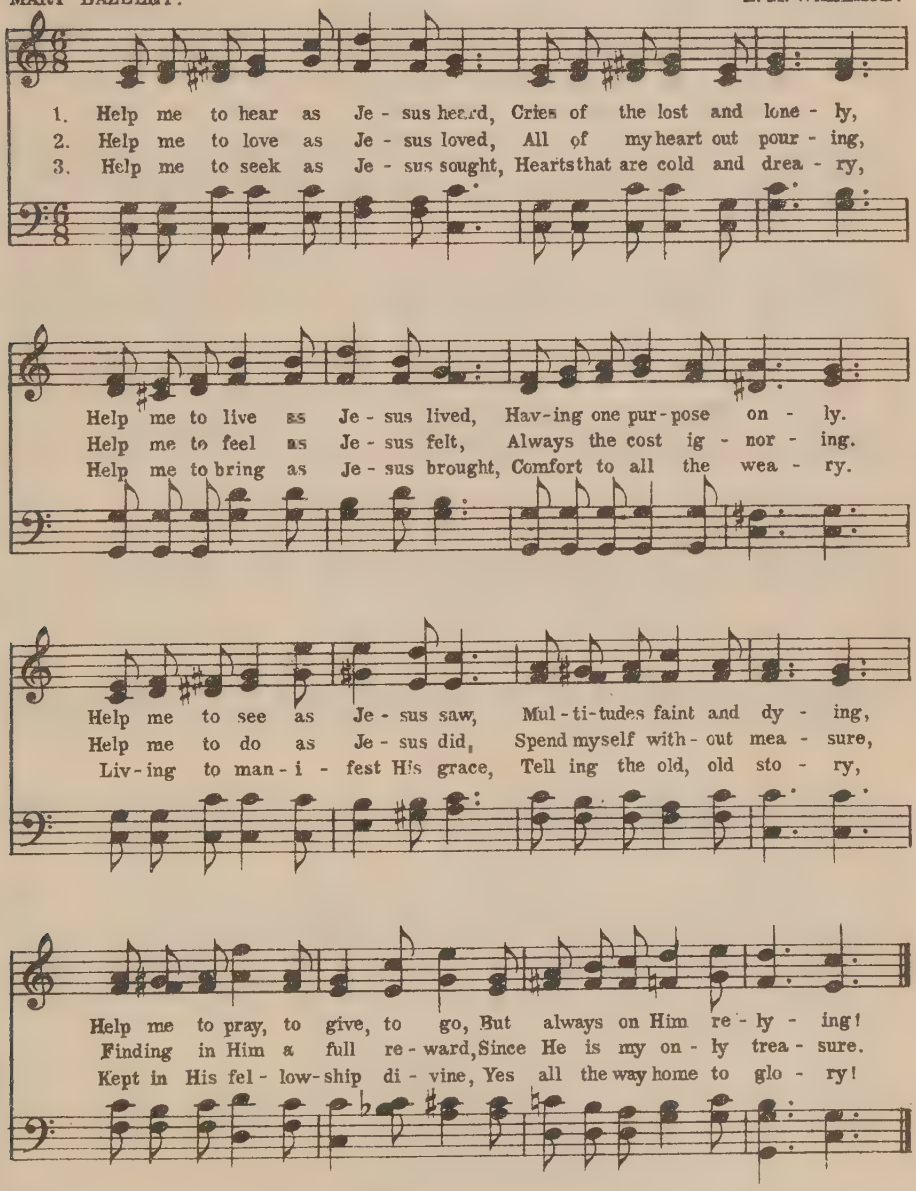
5. Thou shalt bring the ransomed with thee,
They with songs shall come
As the golden sheaves of harvest,
Gathered home."

HELP ME TO HEAR AS JESUS HEARD.

358.

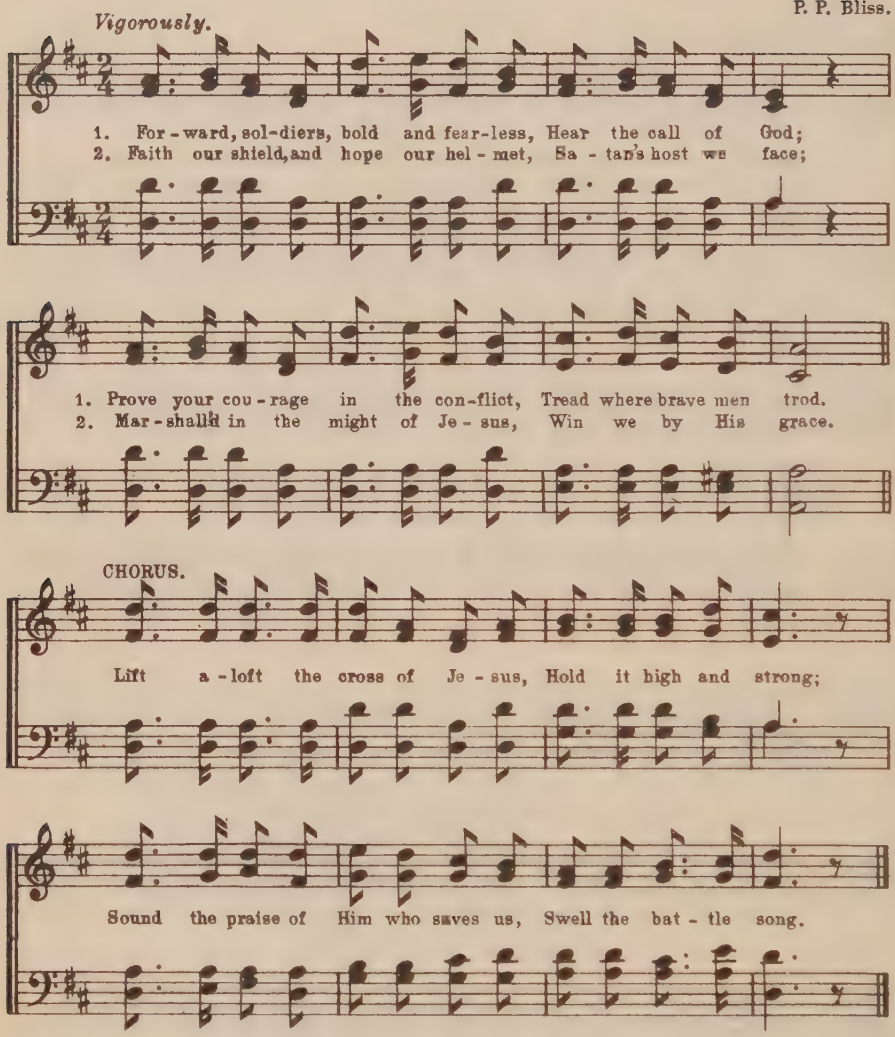
"LIKE JESUS"

MARY BAZELEY. E. M. WALLACE.


1. Help me to hear as Je - sus heard, Cries of the lost and lone - ly,
2. Help me to love as Je - sus loved, All of my heart out pour - ing,
3. Help me to seek as Je - sus sought, Hearts that are cold and drea - ry,
Help me to live as Je - sus lived, Hav-ing one pur-pose on - ly.
Help me to feel as Je - sus felt, Always the cost ig - nor - ing.
Help me to bring as Je - sus brought, Comfort to all the wea - ry.
Help me to see as Je - sus saw, Mul - ti-tudes faint and dy - ing,
Help me to do as Je - sus did, Spend myself with - out mea - sure,
Liv-ing to man - i - fest His grace, Tell ing the old, old sto - ry,
Help me to pray, to give, to go, But always on Him re - ly - ing!
Finding in Him a full re - ward, Since He is my on - ly trea - sure.
Kept in His fel - low-ship di - vine, Yes all the way home to glo - ry!

359 FORWARD, SOLDIERS.

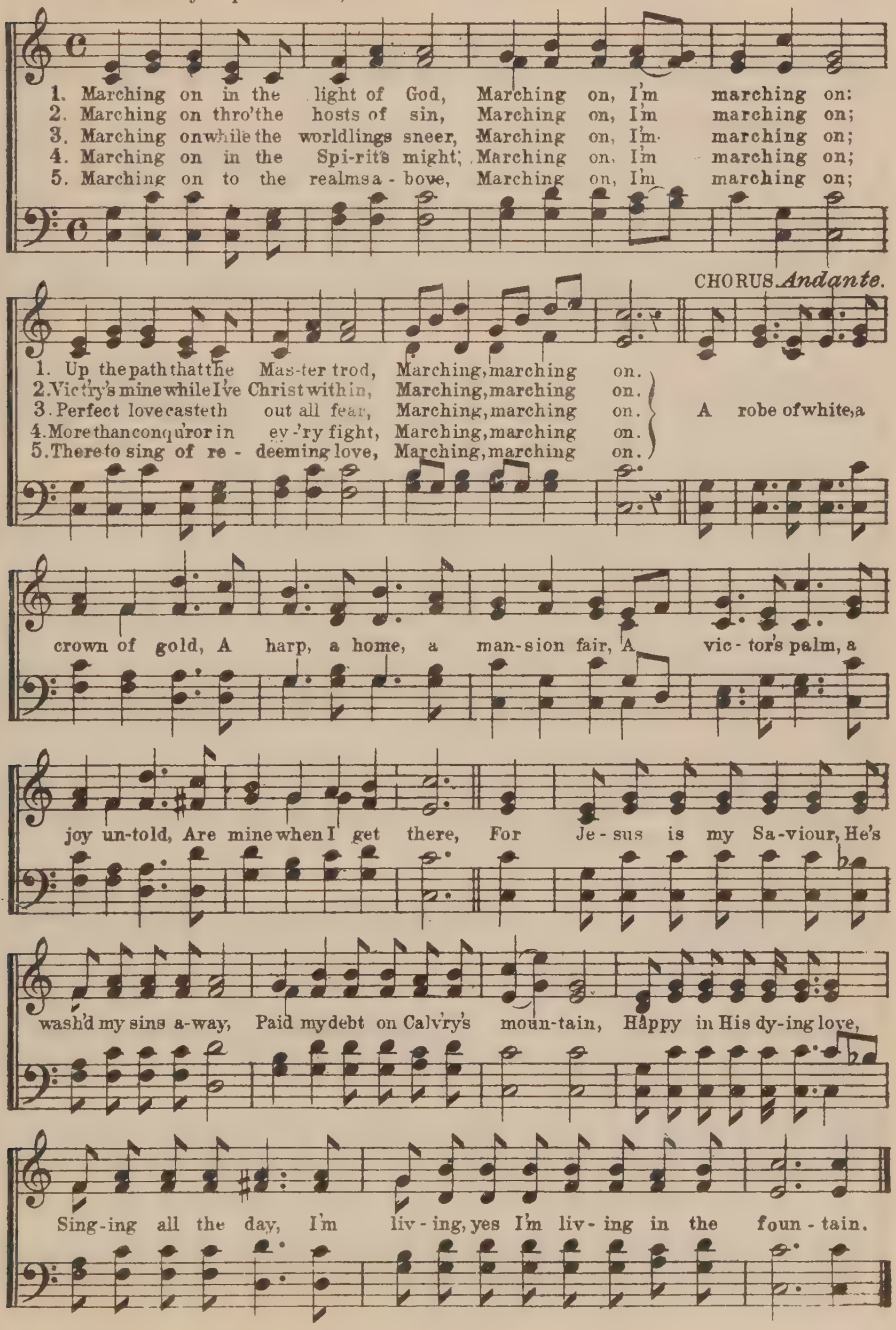
P. P. Bliss.


Vigorously.
1. For-ward, sol-diers, bold and fear-less, Hear the call of God;
2. Faith our shield, and hope our hel-met, Sa-tan's host we face;
1. Prove your cou-rage in the con-flict, Tread where brave men trod.
2. Mar-shalled in the might of Je-sus, Win we by His grace.
CHORUS.
Lift a-loft the cross of Je-sus, Hold it high and strong;
Sound the praise of Him who saves us, Swell the bat-tle song.

3. Catch the order of our Captain,
Wield the Spirit's sword;
Onward, fearless, press to conquer,
Slaying with His word.

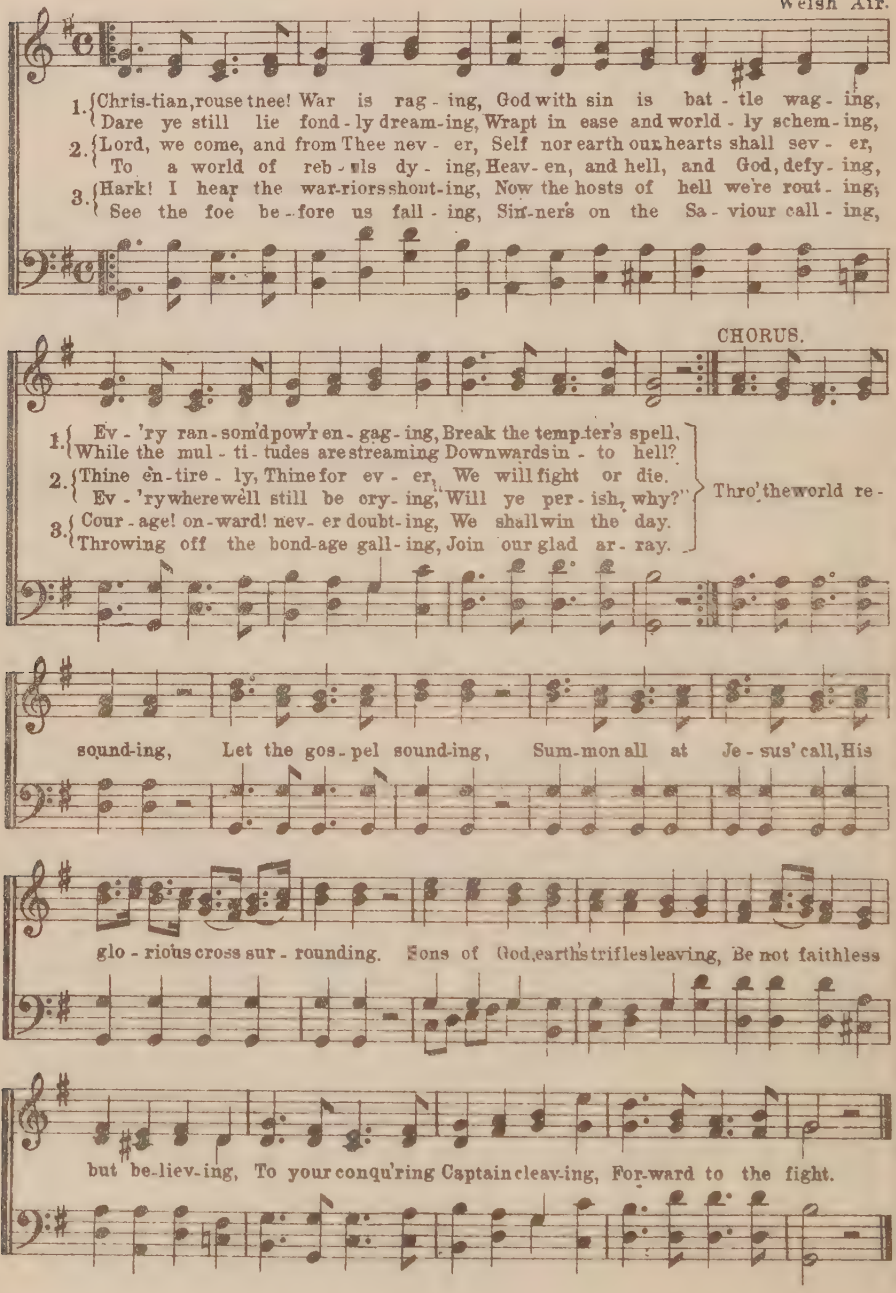
4. Sharers in the glad hosana,
All who will believe.
They who joyful bear His banner,
Crowns of life receive.

360. MARCHING ON.

Words and Music by Capt. Johnson, A.D.C.

1. Marching on in the light of God, Marching on, I'm marching on;
2. Marching on thro'the hosts of sin, Marching on, I'm marching on;
3. Marching onwhile the worldlings sneer, Marching on, I'm marching on;
4. Marching on in the Spi-rit's might, Marching on, I'm marching on;
5. Marching on to the realms a - bove, Marching on, I'm marching on;
CHORUS Andante.
1. Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, Marching, marching on.
2. Victry's mine while I've Christ within, Marching, marching on.
3. Perfect love casteth out all fear, Marching, marching on.
4. More than conqu'ror in ev-'ry fight, Marching, marching on.
5. There to sing of re - deeming love, Marching, marching on.
A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair, A vic - tor's palm, a joy un-told, Are mine when I get there, For Je - sus is my Sa-viour, He's wash'd my sins a-way, Paid my debt on Calv'ry's moun-tain, Happy in His dy-ing love, Sing-ing all the day, I'm liv - ing, yes I'm liv - ing in the foun - tain.

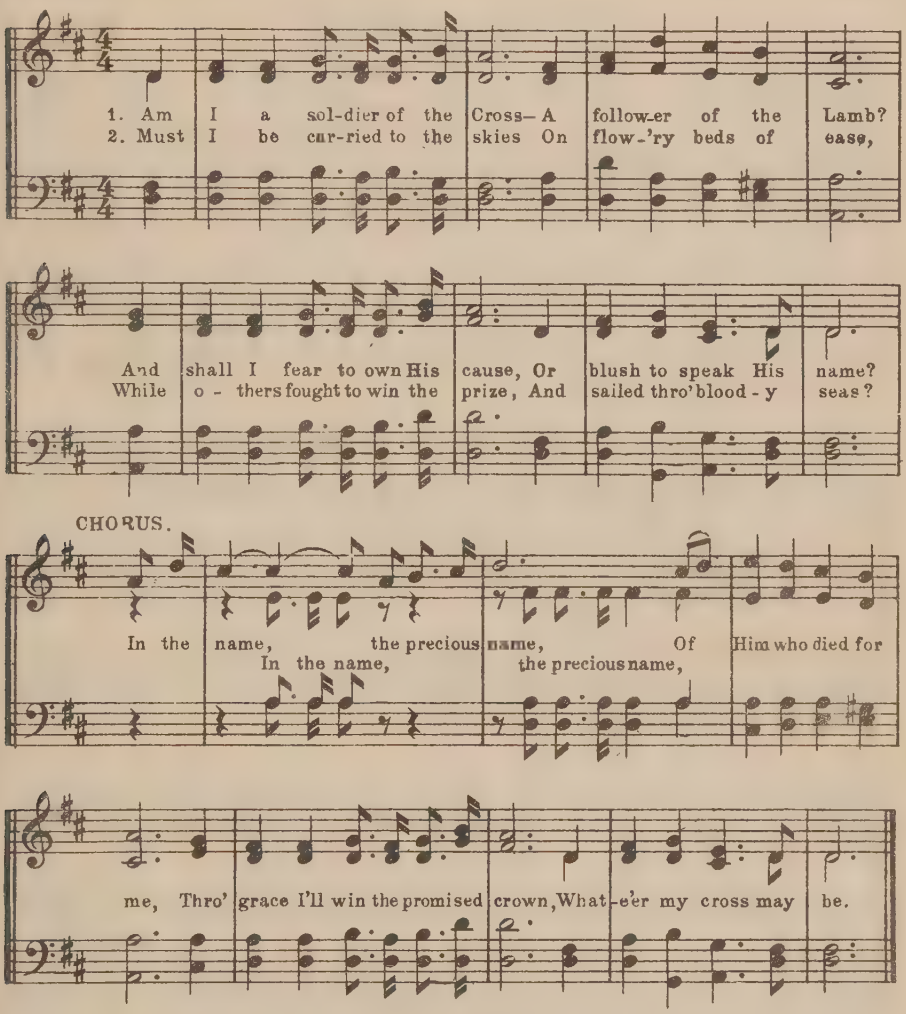
361. A CALL TO ARMS.

Welsh Air.


1. Chris-tian, rouse thee! War is rag-ing, God with sin is bat-tle wag-ing,
Dare ye still lie fond-ly dream-ing, Wrapt in ease and world-ly schem-ing,
2. Lord, we come, and from Thee nev-er, Self nor earth our hearts shall sev-er,
To a world of reb-els dy-ing, Heav-en, and hell, and God, defy-ing,
3. Hark! I hear the war-riors shout-ing, Now the hosts of hell we're rout-ing;
See the foe be-fore us fall-ing, Sin-ner's on the Sa-viour call-ing,
CHORUS.
1. Ev-'ry ran-som'd pow'r en-gag-ing, Break the temp-ter's spell,
While the mul-ti-tudes are streaming Downwards in-to hell?
2. Thine en-tire-ly, Thine for ev-er, We will fight or die.
Ev-'ry where we'll still be cry-ing, Will ye per-ish, why?"
3. Cour-age! on-ward! nev-er doubt-ing, We shall win the day.
Throwing off the bond-age gall-ing, Join our glad ar-ray.
Thro' the world re-
sound-ing, Let the gos-pel sound-ing, Sum-mon all at Je-sus' call, His
glo-rious cross sur-rounding. Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless
but be-liev-ing, To your conqu'ring Captain cleav-ing, For-ward to the fight.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

362. "Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Timothy vi. 12.

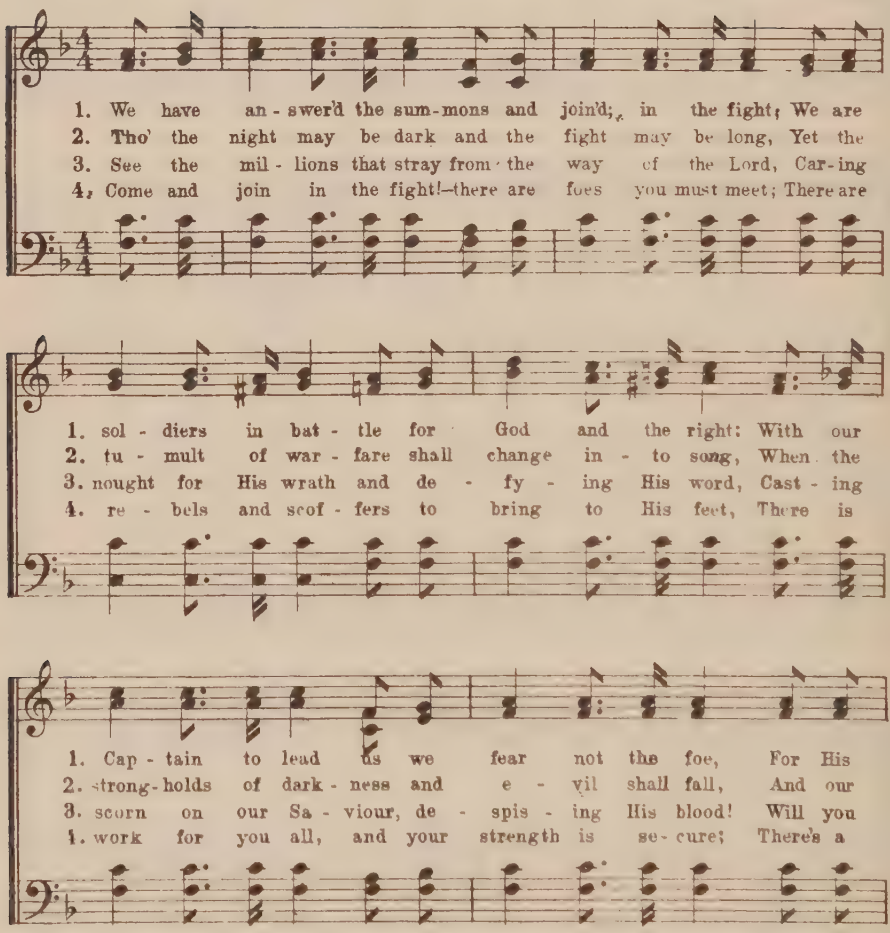
Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the Cross—A follow-er of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While o - thers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
CHORUS.
In the name, the precious name, Of Him who died for
In the name, the precious name,
me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

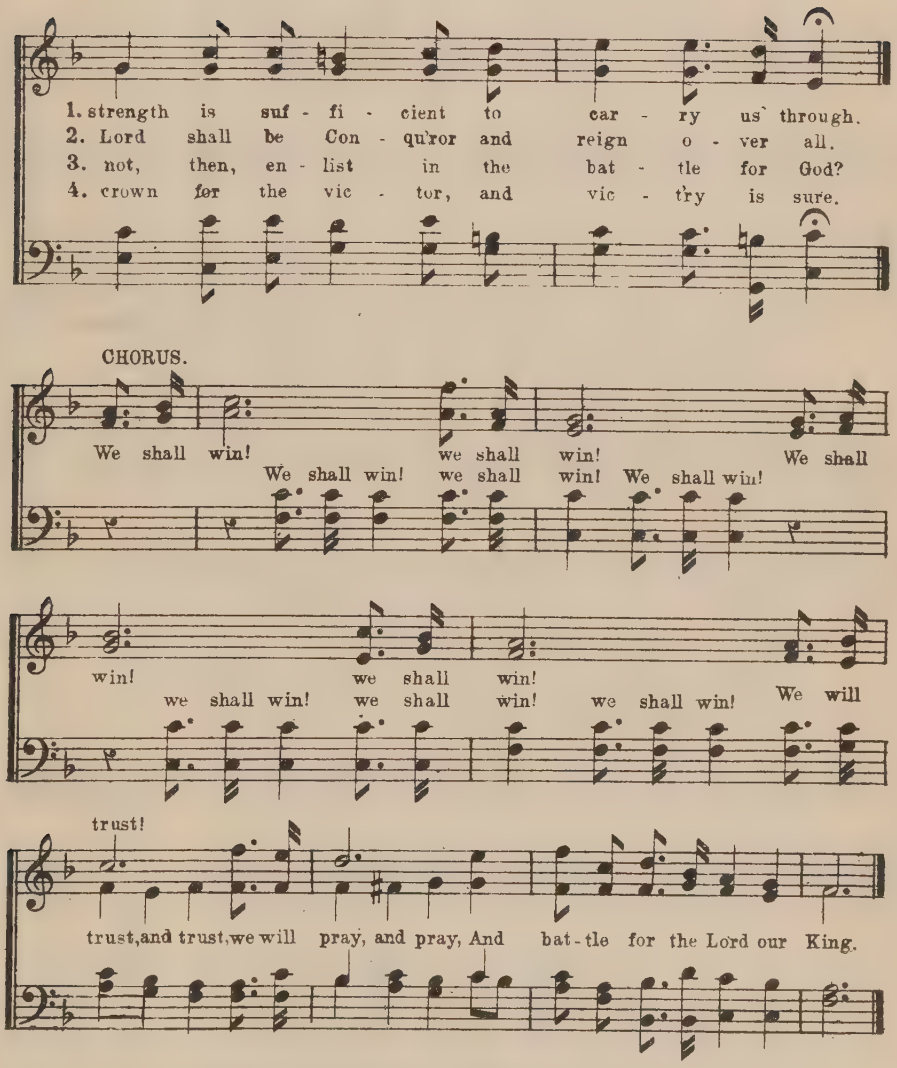
4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

From Sankey's Sacred Songs and Solos by permission.

363. WE SHALL WIN!

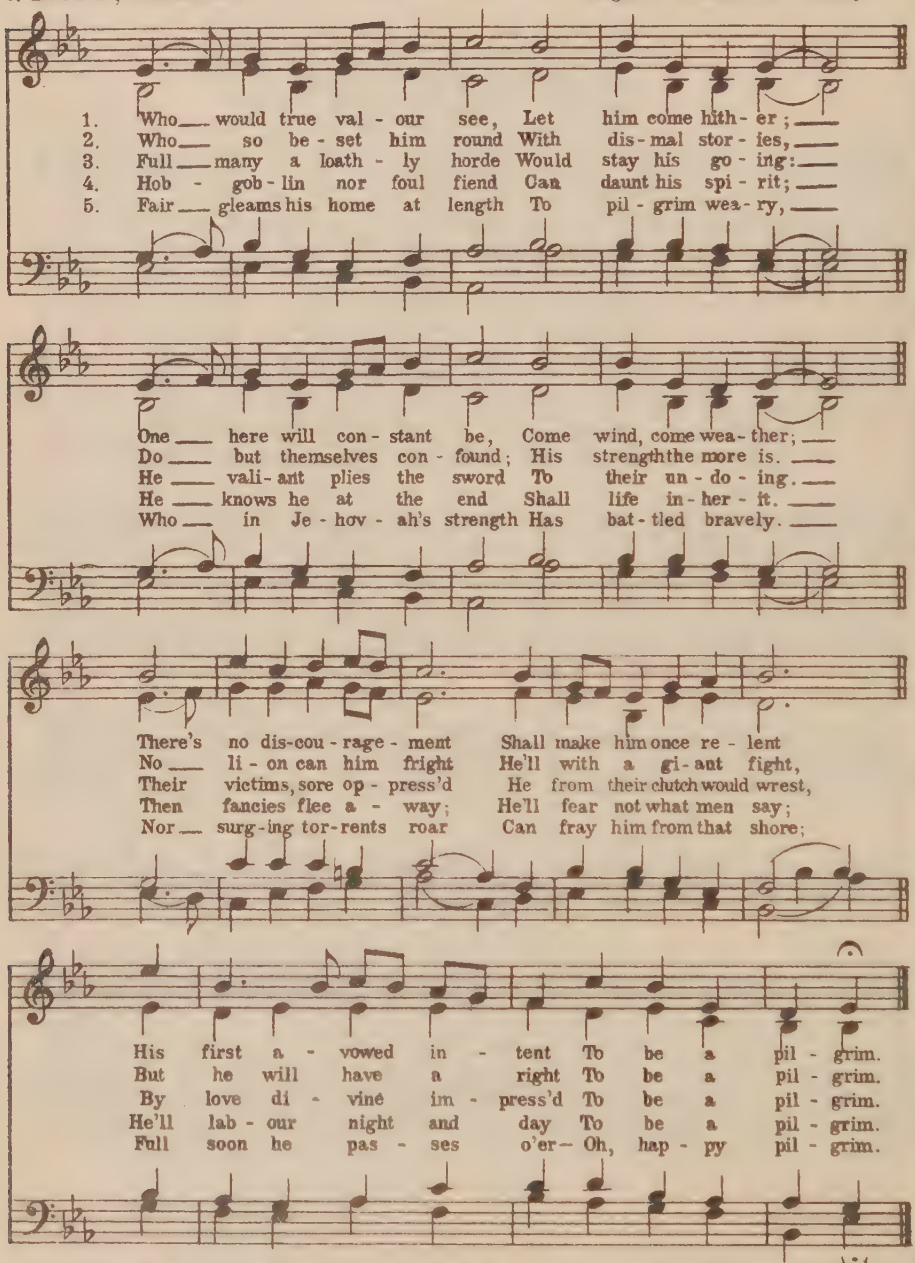
H. E. Govan. W. H. Doane.

1. We have an - swer'd the sum-mons and join'd; in the fight; We are
2. Tho' the night may be dark and the fight may be long, Yet the
3. See the mil - lions that stray from the way of the Lord, Car-ing
4. Come and join in the fight!—there are foes you must meet; There are
1. sol - diers in bat - tle for God and the right: With our
2. tu - mult of war - fare shall change in - to song, When the
3. nought for His wrath and de - fy - ing His word, Cast - ing
4. re - bels and scof - fers to bring to His feet, There is
1. Cap - tain to lead us we fear not the foe, For His
2. strong-holds of dark - ness and e - vil shall fall, And our
3. scorn on our Sa - viour, de - spis - ing His blood! Will you
4. work for you all, and your strength is se - cure; There's a

WE SHALL WIN!—*continued.*


1. strength is suf - fi - cient to car - ry us through.
2. Lord shall be Con - qu'ror and reign o - ver all.
3. not, then, en - list in the bat - tle for God?
4. crown for the vic - tor, and vic - t'ry is sure.
CHORUS.
We shall win! we shall win! We shall win!
We shall win! we shall win! We shall win!
win! we shall win!
we shall win! we shall win! we shall win! We will
trust!
trust, and trust, we will pray, and pray, And bat - tle for the Lord our King.

364. WHO WOULD TRUE VALOUR SEE.

J. BUNYAN, H.E.GOVAN. MONK'S GATE English Traditional Melody.

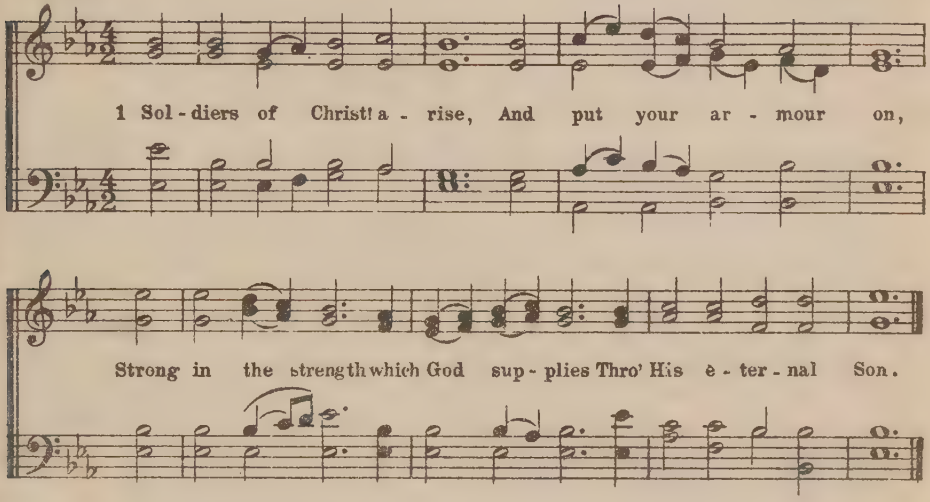

1. Who would true val - our see, Let him come hith - er;
2. Who so be - set him round With dis - mal stor - ies,
3. Full many a loath - ly horde Would stay his go - ing:
4. Hob - gob - lin nor foul fiend Can daunt his spi - rit;
5. Fair gleams his home at length To pil - grim wea - ry,
One here will con - stant be, Come wind, come wea - ther;
Do but themselves con - found; His strength the more is.
He vali - ant plies the sword To their un - do - ing.
He knows he at the end Shall life in - her - it.
Who in Je - hov - ah's strength Has bat - tled bravely.
There's no dis-cou - rage - ment Shall make him once re - lent
No li - on can him fright He'll with a gi - ant fight,
Their victims, sore op - press'd He from their clutch would wrest,
Then fancies flee a - way; He'll fear not what men say;
Nor surg - ing tor - rents roar Can fray him from that shore;
His first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim.
But he will have a right To be a pil - grim.
By love di - vine im - press'd To be a pil - grim.
He'll lab - our night and day To be a pil - grim.
Full soon he pas - ses o'er— Oh, hap - py pil - grim.

From the ENGLISH HYMNAL by permission of the Oxford University Press.

365. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

"SILCHESTER."

C. Wesley. C. Malan D.D.



2. Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

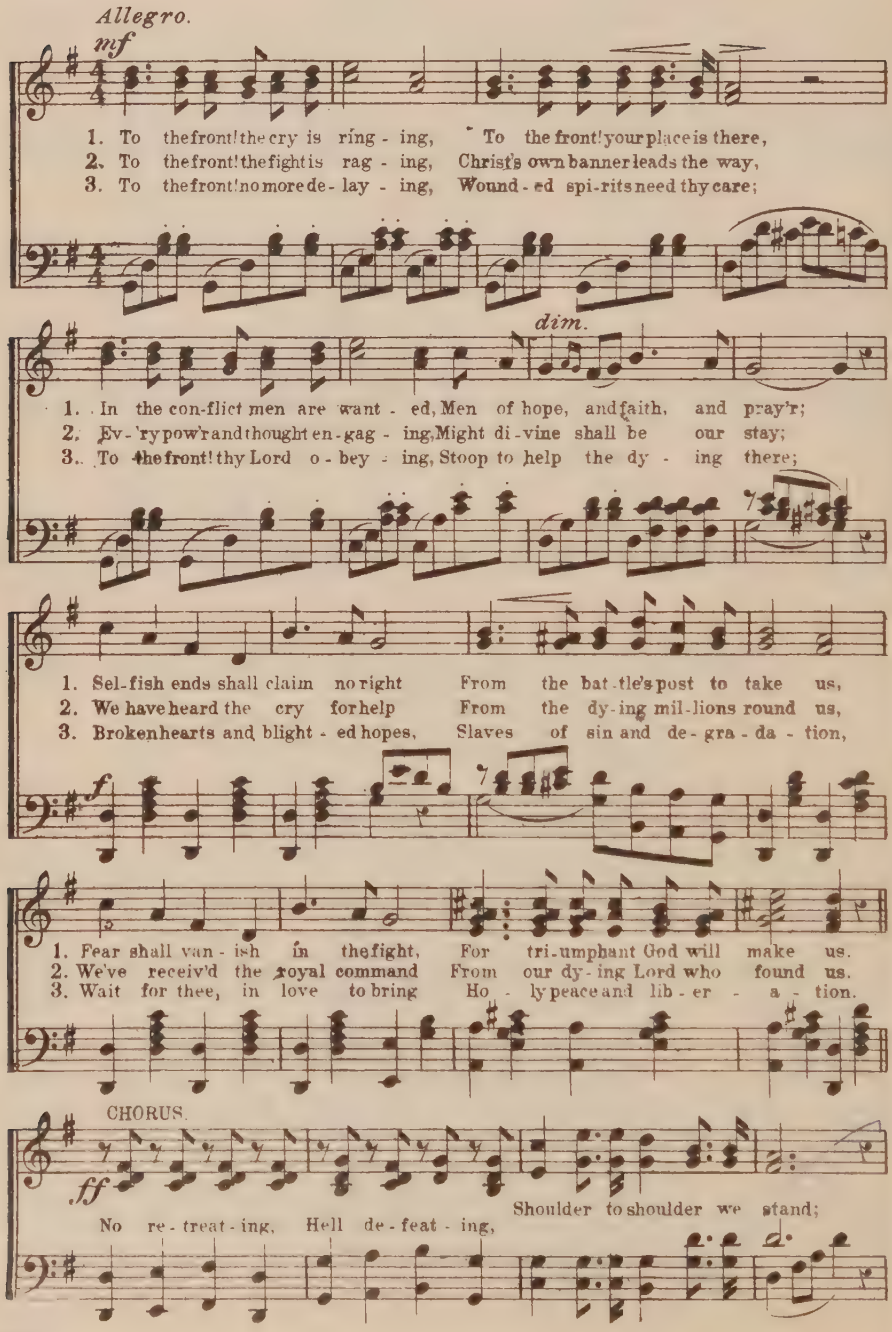
3. Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4. To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

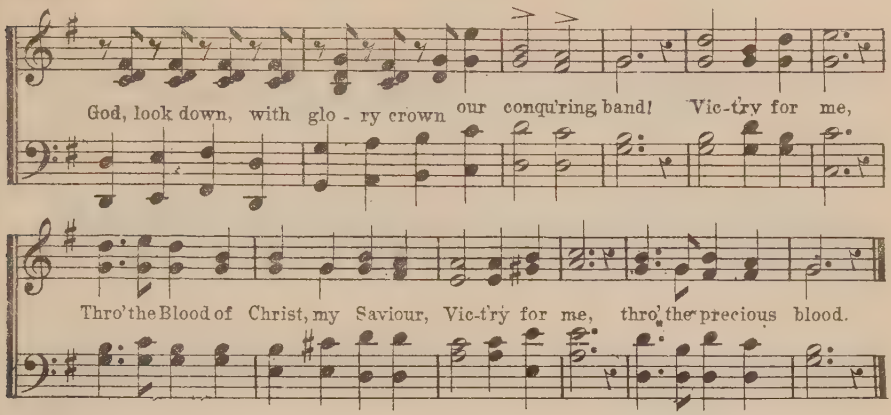
5. From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;—

6. That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

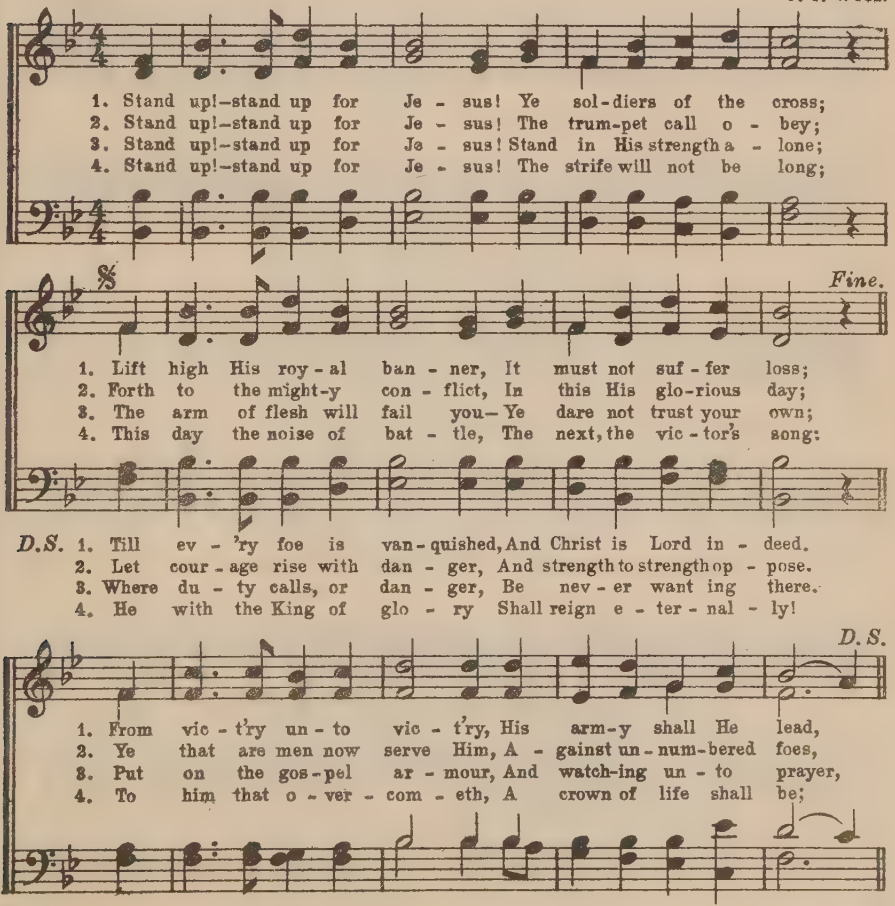
366. VICTORY FOR ME.


Allegro.
mf
1. To the front! the cry is ring - ing, To the front! your place is there,
2. To the front! the fight is rag - ing, Christ's own banner leads the way,
3. To the front! no more de - lay - ing, Wound - ed spi-rits need thy care;
dim.
1. In the con-flict men are want - ed, Men of hope, and faith, and pray'r;
2. Ev-'ry pow'r and thought en-gag - ing, Might di-vine shall be our stay;
3. To the front! thy Lord o - bey - ing, Stoop to help the dy - ing there;
1. Sel-fish ends shall claim no right From the bat-tle's post to take us,
2. We have heard the cry for help From the dy-ing mil-lions round us,
3. Broken hearts and blight - ed hopes, Slaves of sin and de - gra - da - tion,
f
1. Fear shall van - ish in the fight, For tri-umphant God will make us.
2. We've receiv'd the royal command From our dy-ing Lord who found us.
3. Wait for thee, in love to bring Ho - ly peace and lib - er - a - tion.
CHORUS.
ff
No re - treat - ing, Hell de - feat - ing, Shoulder to shoulder we stand;

366. VICTORY FOR ME—*continued.*


God, look down, with glo - ry crown our conqu'ring band! Vic-t'ry for me,
Thro' the Blood of Christ, my Saviour, Vic-t'ry for me, thro' the precious blood.

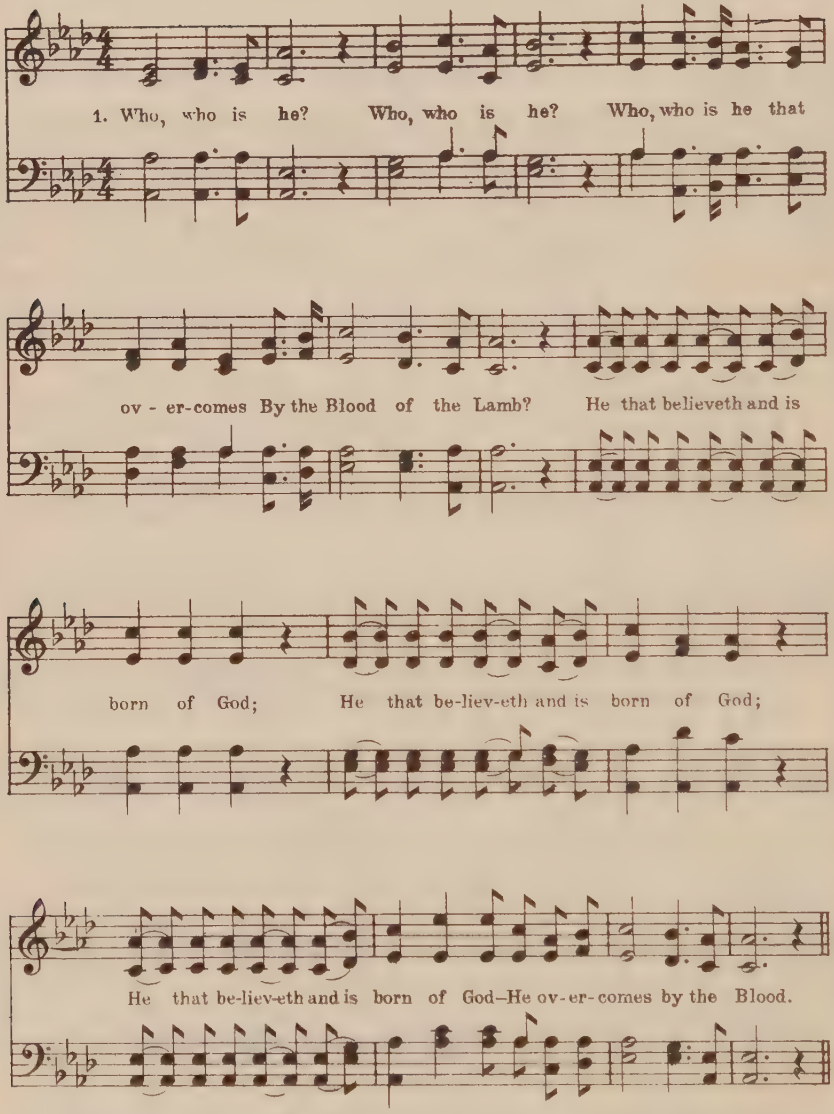
367. STAND UP FOR JESUS!

G. Duffield. G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
𝄋
Fine.
1. Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
2. Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day;
3. The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own;
4. This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:
D.S. 1. Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
2. Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
3. Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want ing there.
4. He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!
D.S.
1. From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His arm-y shall He lead,
2. Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un - num-bered foes,
3. Put on the gos-pel ar - mour, And watch-ing un - to prayer,
4. To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

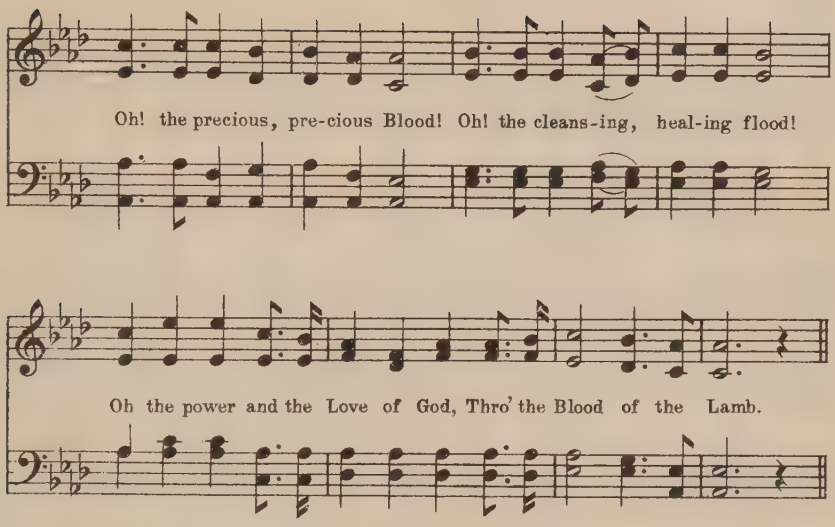
Overcomers.

"They overcame by the blood of the Lamb".—Rev. 12 .11

368.


1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
ov - er-comes By the Blood of the Lamb? He that believeth and is
born of God; He that be-liev-eth and is born of God;
He that be-liev-eth and is born of God—He ov-er-comes by the Blood.

CHORUS



2.

What shall he be? what shall he be?
What shall he be that overcomes
By the Blood of the Lamb?
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God;
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God;
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God;—
That overcomes by the Blood.

3.

What shall he wear? what shall he wear?
What shall he wear that overcomes
By the Blood of the Lamb?
He shall be clothed in raiment white;
He shall be clothed in raiment white;
He shall be clothed in raiment white;—
That overcomes by the Blood.

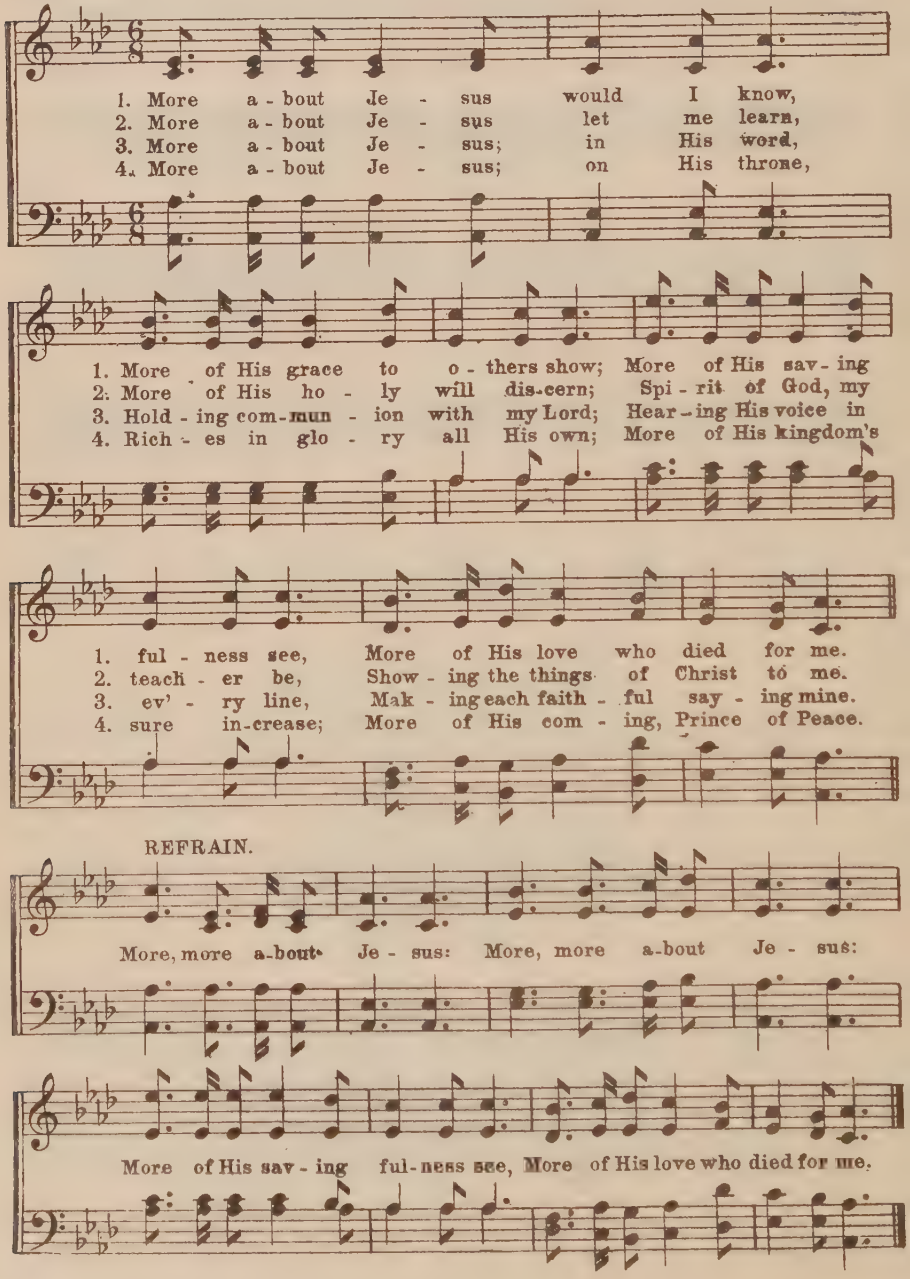
4.

What shall he hear? what shall he hear?
What shall he hear that overcomes
By the Blood of the Lamb?
He shall hear his name confessed in Heaven;
He shall hear his name confessed in Heaven;
He shall hear his name confessed in Heaven;—
That overcomes by the Blood.

Overcomes

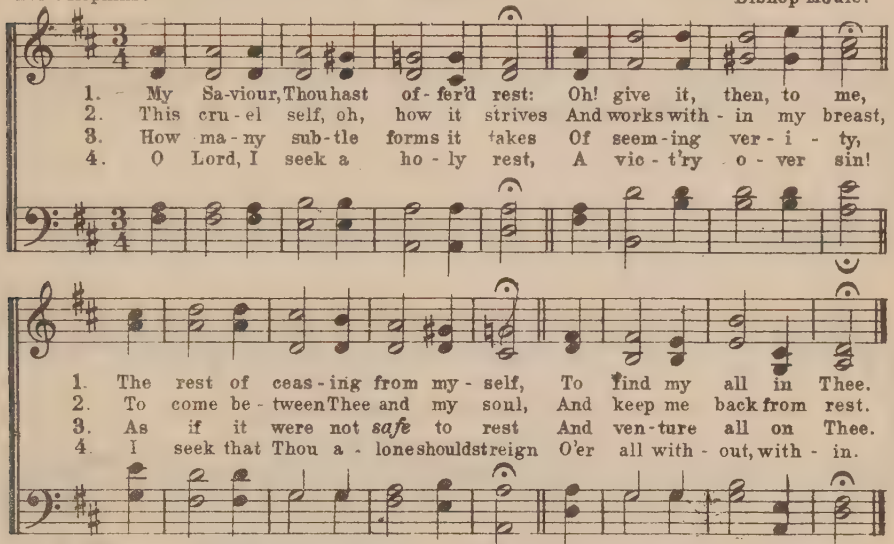
369 MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno R. Sweney.


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know,
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn,
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word,
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne,
1. More of His grace to o - thers show; More of His sav - ing
2. More of His ho - ly will dis-cern; Spi - rit of God, my
3. Hold - ing com-mun - ion with my Lord; Hear - ing His voice in
4. Rich - es in glo - ry all His own; More of His kingdom's
1. ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
2. teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
3. ev' - ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
4. sure in-crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN.
More, more a-bout Je - sus: More, more a-bout Je - sus:
More of His sav - ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

370. OH, GIVE ME REST FROM SELF.

E. H. Hopkins. "REST." Bishop Moule.

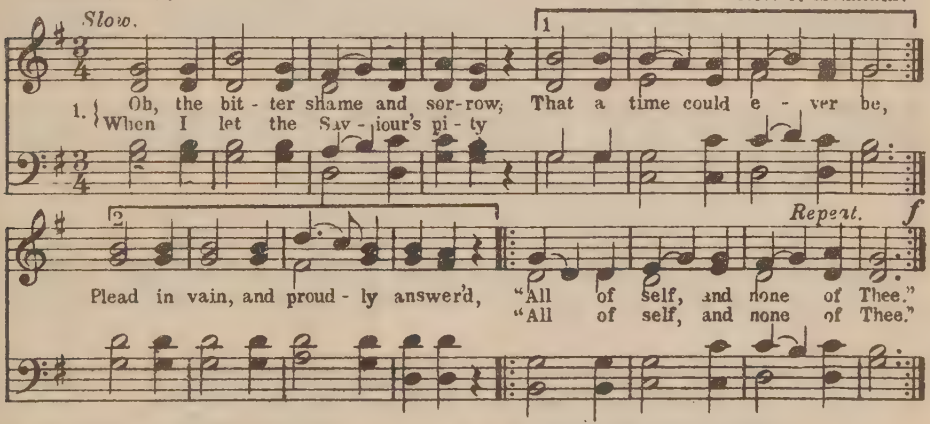

1. My Sa-viour, Thou hast of-fer'd rest: Oh! give it, then, to me,
2. This cru-el self, oh, how it strives And works with-in my breast,
3. How ma-ny sub-tle forms it takes Of seem-ing ver-i-ty,
4. O Lord, I seek a ho-ly rest, A vic-t'ry o-ver sin!
1. The rest of ceas-ing from my-self, To find my all in Thee.
2. To come be-tween Thee and my soul, And keep me back from rest.
3. As if it were not *safe* to rest And ven-ture all on Thee.
4. I seek that Thou a-lone shouldst reign O'er all with-out, with-in.

5. In Thy strong hand I lay me down
So shall the work be done.
For who can work so wondrously
As Thou, Almighty One!

6. Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I "satisfied" shall wake.

371. THE ALTERED MOTTO.

Theodore Monod. Rev. J. Mountain.


Slow.
1. Oh, the bit-ter shame and sor-row; That a time could e-ver be,
When I let the Sav-iour's pi-ty
Plead in vain, and proud-ly answer'd, "All of self, and none of Thee."
"All of self, and none of Thee."
Repeat.
f

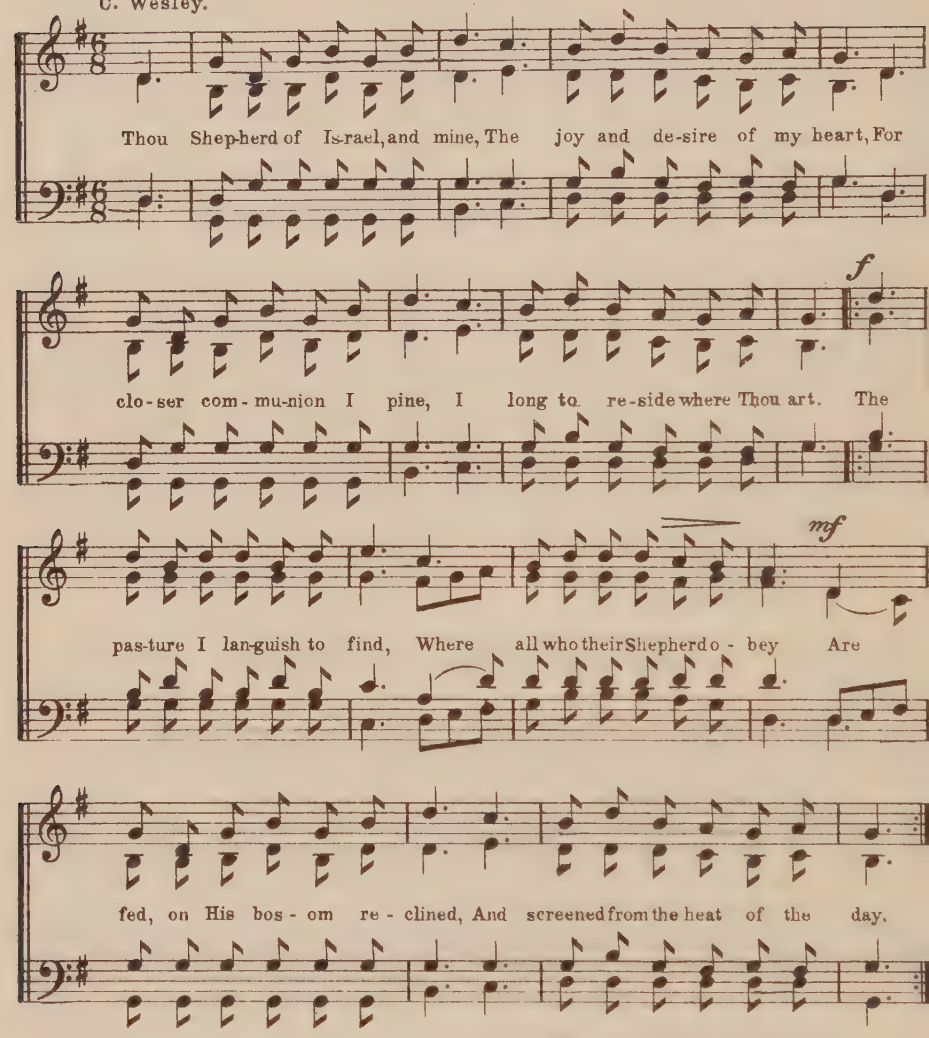
2. Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the cursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly:
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3. Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd:
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4. Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd:
Grant me now my soul's petition—
"None of self, and all of Thee."

372. THOU SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.

C. Wesley.


Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine, The joy and de-sire of my heart, For
f
clo-ser com-mu-nion I pine, I long to re-side where Thou art. The
mf
pas-ture I lan-guish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o-bey Are
fed, on His bos-om re-clined, And screened from the heat of the day.

2. Ah, show me that happiest place,
That place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally hid in Thy heart.

I WILL GO IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.

373.

1. I will go in the strength of the Lord,
   In the path He hath marked for my feet,
   I will follow the light of His word,
   Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
   His presence my steps shall attend;
   His fulness my wants shall supply;
   On Him, till my journey shall end,
   My hope shall securely rely.

2. I will go in the strength of the Lord,
   To the work He appoints me to do;
   In the joy which His smile shall afford
   My soul shall her vigour renew.
   His power will protect me from harm,
   His grace my sufficiency prove
   I will trust His omnipotent arm,
   I will rest in His covenant love.

3. I will go in the strength of the Lord,
   To each conflict which faith may require;
   His grace as my shield and reward,
   My courage and zeal shall inspire.
   If He issue the word of command
   To meet and encounter the foe
   Though with sling and with stone in my hand,
   In the strength of the Lord I will go.

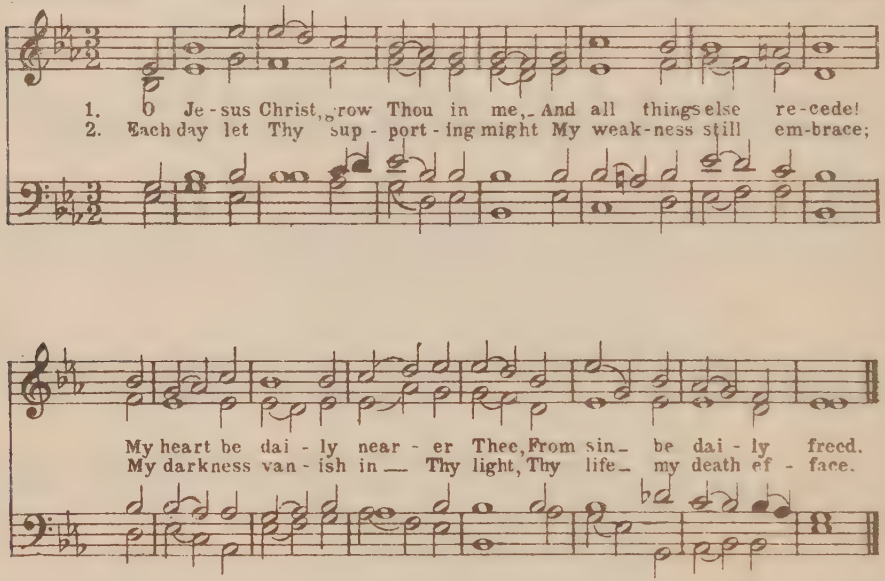
E. TURNEY.

GROW THOU IN ME.

374.

C.M.

H. B. SMITH. *ABRIDGE.* ISAAC SMITH *d. circa* 1800.


1. O Je-sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re-cede!
2. Each day let Thy sup-port-ing might My weak-ness still em-brace;
My heart be dai-ly near-er Thee, From sin be dai-ly freed.
My darkness van-ish in Thy light, Thy life my death ef-face.

3. In Thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade ev'ry evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

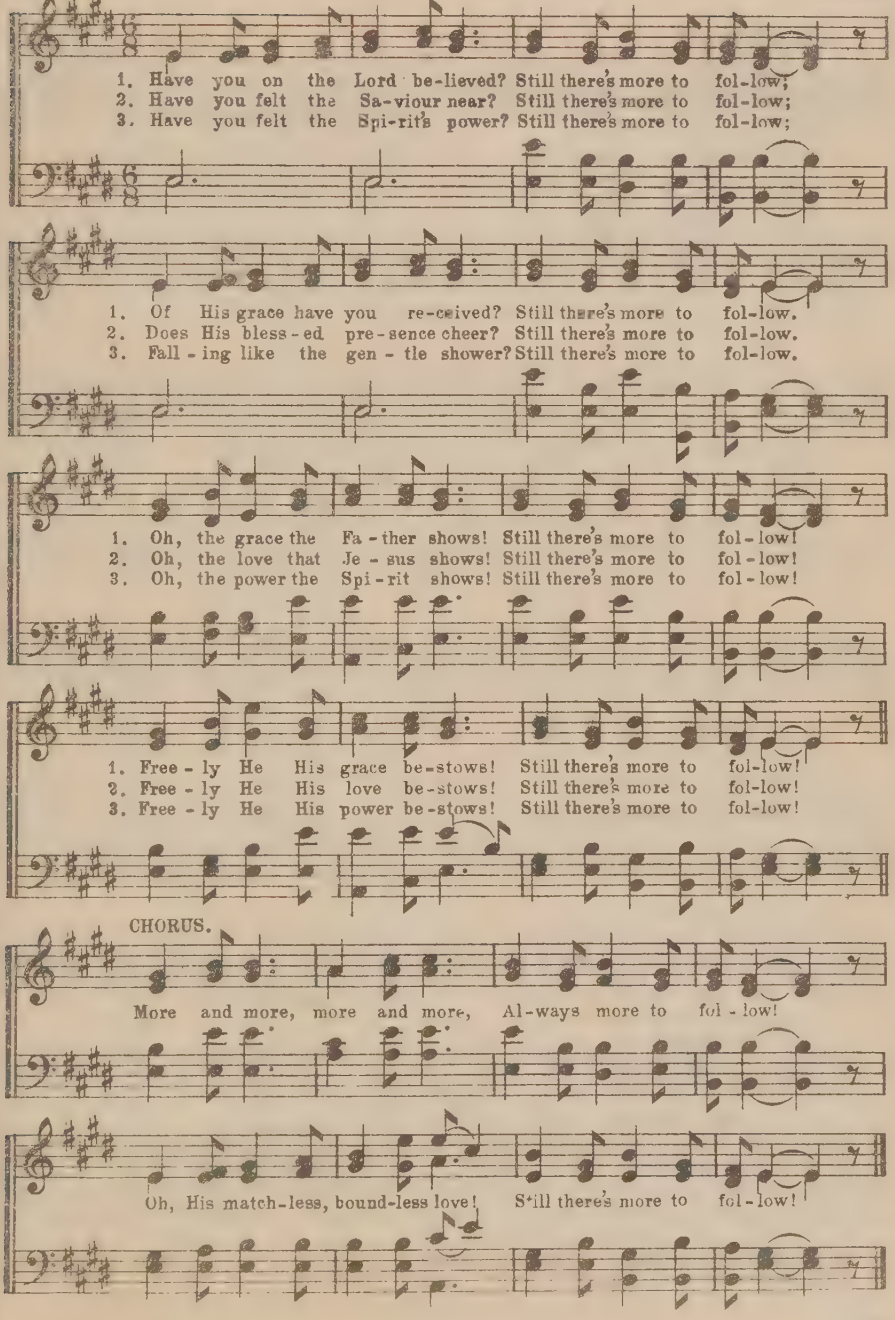
4. More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.

5. Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.

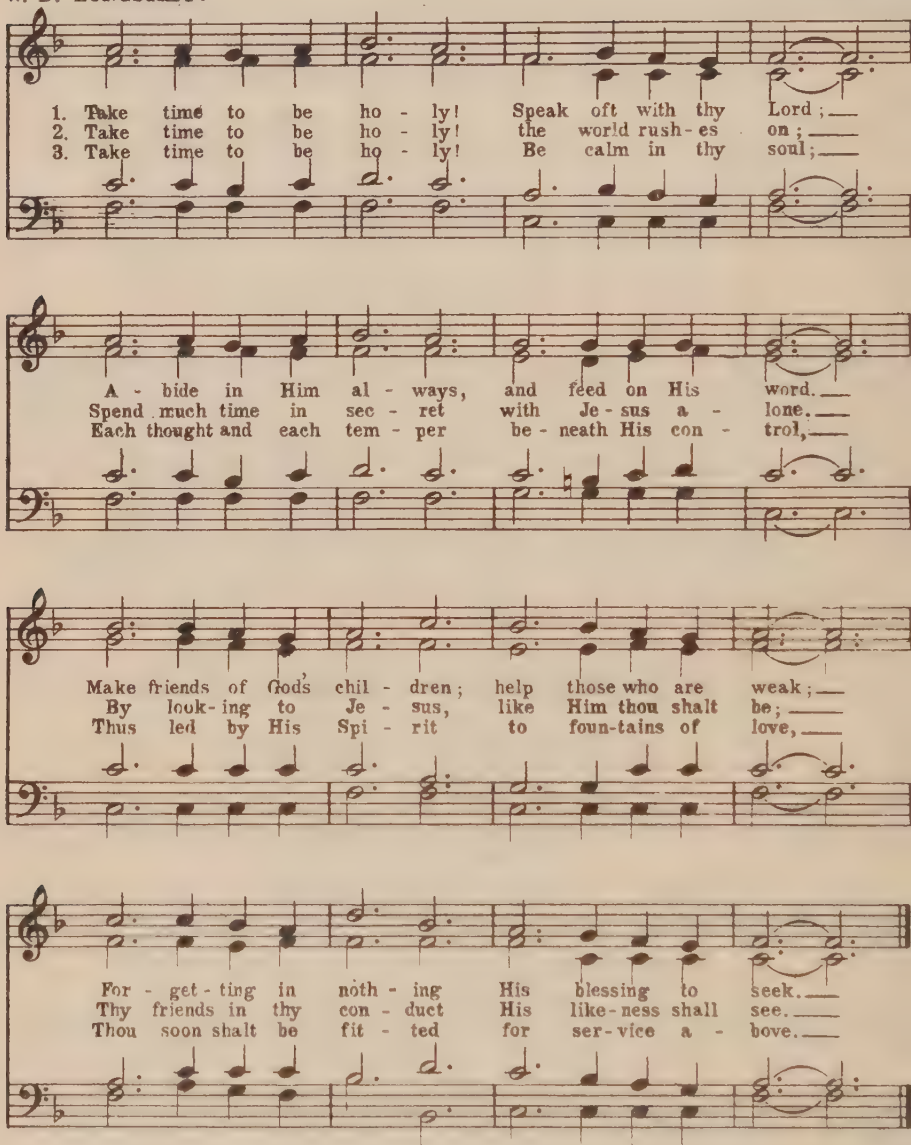
6. Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy name!

375. MORE TO FOLLOW.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Have you on the Lord be-lieved? Still there's more to fol-low;
2. Have you felt the Sa-viour near? Still there's more to fol-low;
3. Have you felt the Spi-rit's power? Still there's more to fol-low;
1. Of His grace have you re-ceived? Still there's more to fol-low.
2. Does His bless-ed pre-sence cheer? Still there's more to fol-low.
3. Fall-ing like the gen-tle shower? Still there's more to fol-low.
1. Oh, the grace the Fa-ther shows! Still there's more to fol-low!
2. Oh, the love that Je-sus shows! Still there's more to fol-low!
3. Oh, the power the Spi-rit shows! Still there's more to fol-low!
1. Free-ly He His grace be-stows! Still there's more to fol-low!
2. Free-ly He His love be-stows! Still there's more to fol-low!
3. Free-ly He His power be-stows! Still there's more to fol-low!
CHORUS.
More and more, more and more, Al-ways more to fol-low!
Oh, His match-less, bound-less love! Still there's more to fol-low!

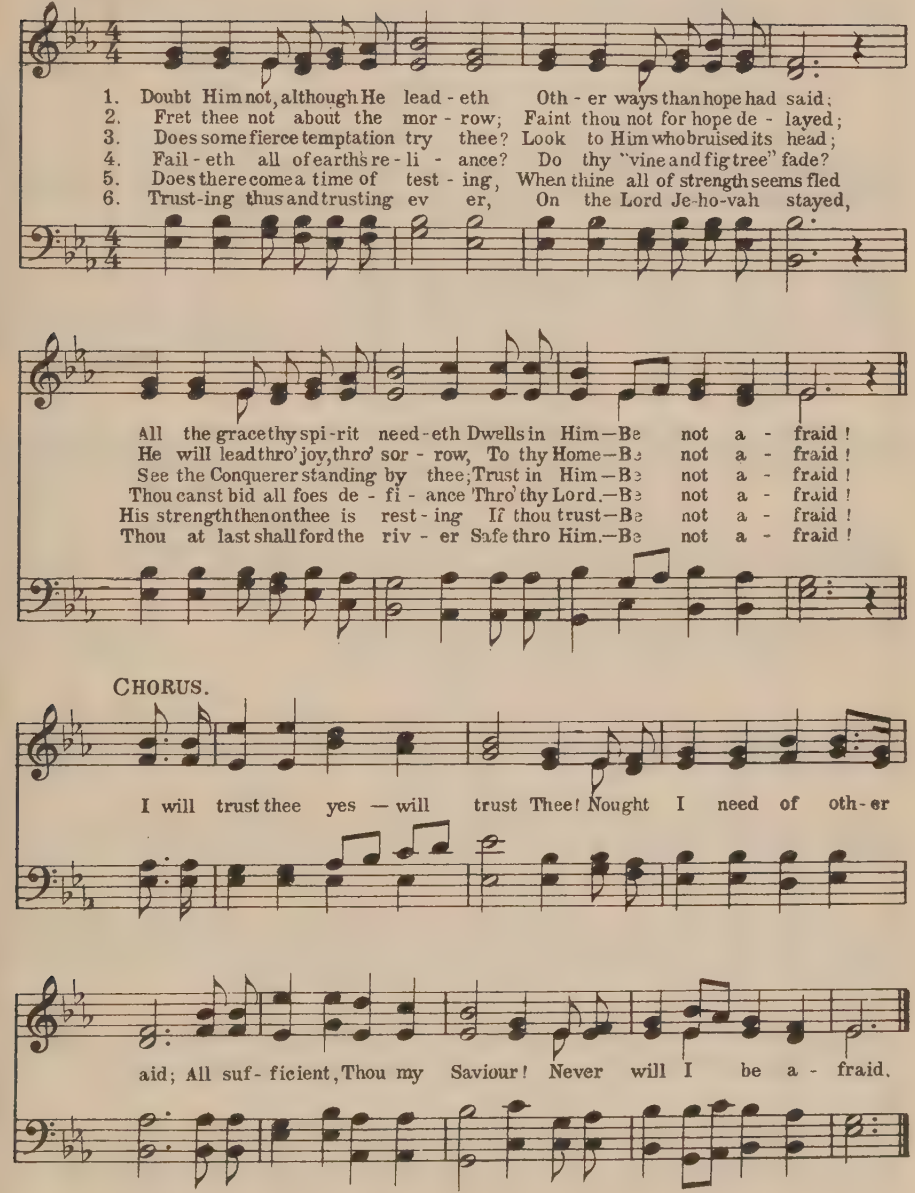
376. TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. G. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho - ly! Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be ho - ly! the world rush-es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly! Be calm in thy soul;
A - bide in Him al - ways, and feed on His word.
Spend much time in sec - ret with Je - sus a - lone.
Each thought and each tem - per be - neath His con - trol,
Make friends of God's chil - dren; help those who are weak;
By look-ing to Je - sus, like Him thou shalt be;
Thus led by His Spi - rit to foun-tains of love,
For - get - ting in noth - ing His blessing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted for ser-vice a - bove.

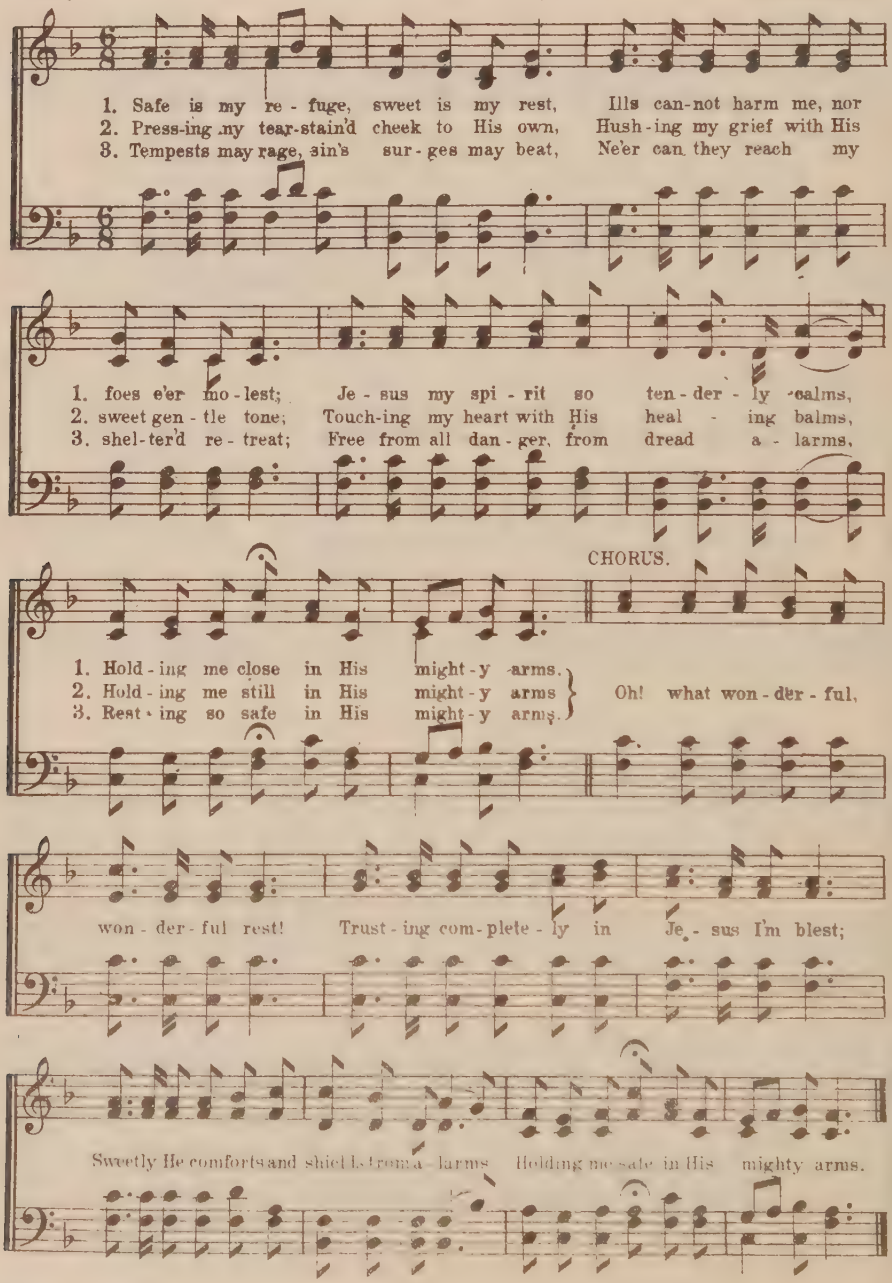
By permission of Messrs Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd.

377. BE NOT AFRAID!

H. E. GOVAN.

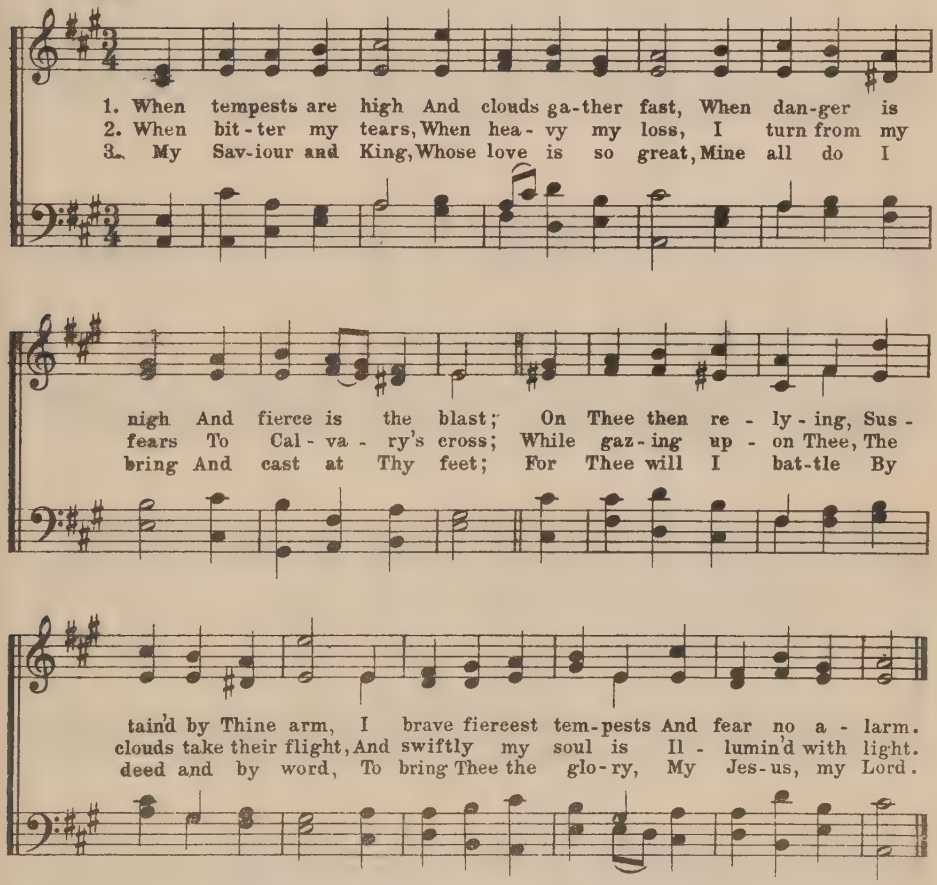

1. Doubt Him not, although He lead - eth Oth - er ways than hope had said;
2. Fret thee not about the mor - row; Faint thou not for hope de - layed;
3. Does some fierce temptation try thee? Look to Him who bruised its head;
4. Fail - eth all of earth's re - li - ance? Do thy "vine and fig tree" fade?
5. Does there come a time of test - ing, When thine all of strength seems fled
6. Trust-ing thus and trusting ev er, On the Lord Je-ho-vah stayed,
All the grace thy spi-rit need-eth Dwells in Him—Be not a - fraid!
He will lead thro' joy, thro' sor - row, To thy Home—Be not a - fraid!
See the Conquerer standing by thee; Trust in Him—Be not a - fraid!
Thou canst bid all foes de - fi - ance Thro' thy Lord.—Be not a - fraid!
His strength then on thee is rest - ing If thou trust—Be not a - fraid!
Thou at last shall ford the riv - er Safe thro Him.—Be not a - fraid!
CHORUS.
I will trust thee yes — will trust Thee! Nought I need of oth - er
aid; All suf - ficient, Thou my Saviour! Never will I be a - fraid.

378. HELD IN HIS MIGHTY ARMS.

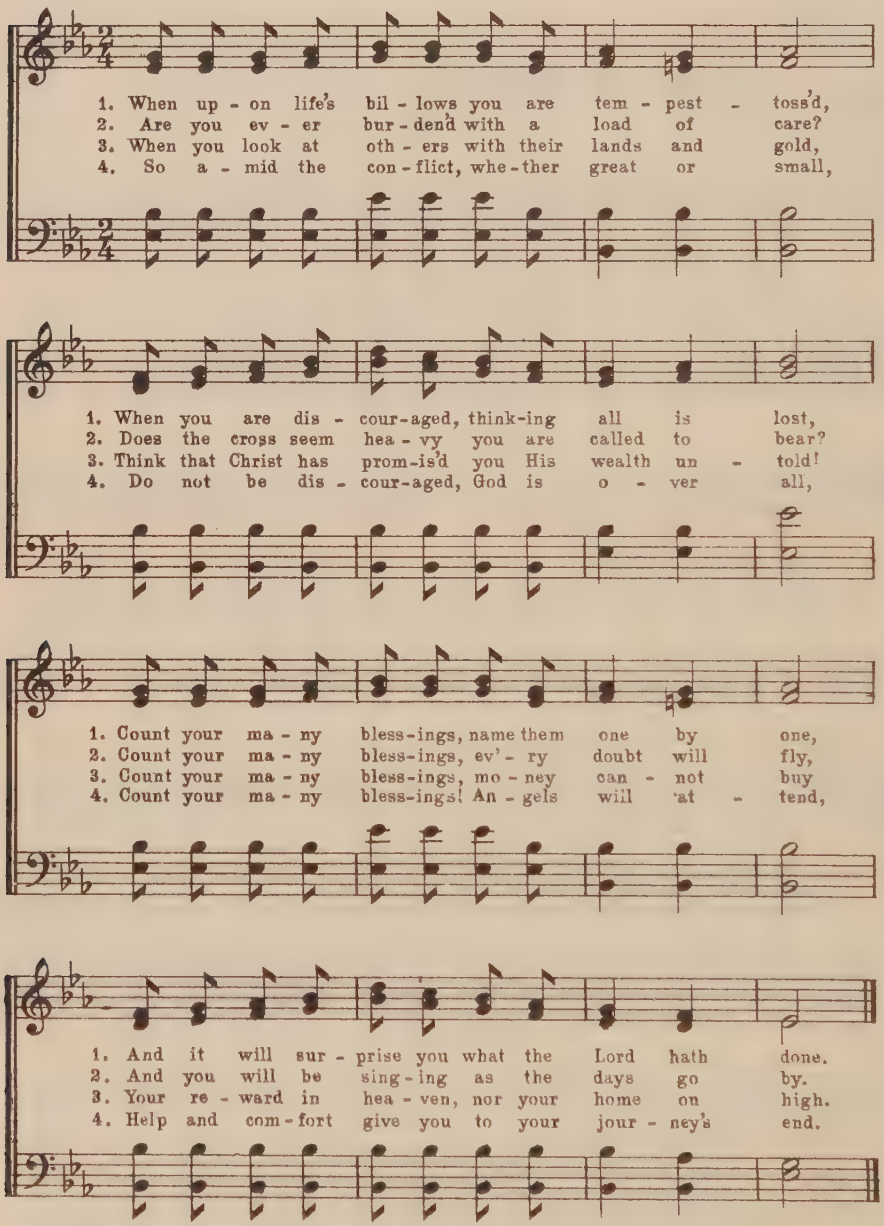
W. M. W. Macomber.

1. Safe is my re - fuge, sweet is my rest, Ills can-not harm me, nor
2. Press-ing my tear-stain'd cheek to His own, Hush - ing my grief with His
3. Tempests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my
1. foes e'er mo - lest; Je - sus my spi - rit so ten - der - ly calms,
2. sweet gen - tle tone; Touch-ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,
3. shel-ter'd re - treat; Free from all dan - ger, from dread a - larms,
CHORUS.
1. Hold - ing me close in His might - y arms,
2. Hold - ing me still in His might - y arms
3. Rest - ing so safe in His might - y arms.
Oh! what won - der - ful,
won - der - ful rest! Trust - ing com - plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;
Sweetly He comforts and shield - s from a - larms Holding me safe in His mighty arms.

379. WHEN TEMPESTS ARE HIGH.

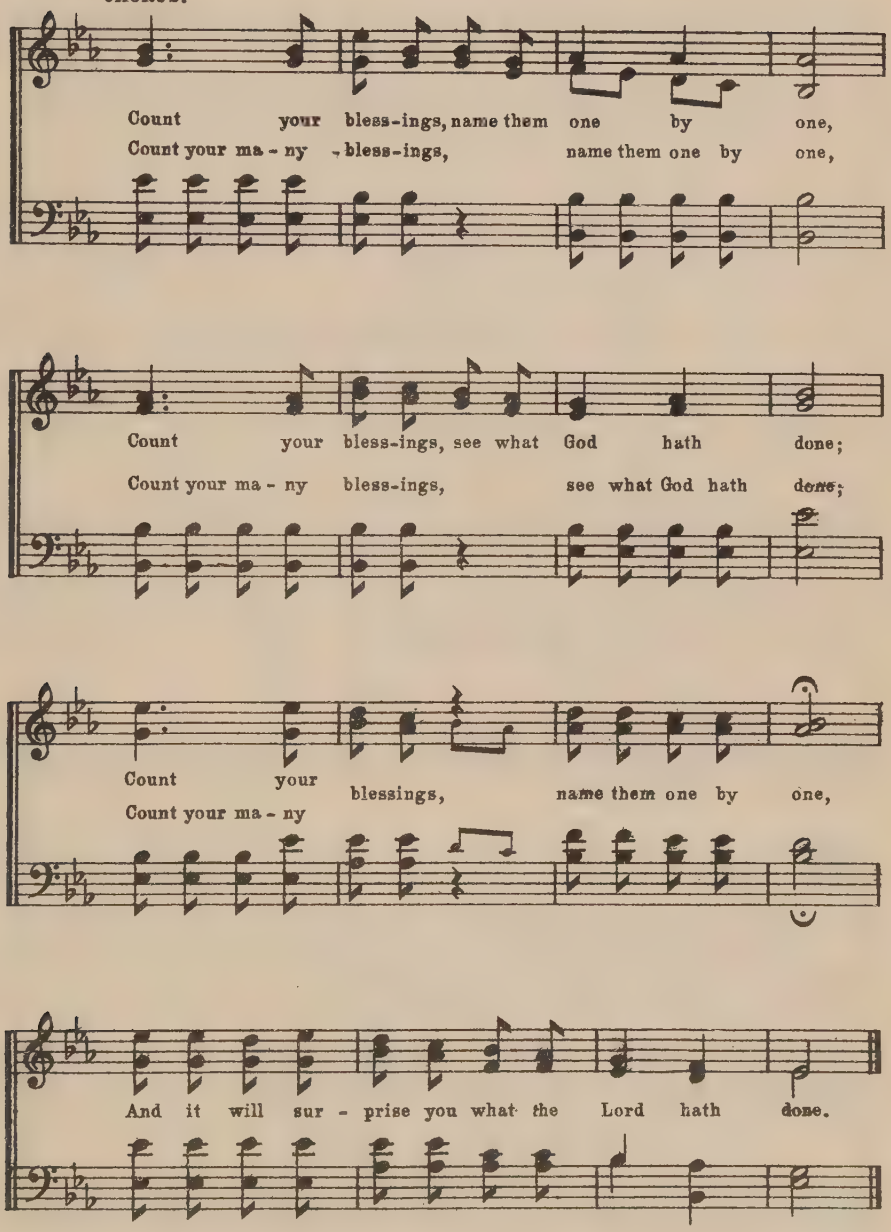
H. E. Govan. "HANOVER." H. Croft.


1. When tempests are high And clouds ga-ther fast, When dan-ger is
2. When bit-ter my tears, When hea-vy my loss, I turn from my
3. My Sav-iour and King, Whose love is so great, Mine all do I
nigh And fierce is the blast; On Thee then re-ly-ing, Sus-
fears To Cal-va-ry's cross; While gaz-ing up-on Thee, The
bring And cast at Thy feet; For Thee will I bat-tle By
tain'd by Thine arm, I brave fiercest tem-pests And fear no a-larm.
clouds take their flight, And swiftly my soul is Il-lumin'd with light.
deed and by word, To bring Thee the glo-ry, My Jes-us, my Lord.

380. COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - toss'd,
2. Are you ev - er bur - den'd with a load of care?
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold,
4. So a - mid the con - flict, whe - ther great or small,
1. When you are dis - cour-aged, think-ing all is lost,
2. Does the cross seem hea - vy you are called to bear?
3. Think that Christ has prom-is'd you His wealth un - told!
4. Do not be dis - cour-aged, God is o - ver all,
1. Count your ma - ny bless-ings, name them one by one,
2. Count your ma - ny bless-ings, ev'- ry doubt will fly,
3. Count your ma - ny bless-ings, mo - ney can - not buy
4. Count your ma - ny bless-ings! An - gels will 'at - tend,
1. And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
2. And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
3. Your re - ward in hea - ven, nor your home on high.
4. Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

380. COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.— *continued.*

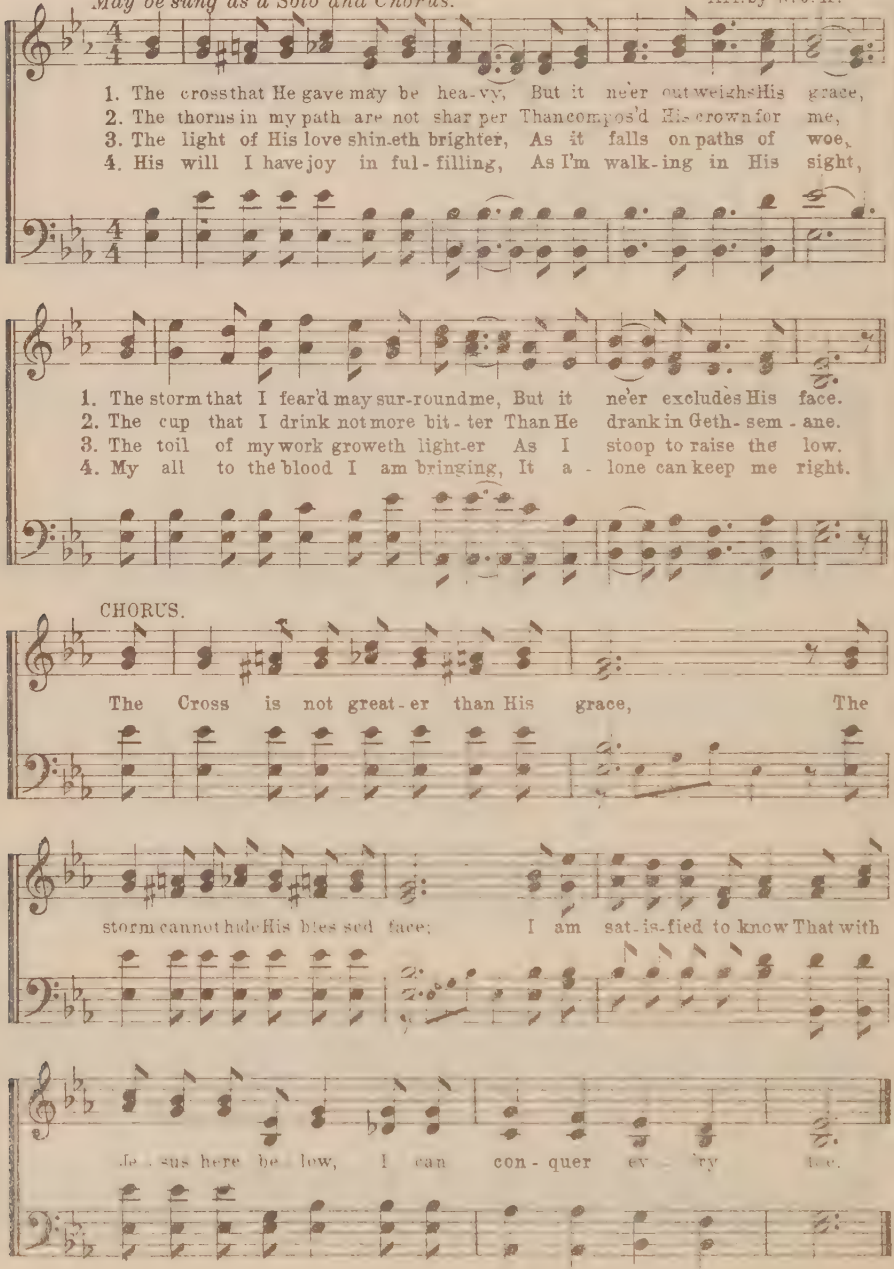
CHORUS.

Count your bless-ings, name them one by one,
Count your ma - ny bless-ings, name them one by one,
Count your bless-ings, see what God hath done;
Count your ma - ny bless-ings, see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your ma - ny
And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.

THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

381.

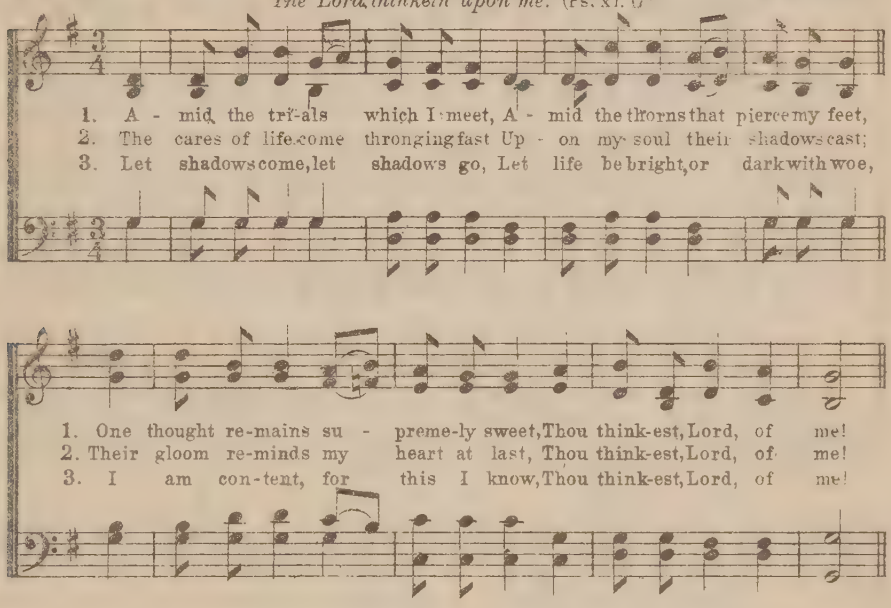
Com. Ballington Booth.
Arr. by W. J. K.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.


1. The cross that He gave may be hea-vy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not shar per Than compos'd His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shin-eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-filling, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,
1. The storm that I fear'd may sur-round me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
2. The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-ane.
3. The toil of my work groweth light-er As I stoop to raise the low.
4. My all to the blood I am bringing, It a-lone can keep me right.
CHORUS.
The Cross is not great-er than His grace, The
storm cannot hide His blessed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with
Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

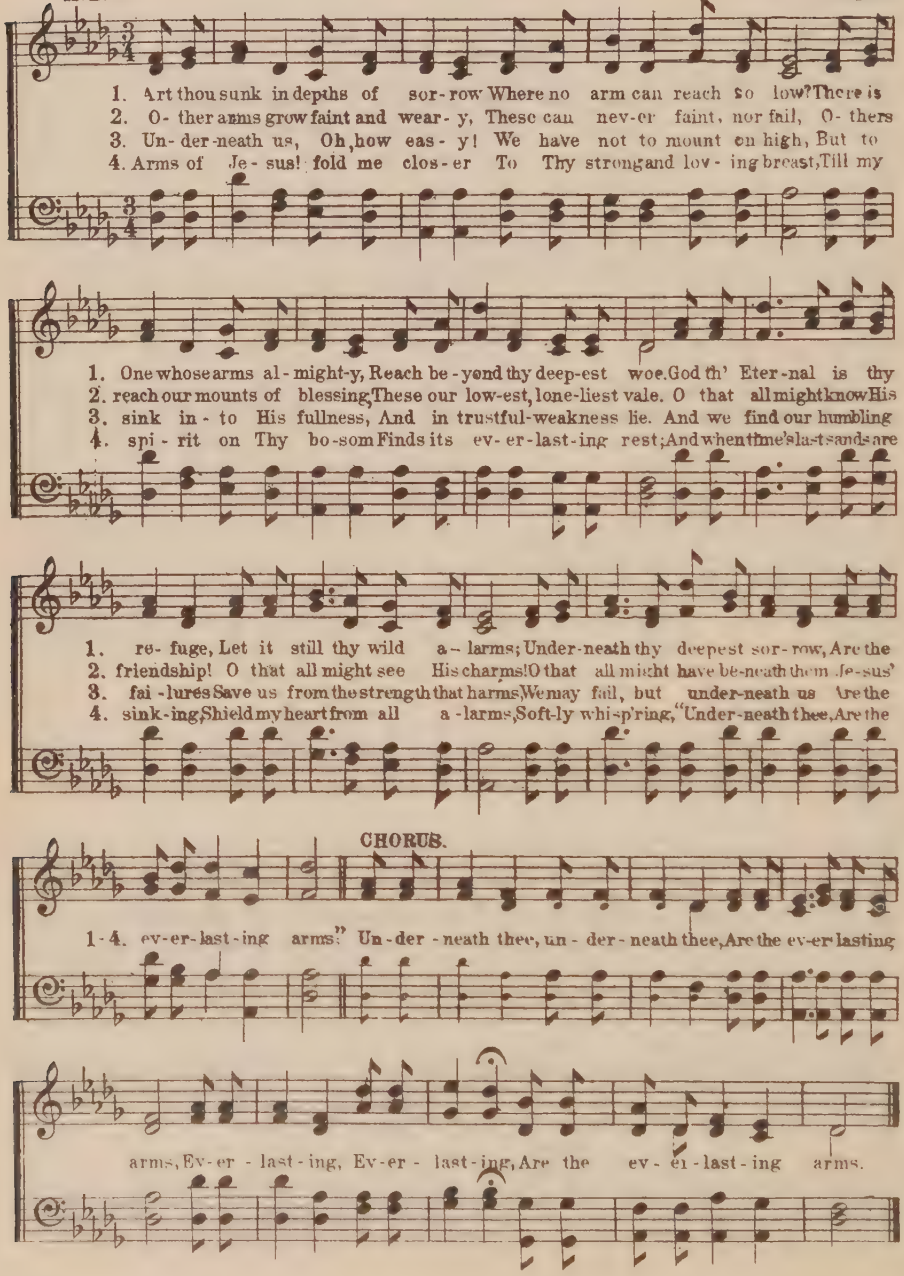
382. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. Mund. "*The Lord thinketh upon me.*" (Ps. xl. 17) E. S. Lorenz.


1. A - mid the tri-als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast Up - on my soul their shadows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright, or dark with woe,
1. One thought re-mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
2. Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
3. I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
CHORUS.
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
of me, of me-
What need I fear since Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me?

383. THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

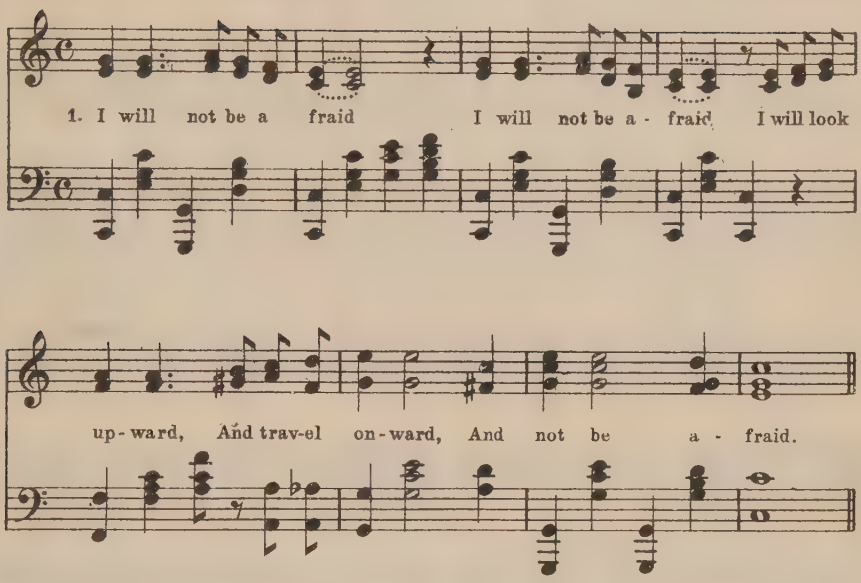
A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.


1. Art thou sunk in depths of sor-row Where no arm can reach so low? There is
2. O-ther arms grow faint and wear-y, These can nev-er faint, nor fail, O-thers
3. Un-der-neath us, Oh, how eas-y! We have not to mount on high, But to
4. Arms of Je-sus! fold me clos-er To Thy strong and lov-ing breast, Till my
1. One whose arms al-might-y, Reach be-yond thy deep-est woe. God th' Eter-nal is thy
2. reach our mounts of blessing; These our low-est, lone-liest vale. O that all might know His
3. sink in-to His fullness, And in trustful-weakness lie. And we find our humbling
4. spi-rit on Thy bo-som Finds its ev-er-last-ing rest; And when time's last sands are
1. re-fuge, Let it still thy wild a-larms; Under-neath thy deepest sor-row, Are the
2. friendship! O that all might see His charms! O that all might have be-neath them Je-sus'
3. fai-lures Save us from the strength that harms; We may fail, but under-neath us Are the
4. sink-ing, Shield my heart from all a-larms, Soft-ly whis-p'ring, "Under-neath thee, Are the
CHORUS.
1-4. ev-er-last-ing arms." Un-der-neath thee, un-der-neath thee, Are the ev-er-lasting
arms, Ev-er-last-ing, Ev-er-last-ing, Are the ev-er-last-ing arms.

384. Unafraid.

"DUNTROON."

G.E.M.G. G.E.M.G.



2.

He says He will be with me.
He says He will be with me.
He goes before me,
And is beside me.
So I'm not afraid.

3.

His arms are underneath me.
His arms are underneath me.
His hand upholds me.
His love enfolds me.
So I'm not afraid.

4.

His Word will stand for ever.
His Word will stand for ever.
His truth it shall be
My shield and buckler,
So I'm not afraid.

5.

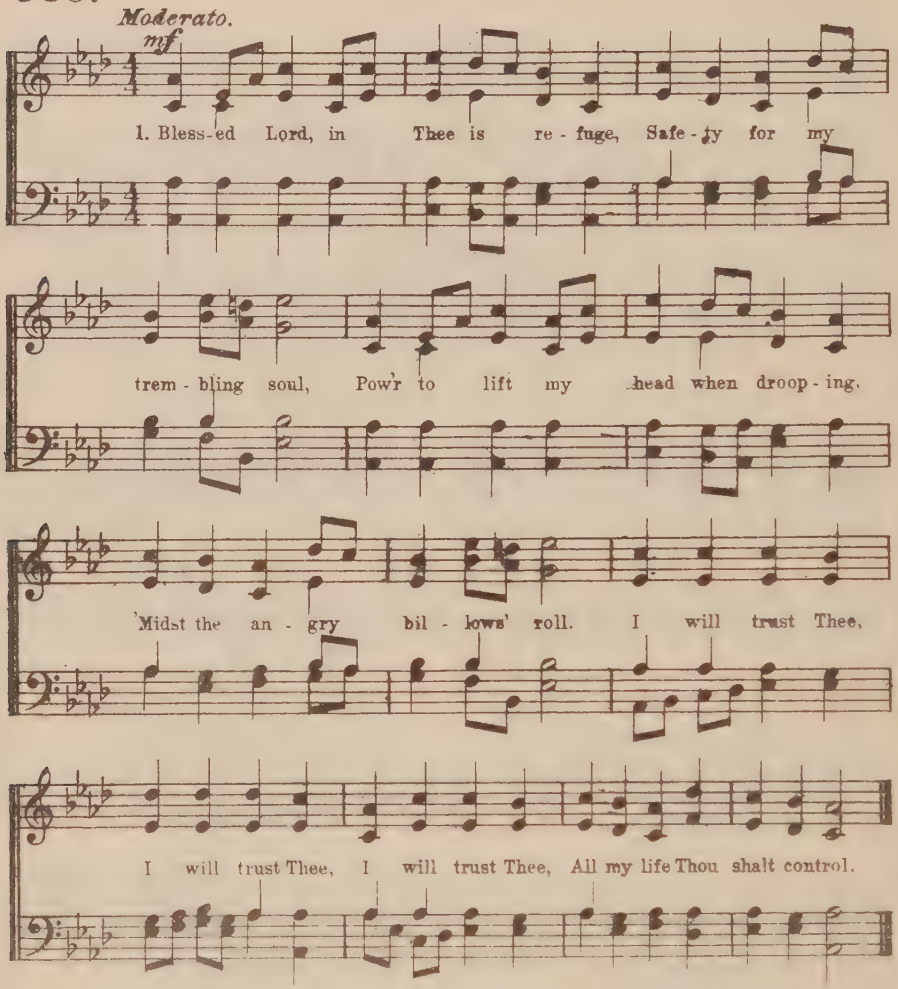
He will give grace and glory.
He will give grace and glory.
His Cross before me,
His banner o'er me,
So I'm not afraid.

6.

So we go singing onward.
So we go singing onward.
We're pressing upward,
We're marching Homeward,
To Him unafraid.

BLESSED LORD, IN THEE IS REFUGE.

385.


Moderato.
mf
1. Bless-ed Lord, in Thee is re-fuge, Safe-ty for my
trem-bling soul, Pow'r to lift my head when droop-ing,
'Midst the an-gry bil-lows' roll. I will trust Thee,
I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, All my life Thou shalt control.

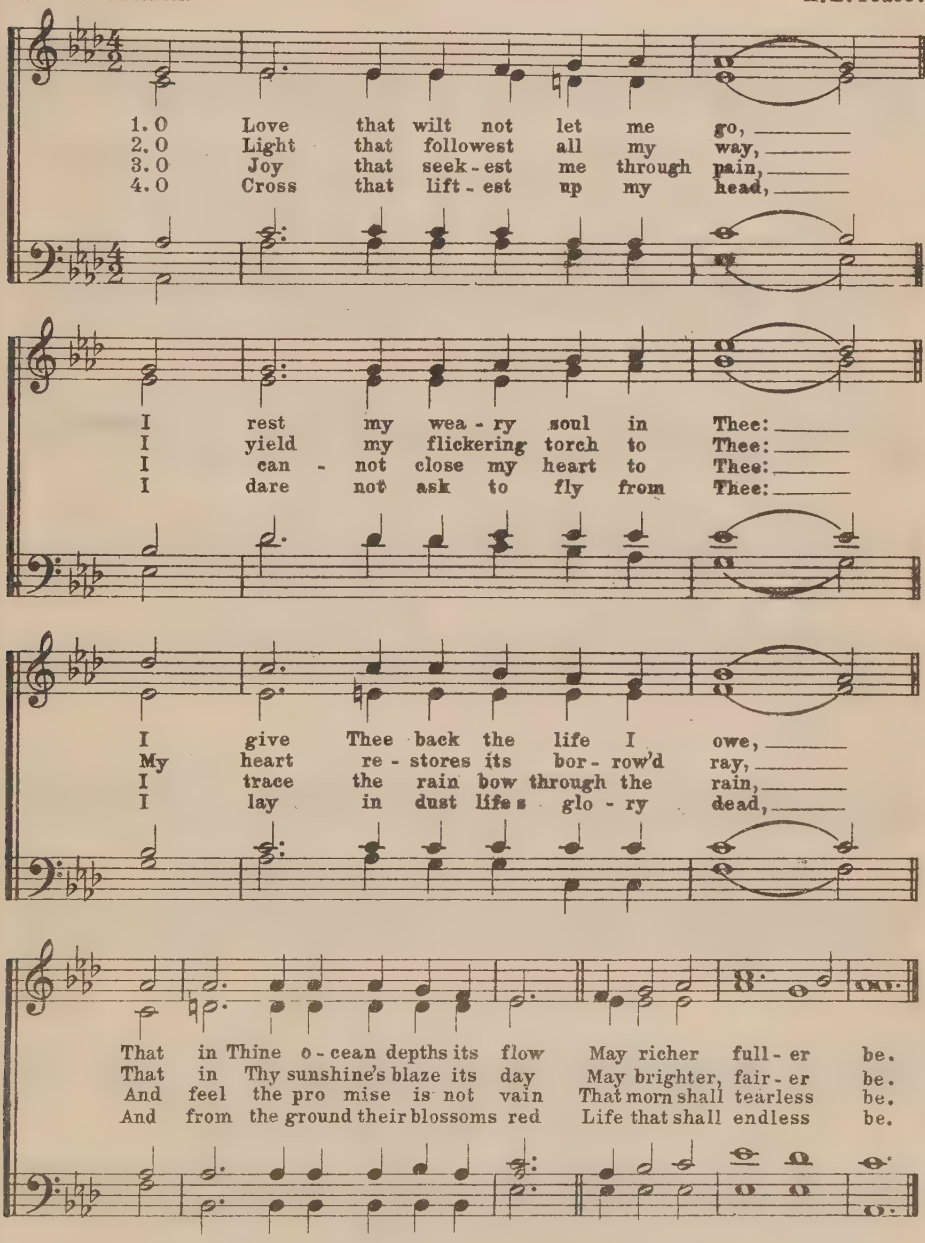
2. In the past too unbelieving,
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen.
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thine arm to lean.

3. Oh, for trust that brings the triumph,
When defeat seems strangely near!
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer!
Faith triumphant!
Knowing not defeat or fear.

4. Faith triumphant—blessed vict'ry!
Every barrier swept away!
Heaven descending, joy and fulness,
Dawn of everlasting day!
Jesus only—
Him to love and Him obey.

386. O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO.

ST MARGARET.

Rev. G. Matheson. A. L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go,
2. O Light that followest all my way,
3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain,
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head,
I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee:
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
I can-not close my heart to Thee:
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
My heart re-stores its bor-row'd ray,
I trace the rain bow through the rain,
I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead,
That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May richer full-er be.
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fair-er be.
And feel the pro mise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
And from the ground their blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

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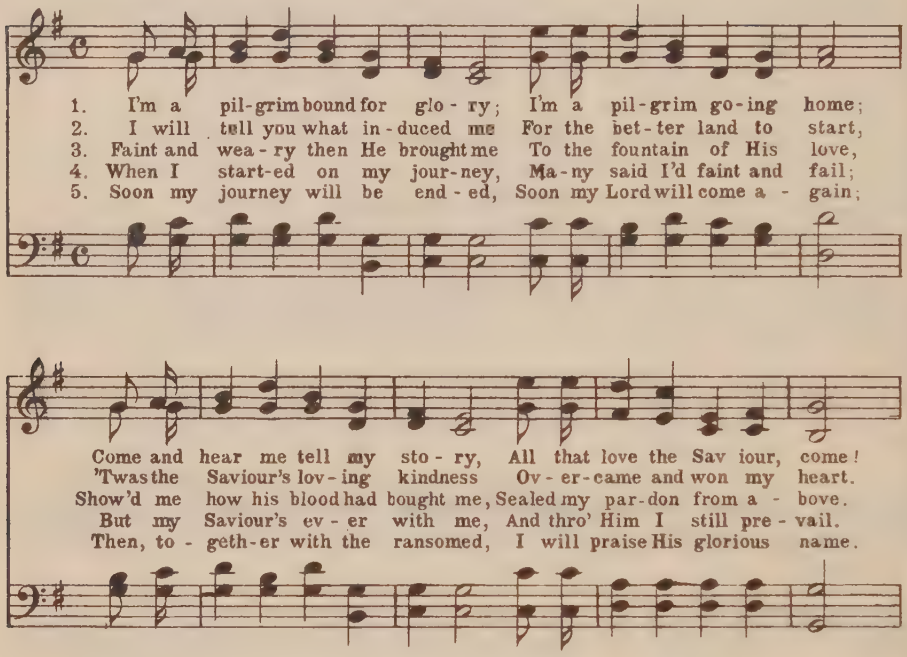
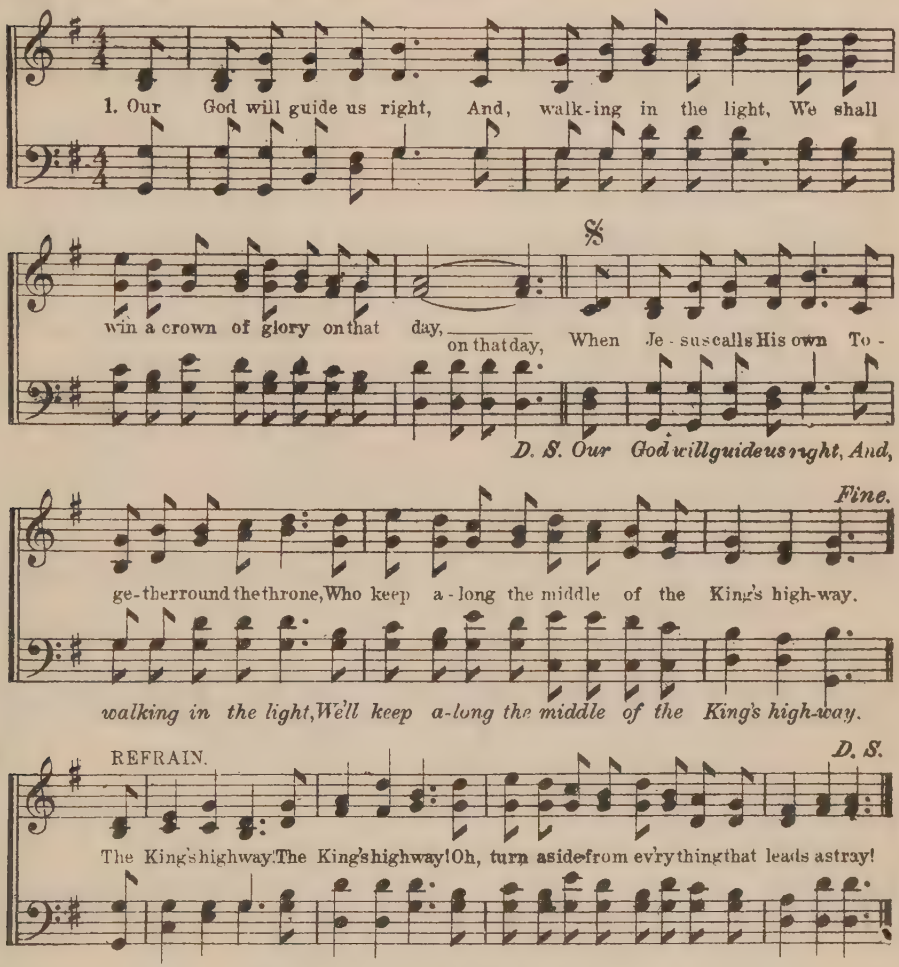
I'M A PILGRIM BOUND FOR GLORY.

387.


1. I'm a pil-grim bound for glo-ry; I'm a pil-grim go-ing home;
2. I will tell you what in-duced me For the bet-ter land to start,
3. Faint and wea-ry then He brought me To the fountain of His love,
4. When I start-ed on my jour-ney, Ma-ny said I'd faint and fail;
5. Soon my journey will be end-ed, Soon my Lord will come a-gain;
Come and hear me tell my sto-ry, All that love the Sav iour, come!
'Twas the Saviour's lov-ing kindness Ov-er-came and won my heart.
Show'd me how his blood had bought me, Sealed my par-don from a-bove.
But my Saviour's ev-er with me, And thro' Him I still pre-vail.
Then, to-geth-er with the ransomed, I will praise His glorious name.
CHORUS.
I love Je-sus, Hal le lu jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do!
I love Je-sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je-sus smiles and loves me too.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

388. *"For their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, 'Let thine heart be towards the highway.'"*—Bunyan.


1. Our God will guide us right, And, walk-ing in the light, We shall
win a crown of glory on that day, on that day, When Je-sus calls His own To-
D. S. Our God will guide us right, And,
Fine.
ge-ther round the throne, Who keep a-long the middle of the King's high-way.
walking in the light, We'll keep a-long the middle of the King's high-way.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
The King's highway! The King's highway! Oh, turn aside from ev'ry thing that leads astray!

2. Wherever you may be, whatever you may see
That would lead you into evil, say you "Nay!"....
I will not turn aside, whatever may betide;
I'll keep along the middle of the King's highway."

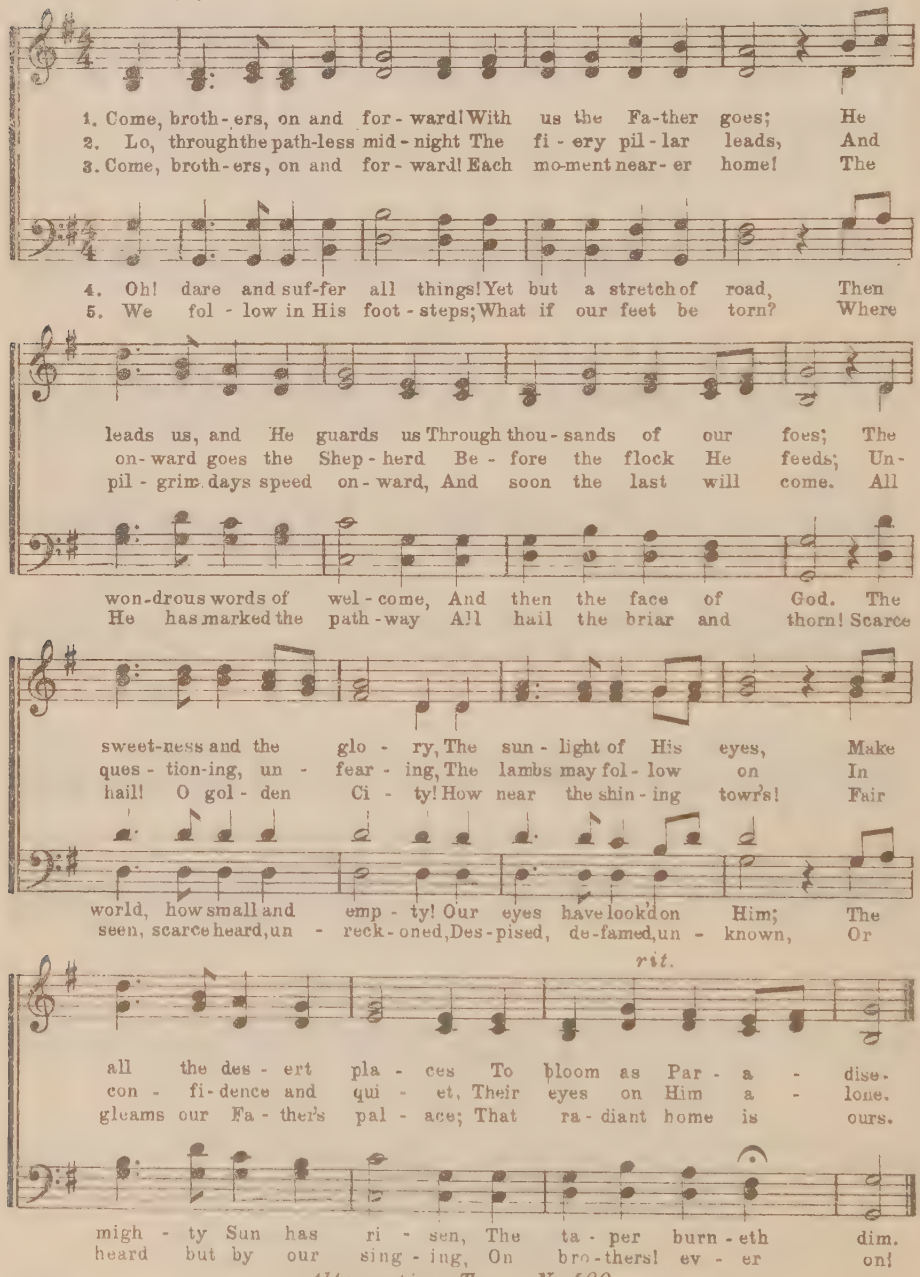
3. The meadows may be green where "bye-path stile" is seen:
"Turn aside!" the little flowers seem to say.....
Be sure you give no heed; they're trying to mislead;
Just keep along the middle of the King's highway.

4. For, on enchanted ground, there's danger all around,
And a thousand pleasant voices bid you stay,....
With fingers stop your ears, and never mind their jeers;
Just keep along the middle of the King's highway.

PILGRIM SONG.

389 (Ps. cxxxvi, 16)

F. Bevan.(tr.) W. H. Doane.


1. Come, broth-ers, on and for-ward! With us the Fa-ther goes; He
2. Lo, through the path-less mid-night The fi-ery pil-lar leads, And
3. Come, broth-ers, on and for-ward! Each mo-ment near-er home! The
4. Oh! dare and suf-fer all things! Yet but a stretch of road, Then
5. We fol-low in His foot-steps; What if our feet be torn? Where
leads us, and He guards us Through thou-sands of our foes; The
on-ward goes the Shep-herd Be-fore the flock He feeds; Un-
pil-grim days speed on-ward, And soon the last will come. All
won-drous words of wel-come, And then the face of God. The
He has marked the path-way All hail the briar and thorn! Scarce
sweet-ness and the glo-ry, The sun-light of His eyes, Make
ques-tion-ing, un-fear-ing, The lambs may fol-low on In
hail! O gol-den Ci-ty! How near the shin-ing tow'rs! Fair
world, how small and emp-ty! Our eyes have look'd on Him; The
seen, scarce heard, un-reck-oned, Des-pised, de-famed, un-known, Or
rit.
all the des-ert pla-ces To bloom as Par-a-dise.
con-fi-dence and qui-et, Their eyes on Him a-lone.
gleams our Fa-ther's pal-ace; That ra-diant home is ours.
migh-ty Sun has ri-sen, The ta-per burn-eth dim.
heard but by our sing-ing, On bro-thers! ev-er on!

Alternative Tune No 400.

390. ON TO GLORY.

1. Lo, we can tread rejoicing
The narrow pilgrim road;
We know the voice that calls us,
We know our faithful God.
Come, brothers, on to glory!
With every face set fast,
On towards the golden towers,
Where we shall rest at last.

2. It was with voice of singing
We left the land of night,
To pass to glorious music
Far onward out of sight.
O brothers, was it sorrow
Though thousand worlds were lost!
Our eyes have looked on Jesus
And thus we count the cost.

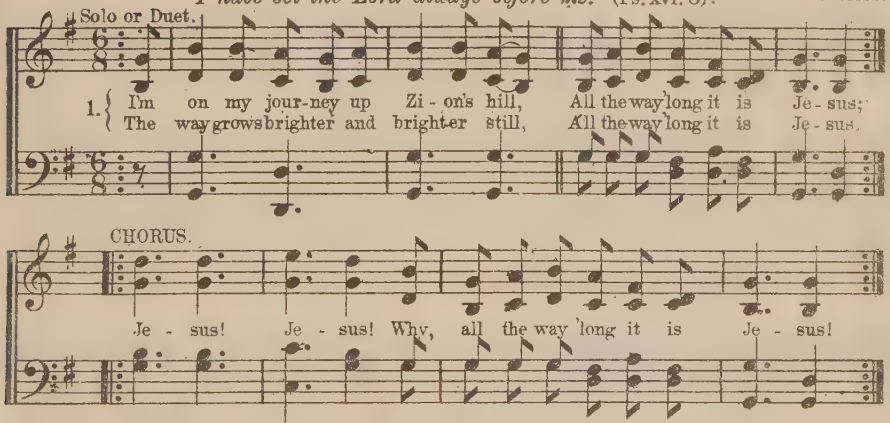
3. Oh, bliss! to leave behind us
The fetters of the slave,
To leave ourselves behind us,
The grave clothes and the grave.
To speed, unburdened pilgrims,
Glad, empty-handed, free,
To cross the trackless deserts,
And walk upon the sea.

4. Across the will of nature
Leads on the path of God!
Not where the flesh delighteth
The feet of Jesus trod.
If now the path be narrow
And steep and rough and lone;
If crags and tangles cross it,
Praise God! we will go on.

F. BEVAN (tr.)

391. ALL THE WAY 'LONG IT IS JESUS.

"I have set the Lord always before me." (Ps. xvi. 8). P. P. Bliss.

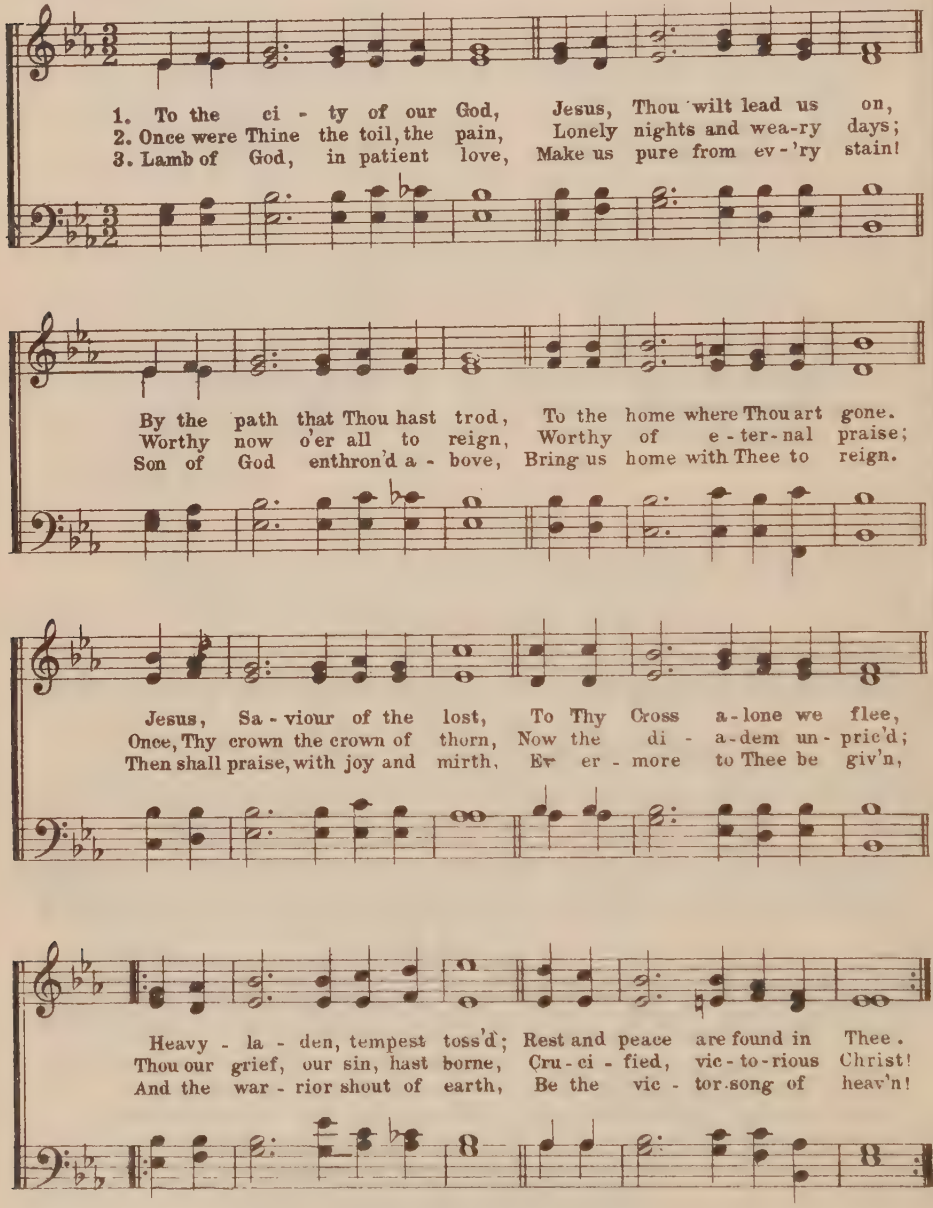

Solo or Duet.
1. I'm on my jour-ney up Zi - on's hill, All the way 'long it is Je - sus;
The way grows brighter and brighter still, All the way 'long it is Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Je - sus! Je - sus! Why, all the way 'long it is Je - sus!

2. And oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He has a treasure the world has not,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

3. Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He seeks a city with cloudless skies,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

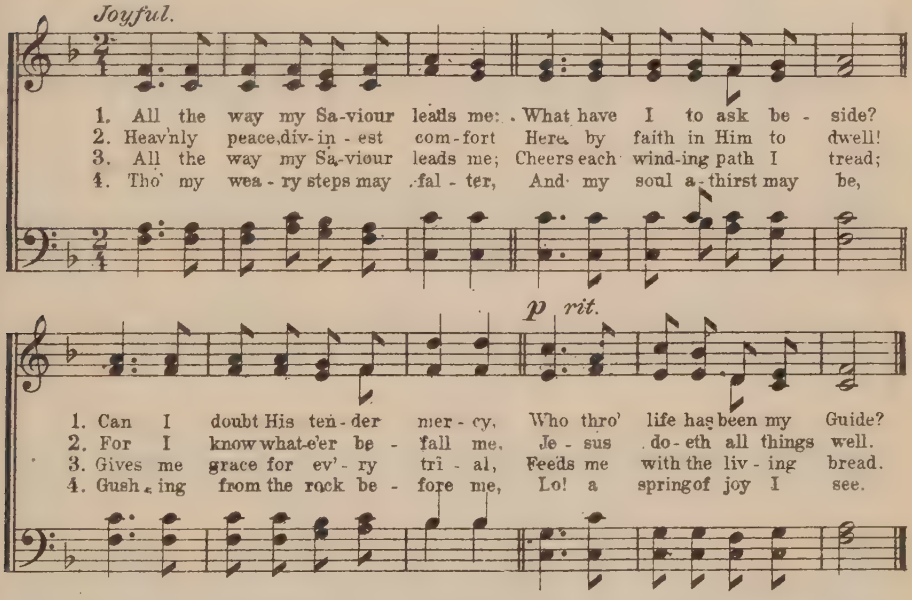
4. At home the pilgrims together will sing,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
We'll make the heavenly mansions ring,
All the way 'long it is Jesus

392. "DESIRING FAIR JERUSALEM."

W. J. Govan. J. Mountain.

1. To the ci - ty of our God, Jesus, Thou wilt lead us on,
2. Once were Thine the toil, the pain, Lonely nights and wea-ry days;
3. Lamb of God, in patient love, Make us pure from ev-'ry stain!
By the path that Thou hast trod, To the home where Thou art gone.
Worthy now o'er all to reign, Worthy of e-ter-nal praise;
Son of God enthron'd a - bove, Bring us home with Thee to reign.
Jesus, Sa - viour of the lost, To Thy Cross a-lone we flee,
Once, Thy crown the crown of thorn, Now the di - a-dem un - prie'd;
Then shall praise, with joy and mirth, Ev er - more to Thee be giv'n,
Heavy - la - den, tempest toss'd; Rest and peace are found in Thee.
Thou our grief, our sin, hast borne, Cru - ci - fied, vic - to - rious Christ!
And the war - rior shout of earth, Be the vic - tor song of heav'n!

393. ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME.

Fanny J. Crosby. German Evening Hymn.


Joyful.
1. All the way my Sa-viour leads me: What have I to ask be - side?
2. Heav'nly peace, div-in - est com-fort Here by faith in Him to dwell!
3. All the way my Sa-viour leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
4. Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
p rit.
1. Can I doubt His ten-der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
2. For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do-eth all things well.
3. Gives me grace for ev'-ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
4. Gush - ing from the rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.

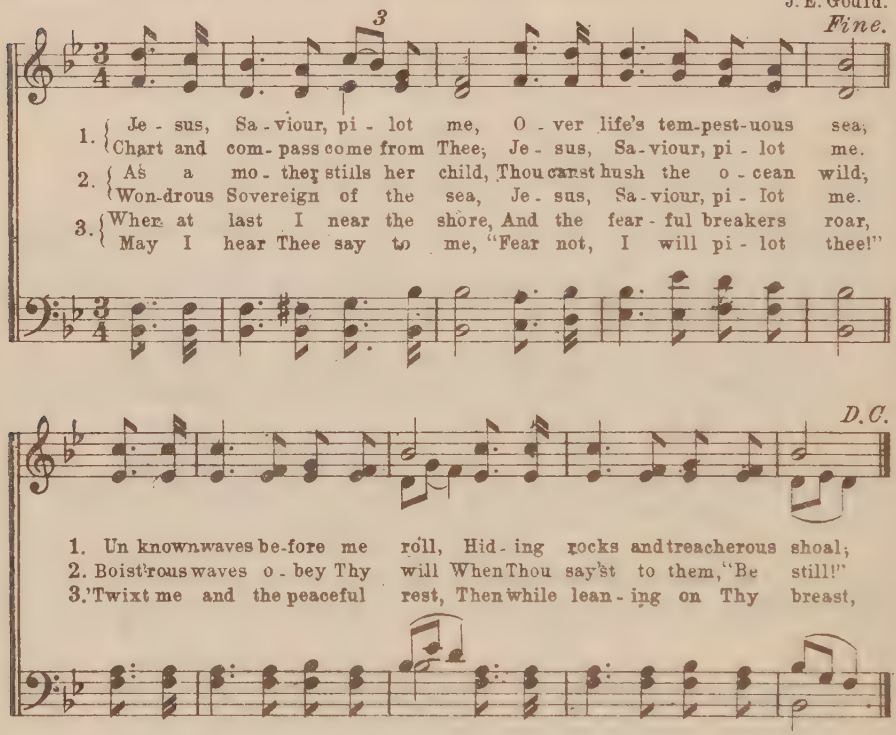
5 All the way my Saviour leads me:
Oh, the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promis'd
In my Father's house above.

6 When my spirit, cloth'd immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This, my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

394.

J. E. Gould.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
2. As a mo - ther stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
Won-drous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D.C.
1. Un known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
2. Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
3. 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

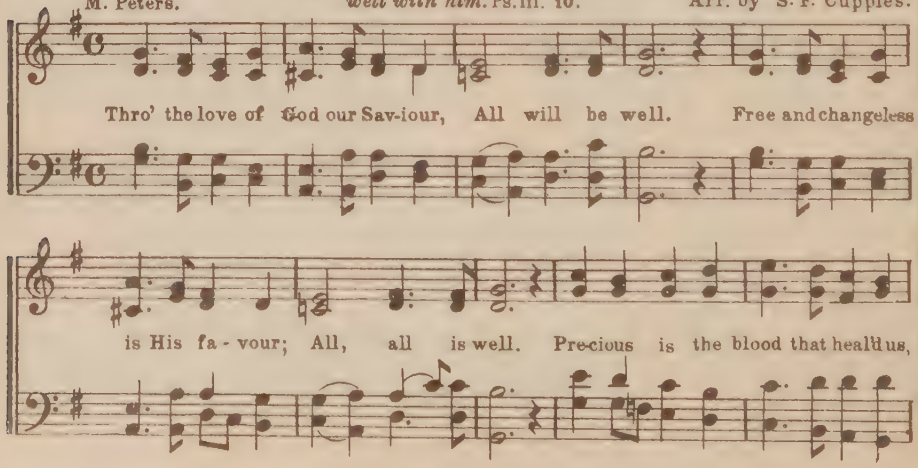
395.

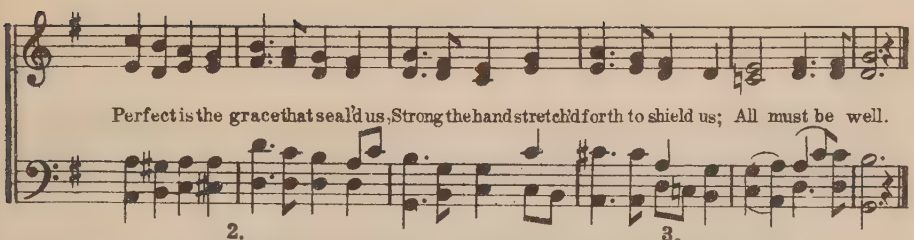
ALL WILL BE WELL.

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him." Ps. iii. 10.

M. Peters.

Welsh air,
Arr. by S. F. Cupples.


Thro' the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well. Free and changeless
is His fa - vour; All, all is well. Pre-cious is the blood that heal'd us,



2.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

3.

We expect a bright tomorrow,
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

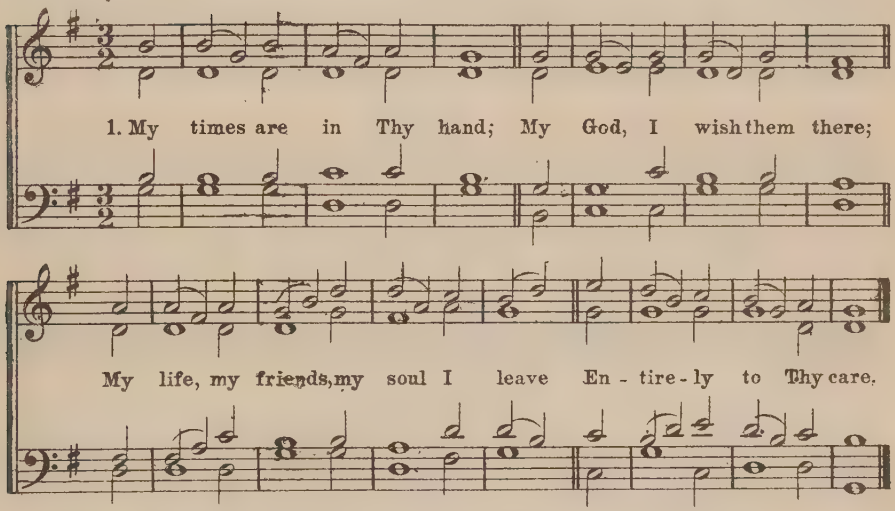
THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

396.

"DENNIS."

W. F. Lloyd. From Nägeli.



2. My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3. My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

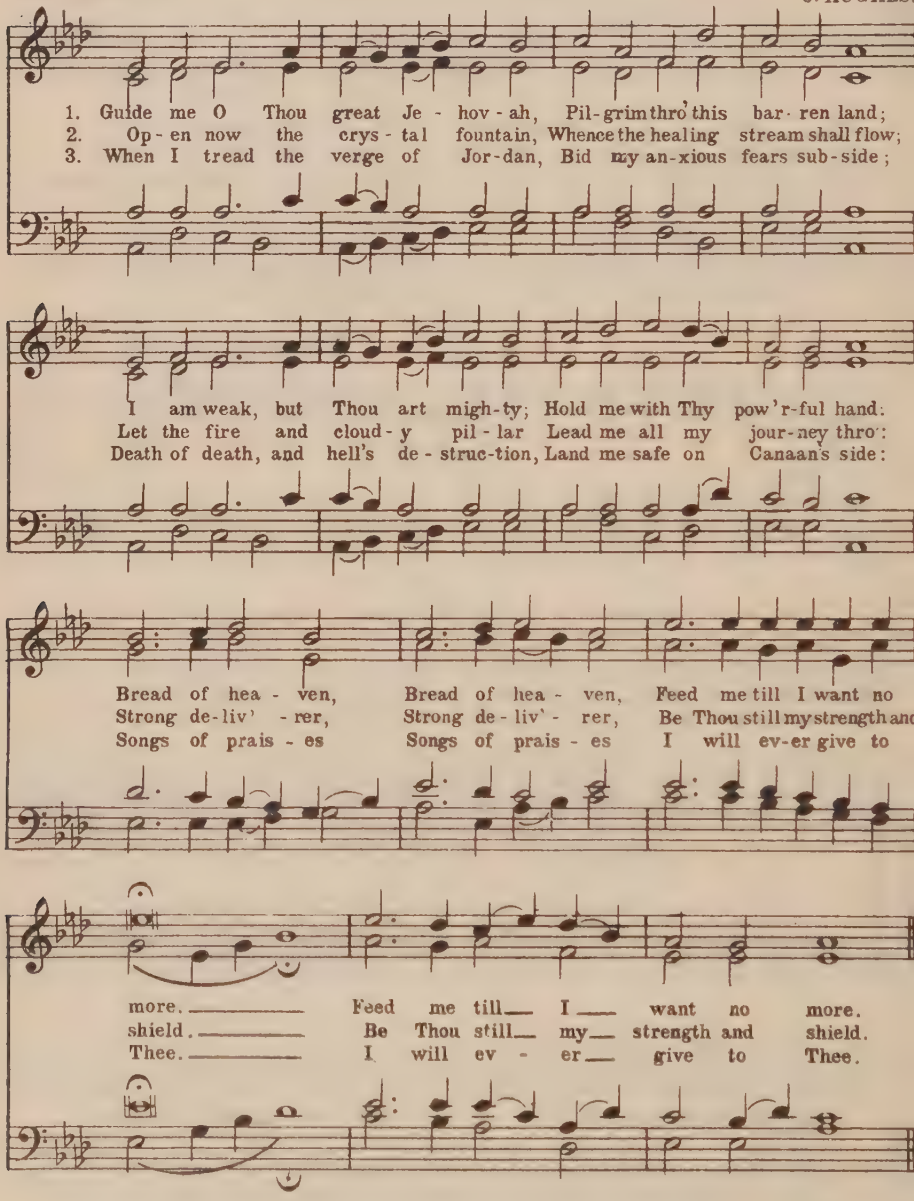
4. My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

5. My times are in Thy hand;
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

397.

CWM RHONDDA. J. HUGHES.


1. Guide me O Thou great Je - hov - ah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. Op - en now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing stream shall flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my an-xious fears sub-side;
I am weak, but Thou art migh-ty; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand:
Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro':
Death of death, and hell's de - struc-tion, Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no
Strong de-liv' - rer, Strong de-liv' - rer, Be Thou still my strength and
Songs of prais - es Songs of prais - es I will ev-er give to
more. Feed me till I want no more.
shield. Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Thee. I will ev - er give to Thee.

By permission of Mrs Hughes.

398. THOU ART COMING.

Words by F. R. H.

Animato.

1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! Ev - 'ry tongue Thy name con - fess-ing, Well may we re - joice and sing! Thou art com-ing! rays of glo - ry Through the veil Thy death has rent, Glad - den com-ing! at Thy ta - ble We are wit - ness-es for this, As we *com-ing! Thou art com-ing! Je - sus our be - lov - ed Lord! Oh, the*

2. Thou art coming, not a shadow, Not a mist and not a tear, Not a sin, and not a sor-row, On that sun - rise grand and clear; Thou art com-ing! Je - sus Sav-iour, Noth - ing else seems worth a thought; Oh, how

3. Thou art coming! we are waiting With a "hope" that can - not fail; Ask-ing not the day or hour, An - chor'd safe with - in the veil: Thou art

Thou art

CHORUS.

now our pilgrim pathway Glo - ry from Thy presence sent.
marvellous the glo - ry And the bliss Thy pain hath bought. Thou art coming! Thou art coming! We shall meet Thee in com-munion, Earnest of our coming bliss.

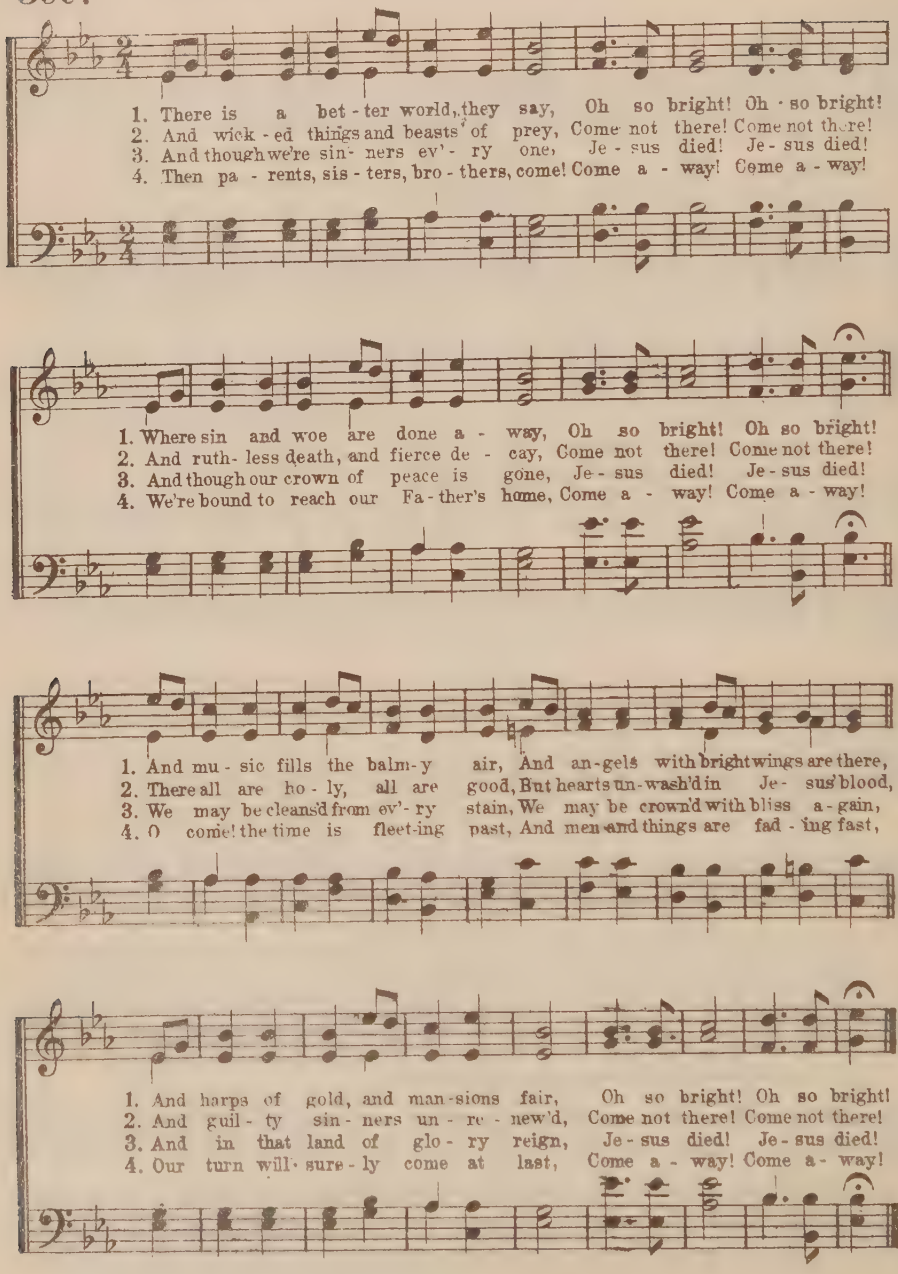
Fine.

joy to see Thee reigning, worshipp'd, glorified, adored.

D.S.

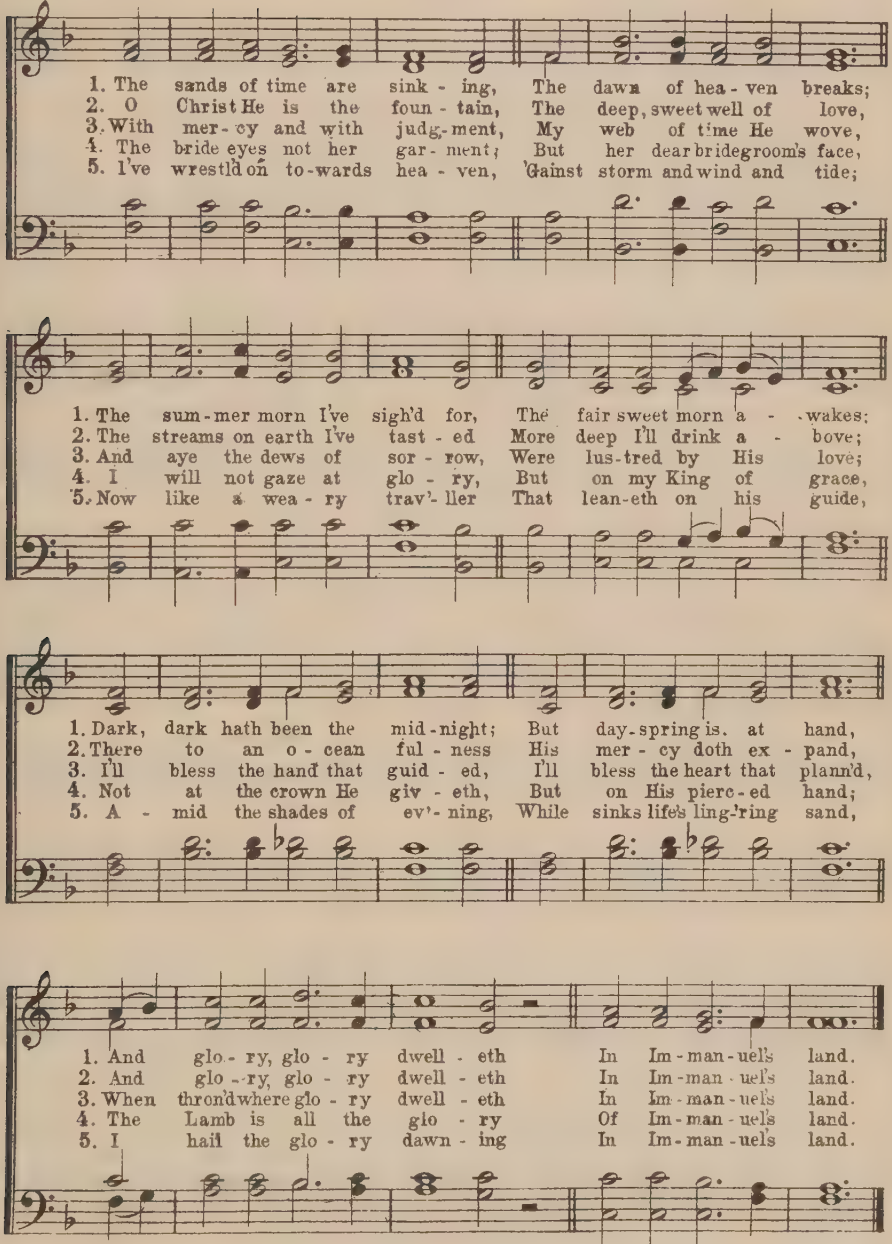
meet Thee on Thy way! Thou art com-ing! we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

399. THERE IS A BETTER WORLD.


1. There is a bet - ter world, they say, Oh so bright! Oh - so bright!
2. And wick - ed things and beasts of prey, Come not there! Come not there!
3. And though we're sin - ners ev' - ry one, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!
4. Then pa - rents, sis - ters, bro - thers, come! Come a - way! Come a - way!
1. Where sin and woe are done a - way, Oh so bright! Oh so bright!
2. And ruth - less death, and fierce de - cay, Come not there! Come not there!
3. And though our crown of peace is gone, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!
4. We're bound to reach our Fa - ther's home, Come a - way! Come a - way!
1. And mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And an - gels with bright wings are there,
2. There all are ho - ly, all are good, But hearts un - wash'd in Je - sus' blood,
3. We may be cleans'd from ev' - ry stain, We may be crown'd with bliss a - gain,
4. O come! the time is fleet - ing past, And men and things are fad - ing fast,
1. And harps of gold, and man - sions fair, Oh so bright! Oh so bright!
2. And guil - ty sin - ners un - re - new'd, Come not there! Come not there!
3. And in that land of glo - ry reign, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!
4. Our turn will sure - ly come at last, Come a - way! Come a - way!

400. THE SANDS OF TIME.

"RUTHERFORD."

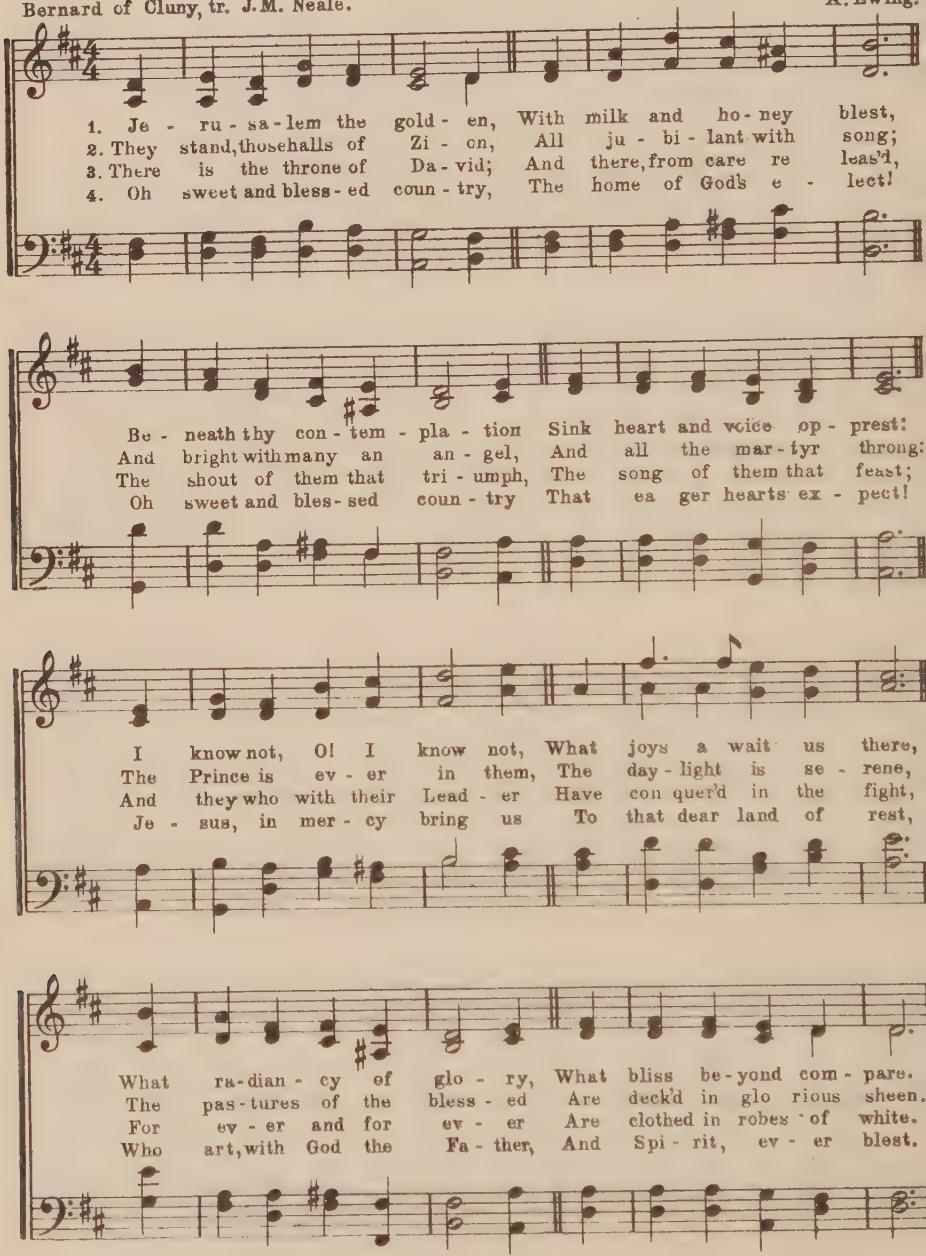
Mrs A. R. Cousin. C. Uhran.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks;
2. O Christ He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love,
3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment, My web of time He wove,
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment; But her dear bridegroom's face,
5. I've wrestld on to - wards hea - ven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
1. The sum - mer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes;
2. The streams on earth I've tast - ed More deep I'll drink a - bove;
3. And aye the dews of sor - row, Were lus - tred by His love;
4. I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace,
5. Now like a wea - ry trav' - ller That lean - eth on his guide,
1. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night; But day - spring is at hand,
2. There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
3. I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
4. Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand;
5. A - mid the shades of ev' - ning, While sinks life's ling - 'ring sand,
1. And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
2. And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
3. When thron'd where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
4. The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.
5. I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing In Im - man - uel's land.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

401. *"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem".* Rev. xxi. 2.

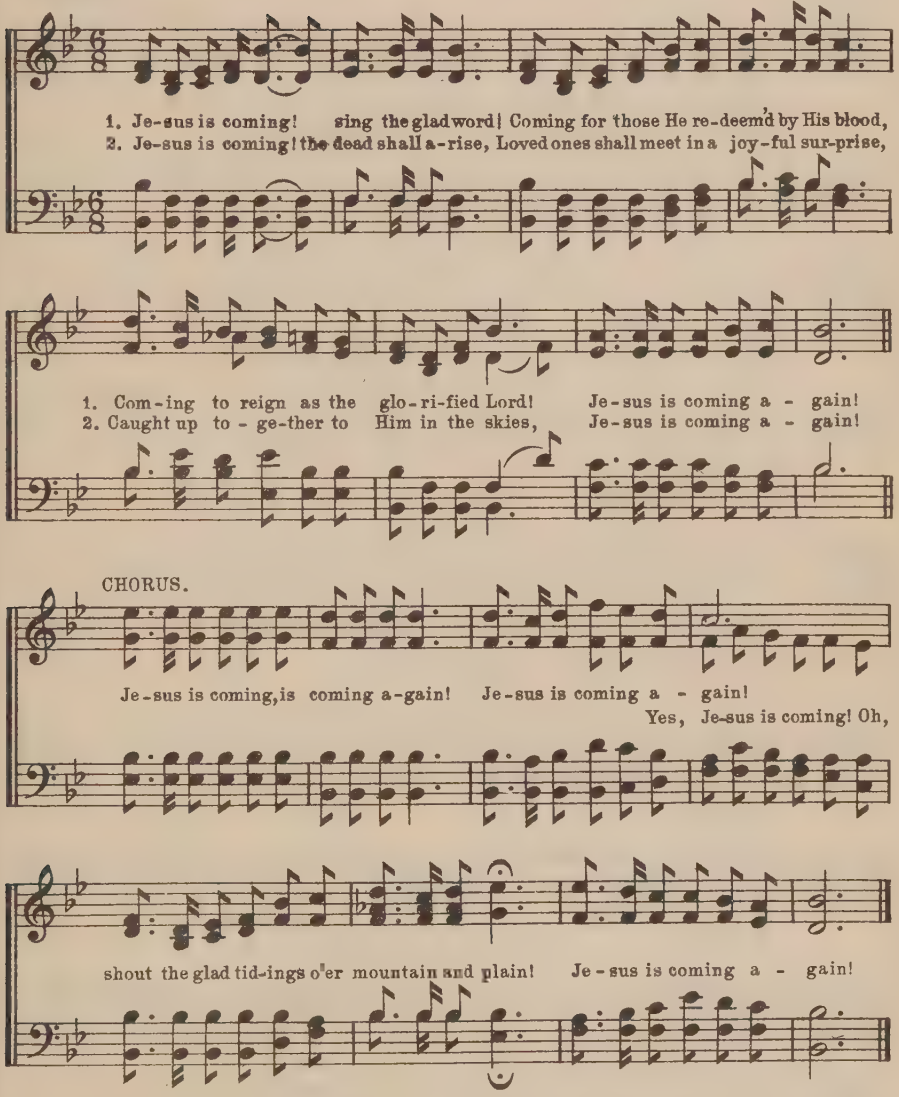
"EWING."

Bernard of Cluny, tr. J.M. Neale. A. Ewing.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and ho - ney blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song;
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re leas'd,
4. Oh sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
Oh sweet and bles - sed coun - try That ea ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, O! I know not, What joys a wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene,
And they who with their Lead - er Have con quer'd in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,
What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clothed in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spi - rit, ev - er blest.

402. JESUS IS COMING.

D.W. Whittle. J. McGranahan.


1. Je-sus is coming! sing the glad word! Coming for those He re-deem'd by His blood,
2. Je-sus is coming! the dead shall a-rise, Loved ones shall meet in a joy-ful sur-prise,
1. Com-ing to reign as the glo-ri-fied Lord! Je-sus is coming a - gain!
2. Caught up to - ge-ther to Him in the skies, Je-sus is coming a - gain!
CHORUS.
Je-sus is coming, is coming a-gain! Je-sus is coming a - gain!
Yes, Je-sus is coming! Oh,
shout the glad tid-ings o'er mountain and plain! Je-sus is coming a - gain!

3. Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth peace
Sinning, and sighing, and sorrow, shall cease.
Jesus is coming again!

4. Jesus is coming! the promise is true;
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,
Waiting and watching, prepared for review?
Jesus is coming again!

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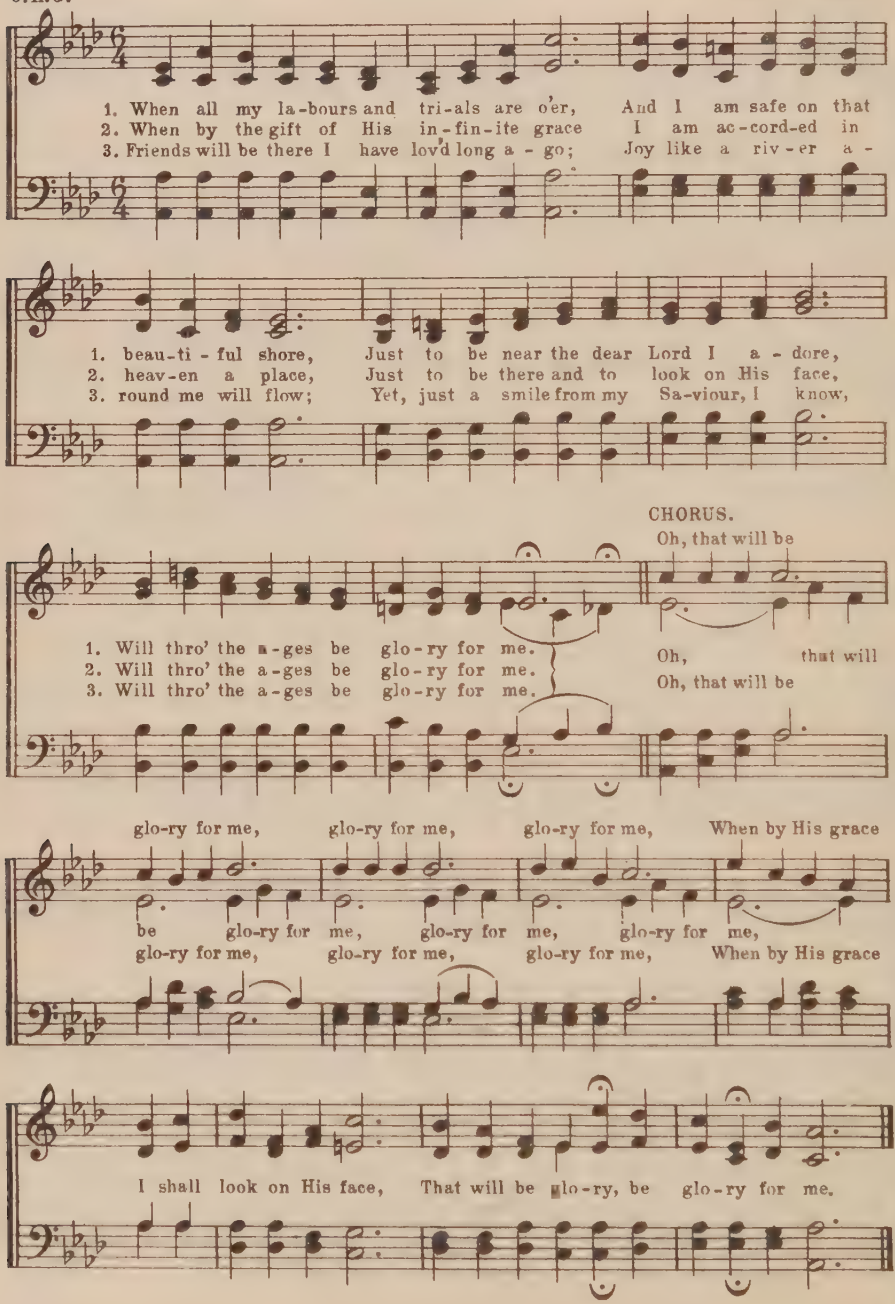
403. THAT WILL BE GLORY FOR ME.

C.H.G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bours and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a - go; Joy like a riv-er a -
1. beau-ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
2. heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
3. round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sa-viour, I know,
CHORUS.
Oh, that will be
1. Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me.
2. Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me.
3. Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me.
Oh, that will
Oh, that will be
glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me,
glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, When by His grace
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

404. SING WE THE KING.

1. Sing we the King who is coming to reign;
Glory to Jesus the Lamb that was slain;
Life and salvation His empire shall bring,
Joy to the nations, when Jesus is King.

Come, let us sing praise to our King,
Jesus, our King, Jesus, our King;
This is our song, who to Jesus belong
Glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.

2. Souls shall be saved from the burden of sin,
Doubts shall not darken His witness within,
Hell hath no terror, and death hath no sting,
Love is victorious when Jesus is King.

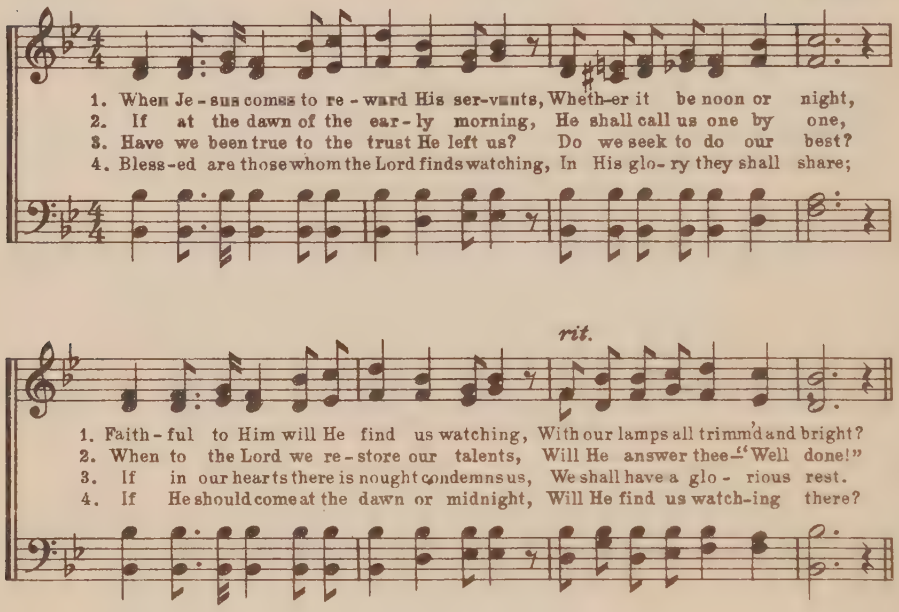
3. All men shall dwell in His marvellous light,
Races long severed His love shall unite,
Justice and truth from His sceptre shall spring,
Wrong shall be ended, when Jesus is King.

4. Kingdom of Christ, for Thy coming we pray;
Hasten, O Father, the dawn of the day,
When this new song Thy creation shall sing
Satan is vanquished, and Jesus is King!

C. SILVESTER HORNE.

405. WHEN JESUS COMES.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

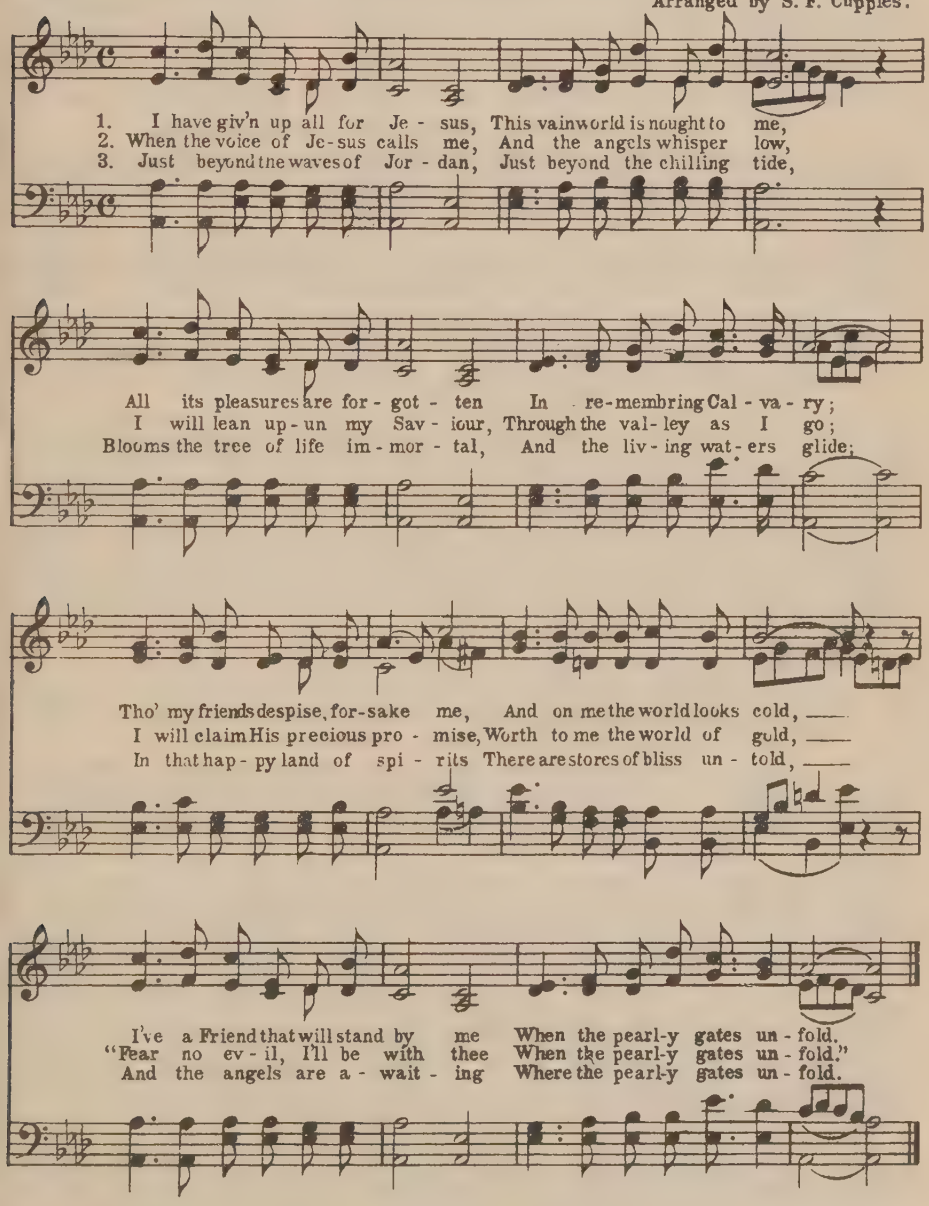

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser-vants, Wheth-er it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless-ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share;
rit.
1. Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
2. When to the Lord we re - store our talents, Will He answer thee—"Well done!"
3. If in our hearts there is nought condemns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest.
4. If He should come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watch-ing there?
REFRAIN.
Oh, can we say we are ready, brother— Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting, when the Lord shall come?

WHEN THE PEARLY GATES UNFOLD.

406.

"SILVER THREADS."

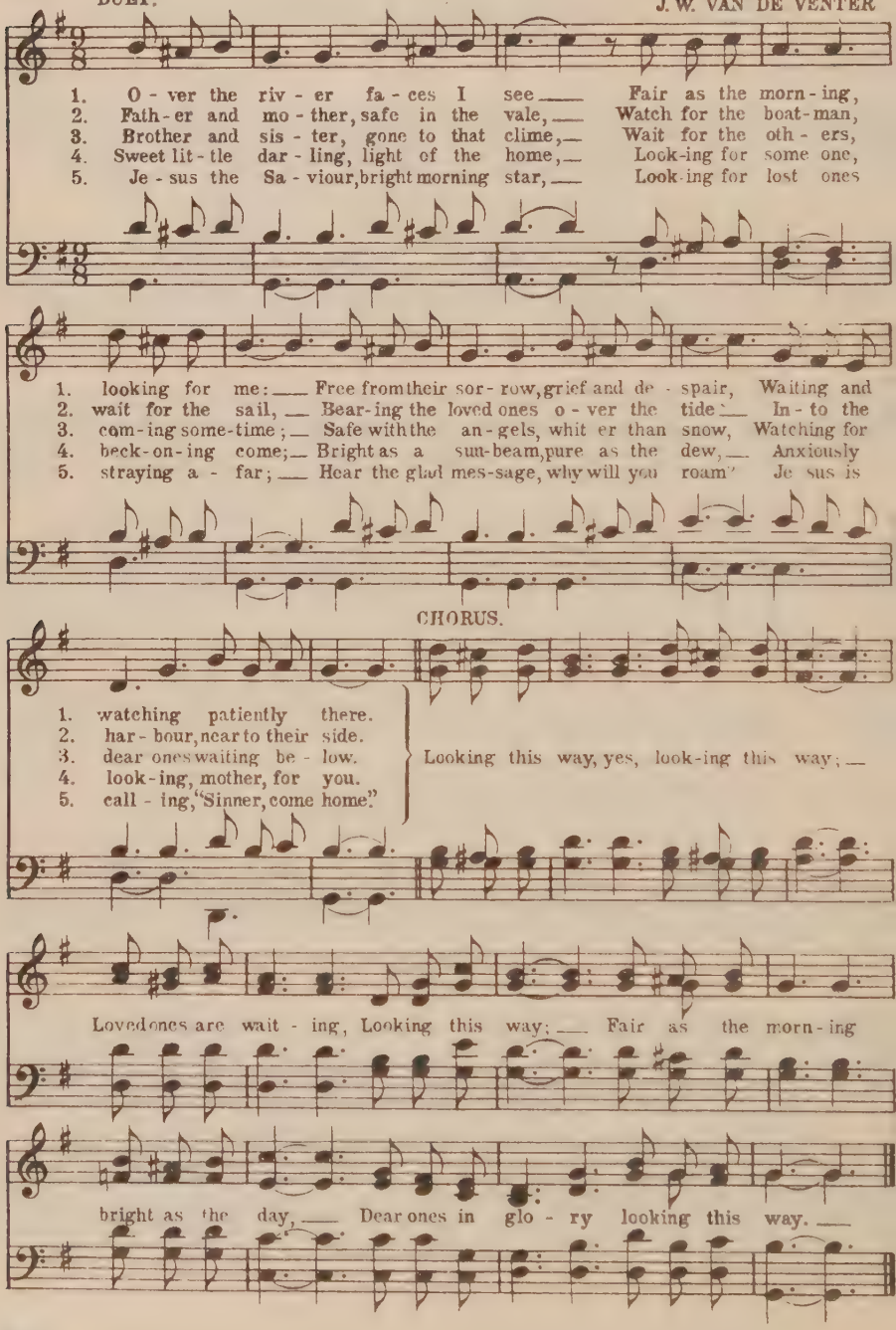
Arranged by S. F. Cupples.


1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus, This vain world is nought to me,
2. When the voice of Je-sus calls me, And the angels whisper low,
3. Just beyond the waves of Jor - dan, Just beyond the chilling tide,
All its pleasures are for - got - ten In re-membring Cal - va - ry;
I will lean up-un my Sav - iour, Through the val-ley as I go;
Blooms the tree of life im - mor - tal, And the liv - ing wat - ers glide;
Tho' my friends despise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
I will claim His precious pro - mise, Worth to me the world of gold,
In that hap - py land of spi - rits There are stores of bliss un - told,
I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl-y gates un - fold.
"Fear no ev - il, I'll be with thee When the pearl-y gates un - fold."
And the angels are a - wait - ing Where the pearl-y gates un - fold.

407. LOOKING THIS WAY.

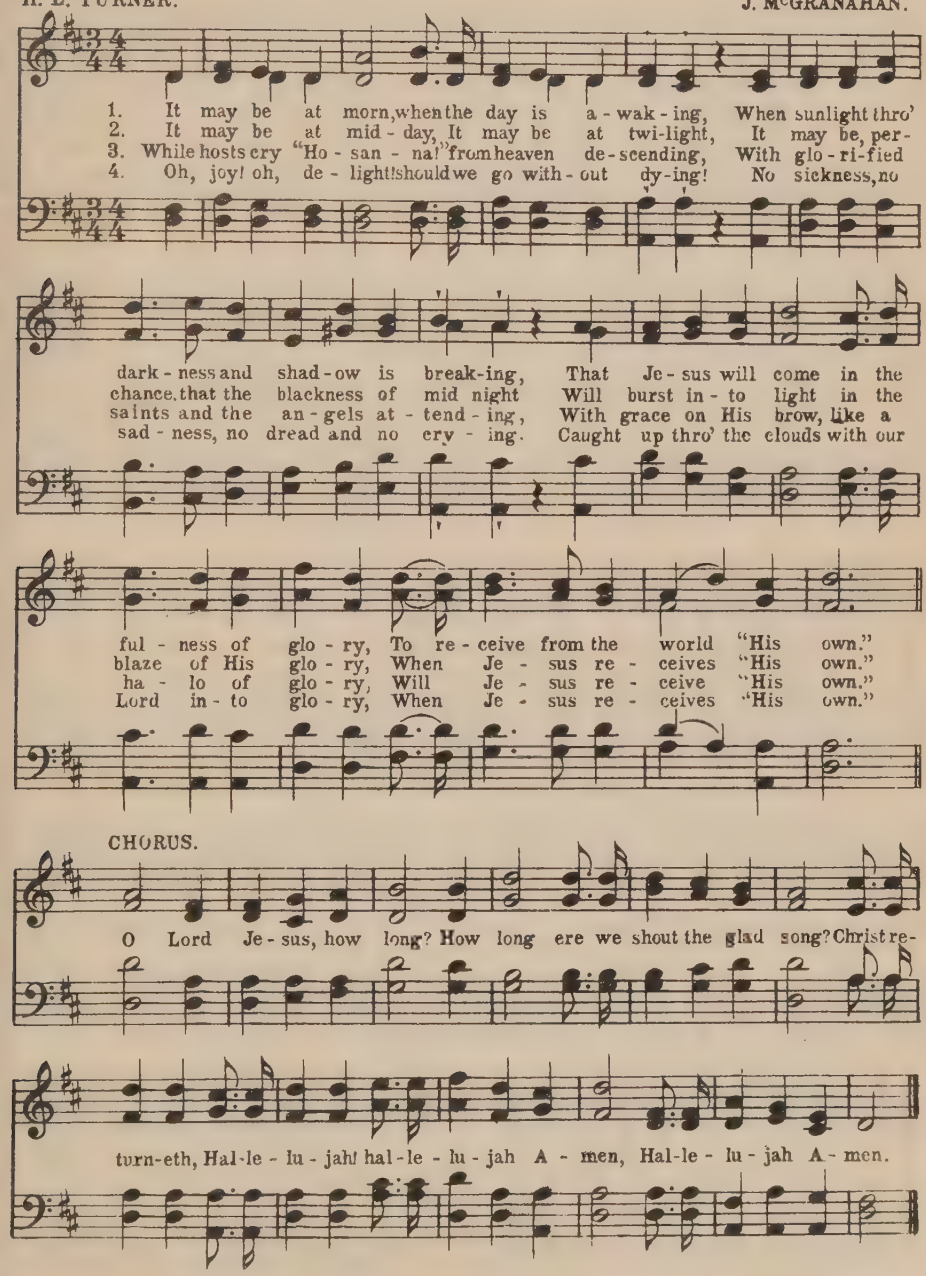
DUET.

Word and Music by
J. W. VAN DE VENTER

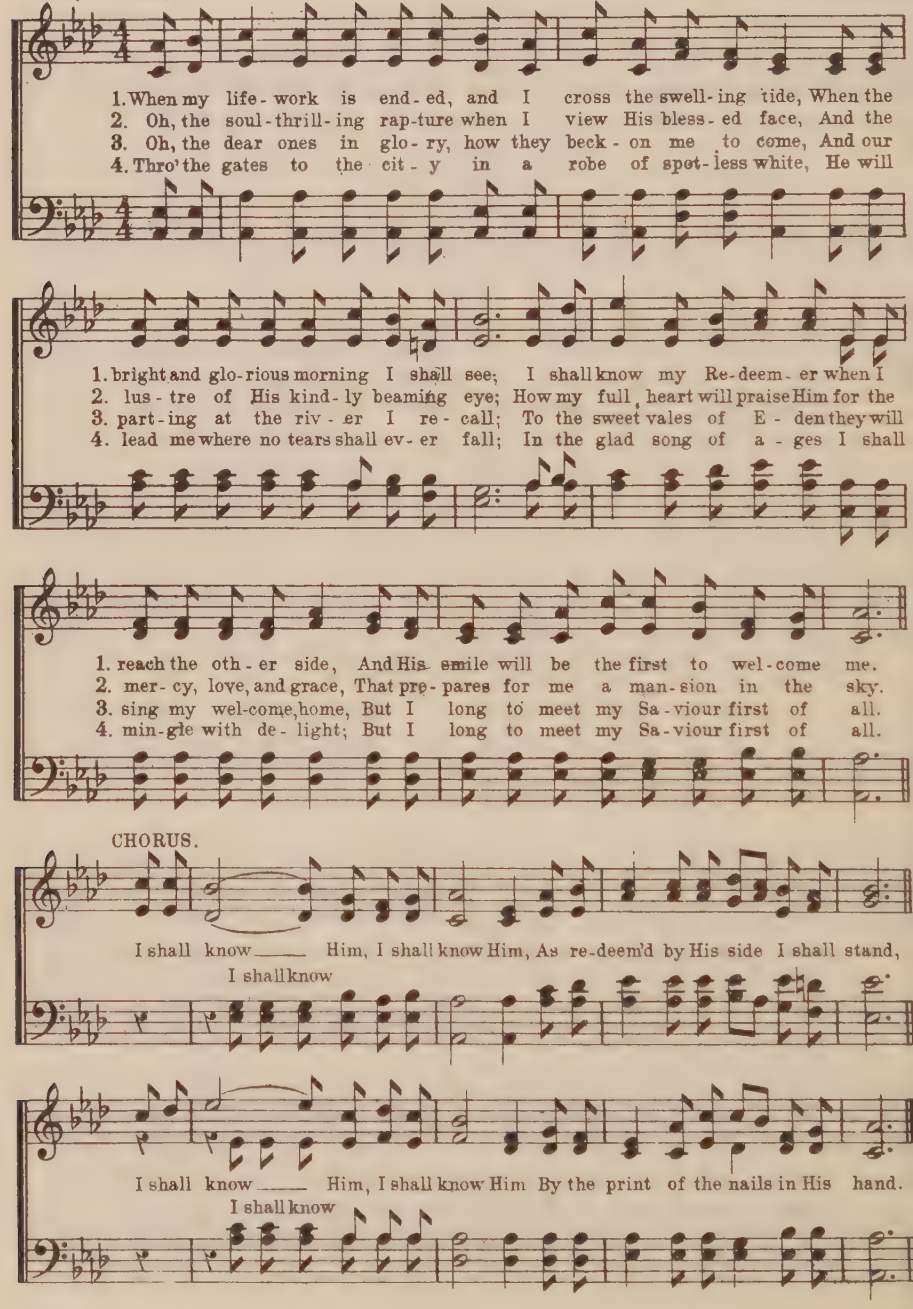

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see — Fair as the morn - ing,
2. Fath - er and mo - ther, safe in the vale, — Watch for the boat - man,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, — Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, — Look - ing for some one,
5. Je - sus the Sa - viour, bright morning star, — Look - ing for lost ones
1. looking for me: — Free from their sor - row, grief and de - spair, Waiting and
2. wait for the sail, — Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide: — In - to the
3. com - ing some - time; — Safe with the an - gels, whit er than snow, Watching for
4. beck - on - ing come; — Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, — Anxiously
5. straying a - far; — Hear the glad mes - sage, why will you roam? Je sus is
CHORUS.
1. watching patiently there.
2. har - bour, near to their side.
3. dear ones waiting be - low.
4. look - ing, mother, for you.
5. call - ing, "Sinner, come home."
Looking this way, yes, look - ing this way; —
Loved ones are wait - ing, Looking this way; — Fair as the morn - ing
bright as the day, — Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way. —

408. CHRIST RETURNETH.

H. L. TURNER. J. McGRANAHAN.


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, It may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While hosts cry "Ho-san-na!" from heaven de-scending, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing! No sickness, no
dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid night Will burst in-to light in the
saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing. Caught up thro' the clouds with our
ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
CHORUS.
O Lord Je-sus, how long? How long ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-
turn-eth, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah A-men.

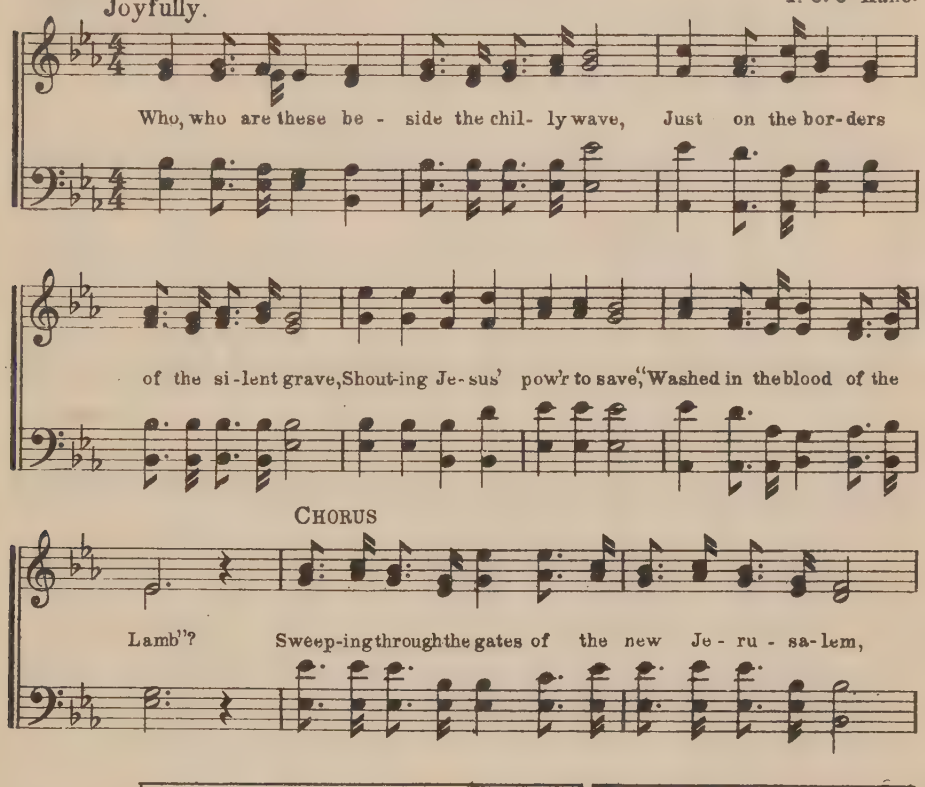
409. I SHALL KNOW HIM.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will
1. bright and glo-rious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
2. lus-tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
3. part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
4. lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall
1. reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. sing my wel-come, home, But I long to meet my Sa-viour first of all.
4. min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sa-viour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know — Him, I shall know Him, As re-deem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know
I shall know — Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know

WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

410. *"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."*
Rev. Alfred Cookman.

T. C. O'Kane. T. C. O' Kane.


Joyfully.
Who, who are these be - side the chil- ly wave, Just on the bor-ders
of the si-lent grave, Shout-ing Je-sus' pow'r to save, "Washed in the blood of the
CHORUS
Lamb"? Sweep-ing through the gates of the new Je - ru - sa-lem,
1.
2.
Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb.

2.

These, these are they who, in their youthful days,
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
Proved the fulness of His grace,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

3.

These, these are they who, in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows—
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4.

These, these are they, who in the conflict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire;
Jesus now says, "Come up higher,"
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

5.

Safe, safe upon the evershining shore,
Sin, pain, and death and sorrow, all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

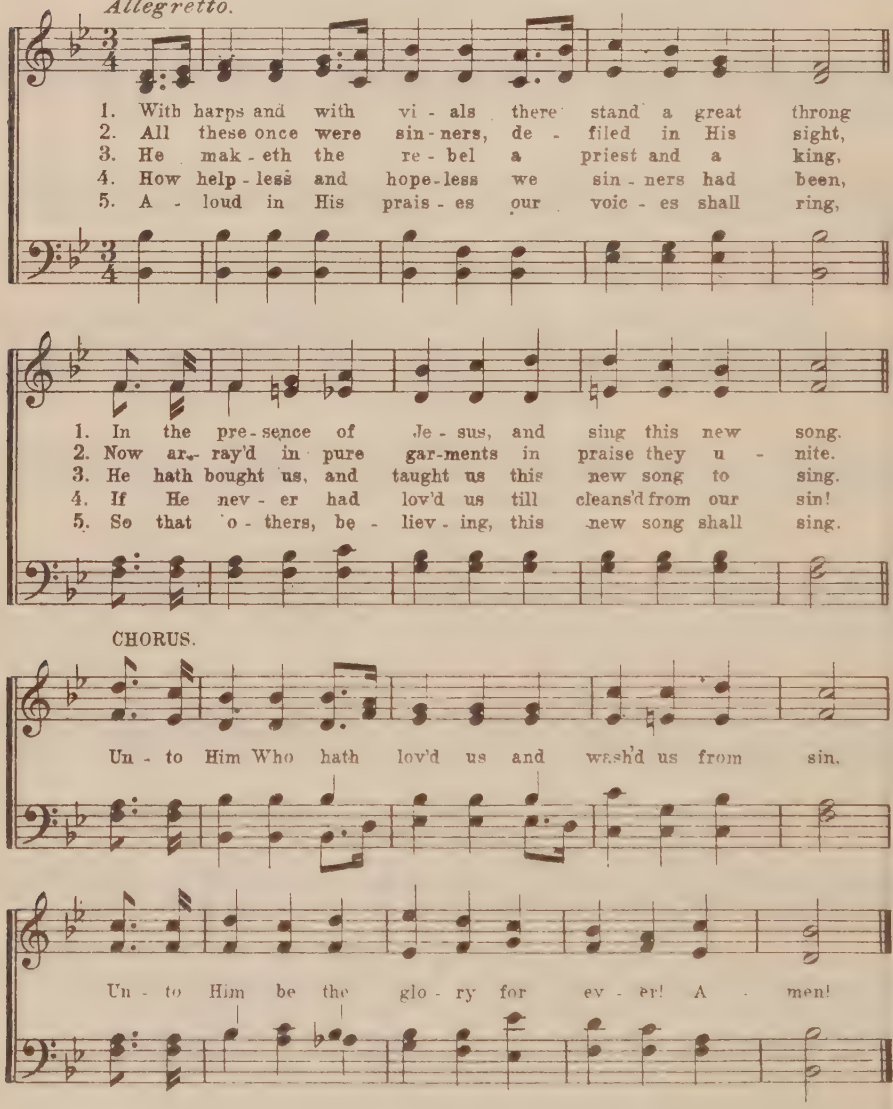
THE NEW SONG.

411.

A. T. Pierson, D.D. P. P. Bliss.

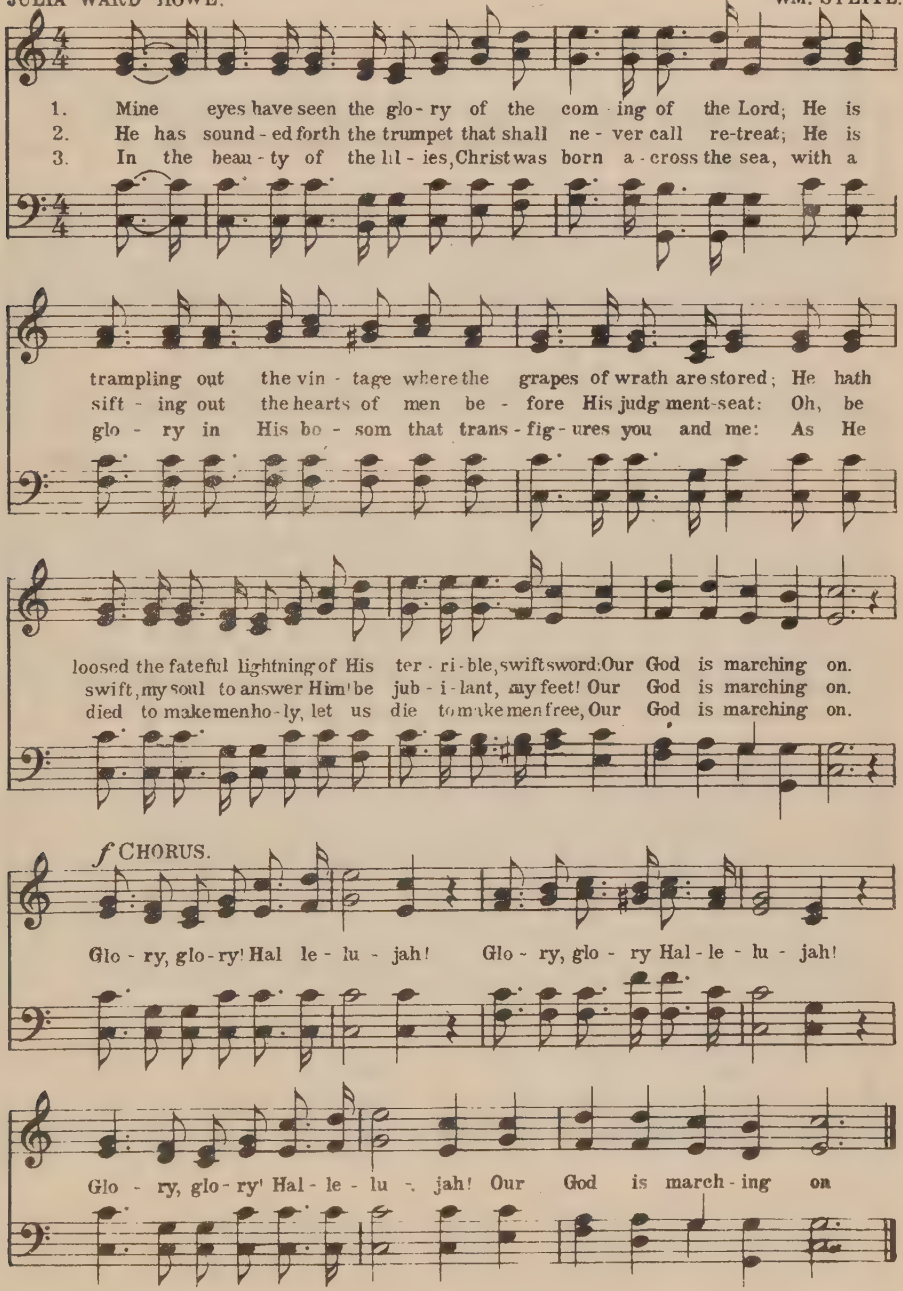
"They sung as it were a new song before the throne" (Rev. xiv. 3).

Allegretto.


1. With harps and with vi - als there stand a great throng
2. All these once were sin - ners, de - filed in His sight,
3. He mak - eth the re - bel a priest and a king,
4. How help - less and hope - less we sin - ners had been,
5. A - loud in His prais - es our voic - es shall ring,
1. In the pre - sence of Je - sus, and sing this new song.
2. Now ar - ray'd in pure gar - ments in praise they u - nite.
3. He hath bought us, and taught us this new song to sing.
4. If He nev - er had lov'd us till cleans'd from our sin!
5. So that o - thers, be - liev - ing, this new song shall sing.
CHORUS.
Un - to Him Who hath lov'd us and wash'd us from sin.
Un - to Him be the glo - ry for ev - er! A - men!

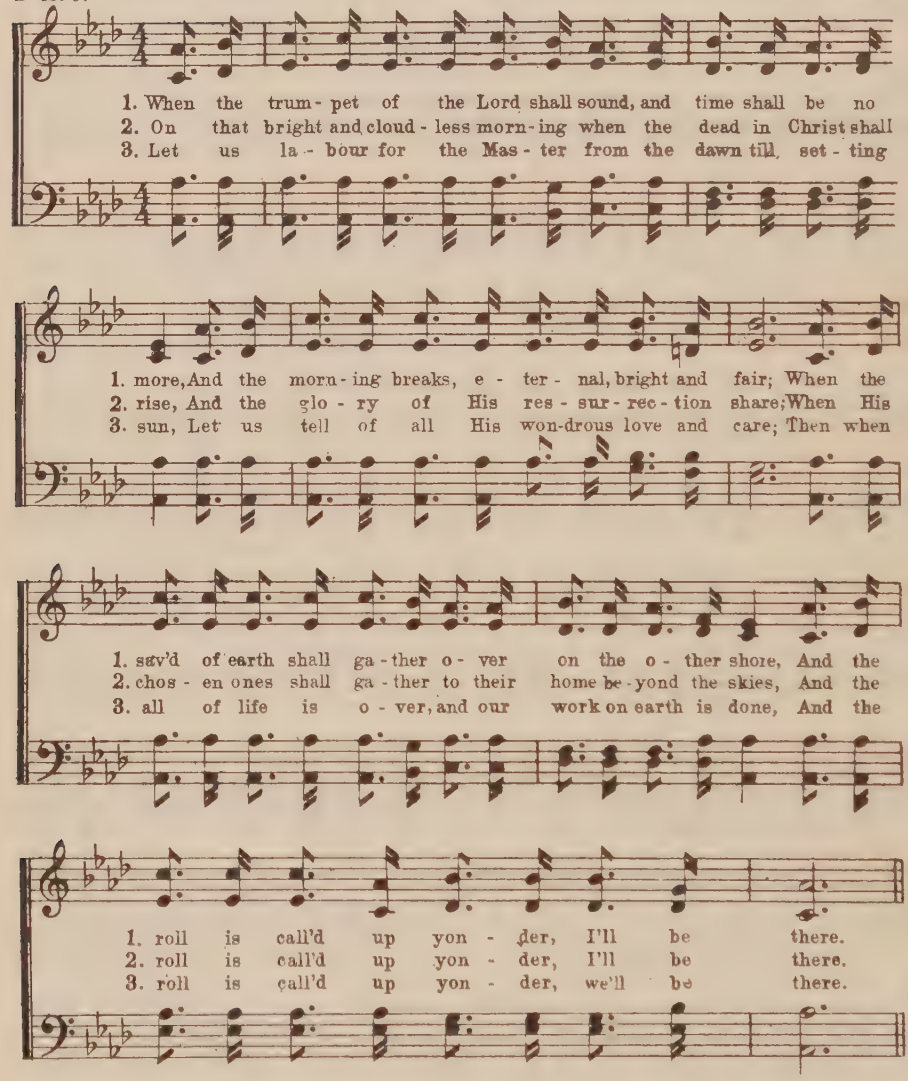
412. OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON.

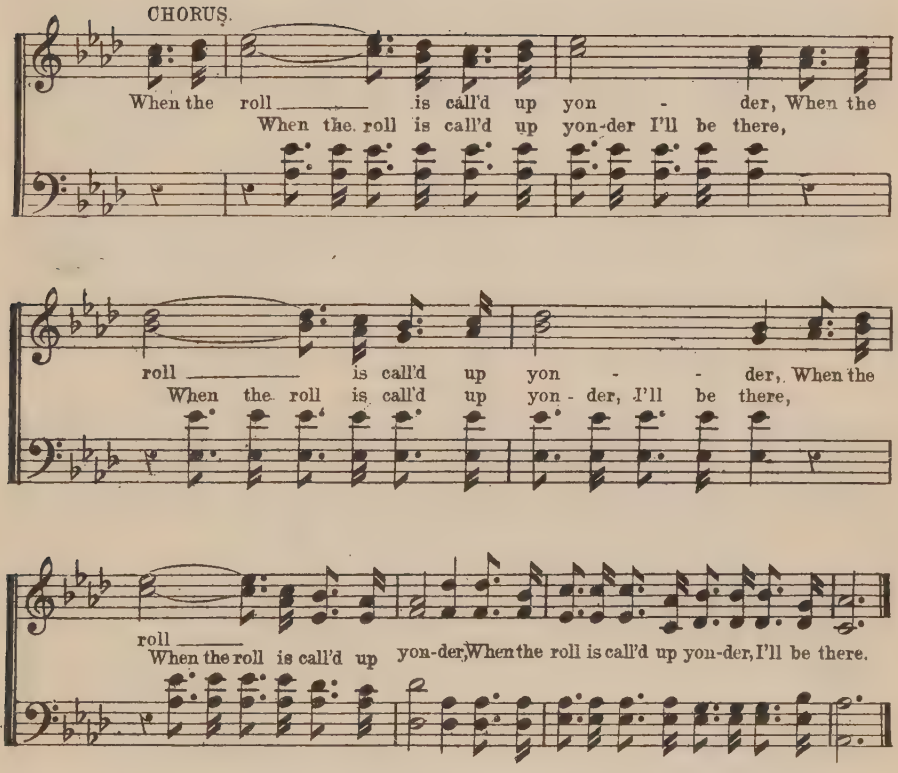
JULIA WARD HOWE. WM. STEFFE.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. He has sound - ed forth the trumpet that shall ne - ver call re-treat; He is
3. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, with a
trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg ment-seat: Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He
loosed the fateful lightning of His ter - ri - ble, swift sword: Our God is marching on.
swift, my soul to answer Him! be jub - i - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, Our God is marching on.
f CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march - ing on

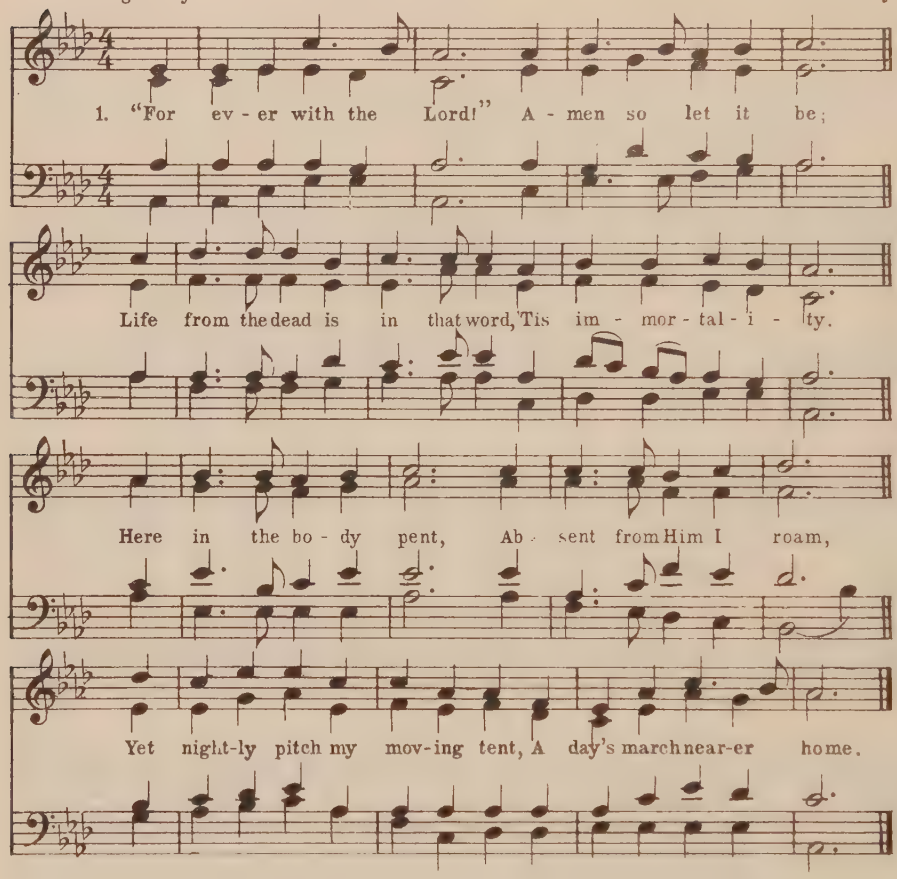
413. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.


1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bour for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting
1. more, And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
2. rise, And the glo - ry of His res - sur - rec - tion share; When His
3. sun, Let us tell of all His won-drous love and care; Then when
1. sav'd of earth shall ga - ther o - ver on the o - ther shore, And the
2. chos - en ones shall ga - ther to their home be - yond the skies, And the
3. all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
1. roll is call'd up yon - der, I'll be there.
2. roll is call'd up yon - der, I'll be there.
3. roll is call'd up yon - der, we'll be there.

413. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED—*continued.*

CHORUS.
When the roll is call'd up yon - der, When the
When the roll is call'd up yon-der I'll be there,
roll is call'd up yon - der, When the
When the roll is call'd up yon - der, I'll be there,
roll
When the roll is call'd up yon-der, When the roll is call'd up yon-der, I'll be there.

414. FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

J. Montgomery. I. Woodbury.

1. "For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word, Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent, A day's march near-er home.

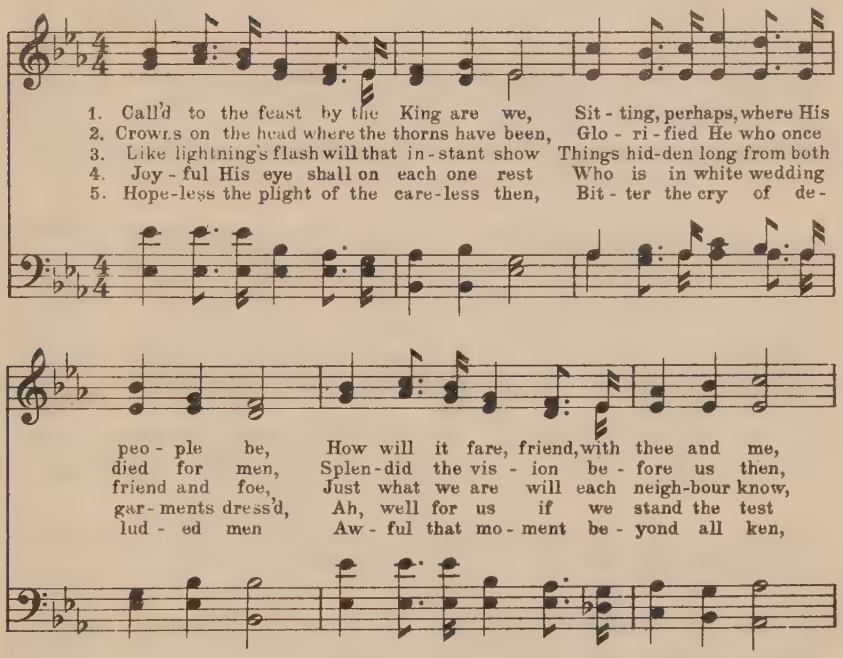
2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul; how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3. "For ever with the Lord"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil!
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

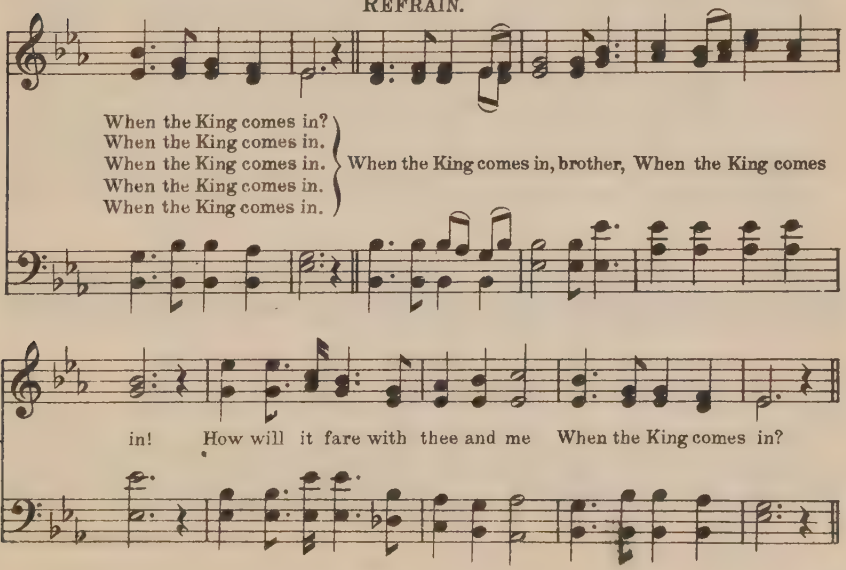
4. So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain
By death I shall escape from death
And life immortal gain.
Knowing as I am Known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the Throne—
"For ever with the Lord!"

415. When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR. REV. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where His
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied He who once
3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid-den long from both
4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding
5. Hope-less the plight of the care-less then, Bit - ter the cry of de-
peo - ple be, How will it fare, friend, with thee and me,
died for men, Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
friend and foe, Just what we are will each neigh-bour know,
gar - ments dress'd, Ah, well for us if we stand the test
lud - ed men Aw - ful that mo - ment be - yond all ken,

REFRAIN.

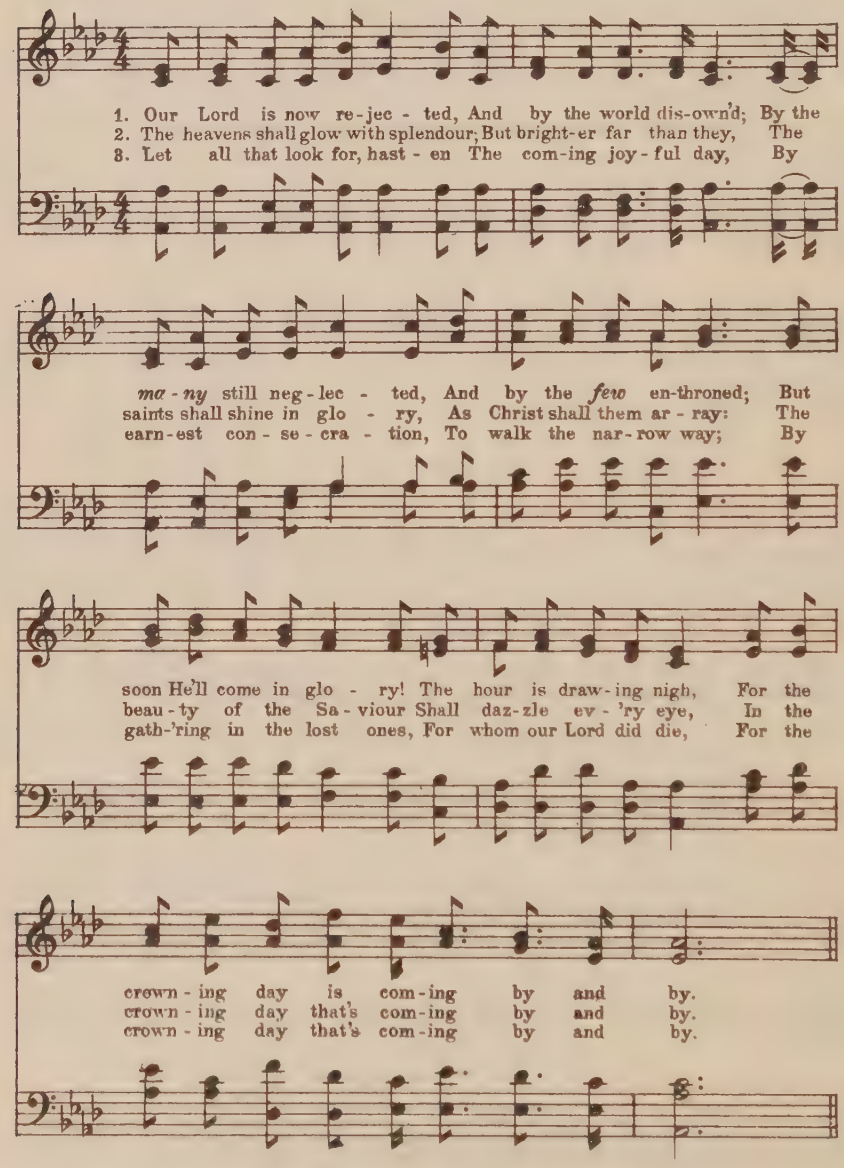

When the King comes in?
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes
in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

The Crowning Day.

They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power & great glory.
Matt. xxiv. 30.

416

EL NATHAN. JAMES MC GRANAHAN.


1. Our Lord is now re-jec - ted, And by the world dis-own'd; By the
2. The heavens shall glow with splendour; But bright-er far than they, The
3. Let all that look for, hast - en The com-ing joy-ful day, By
ma-ny still neg-lec - ted, And by the few en-throned; But
saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray: The
earn-est con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar-row way; By
soon He'll come in glo - ry! The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the
beau-ty of the Sa-viour Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the
gath-'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the
crown - ing day is com-ing by and by.
crown - ing day that's com-ing by and by.
crown - ing day that's com-ing by and by.

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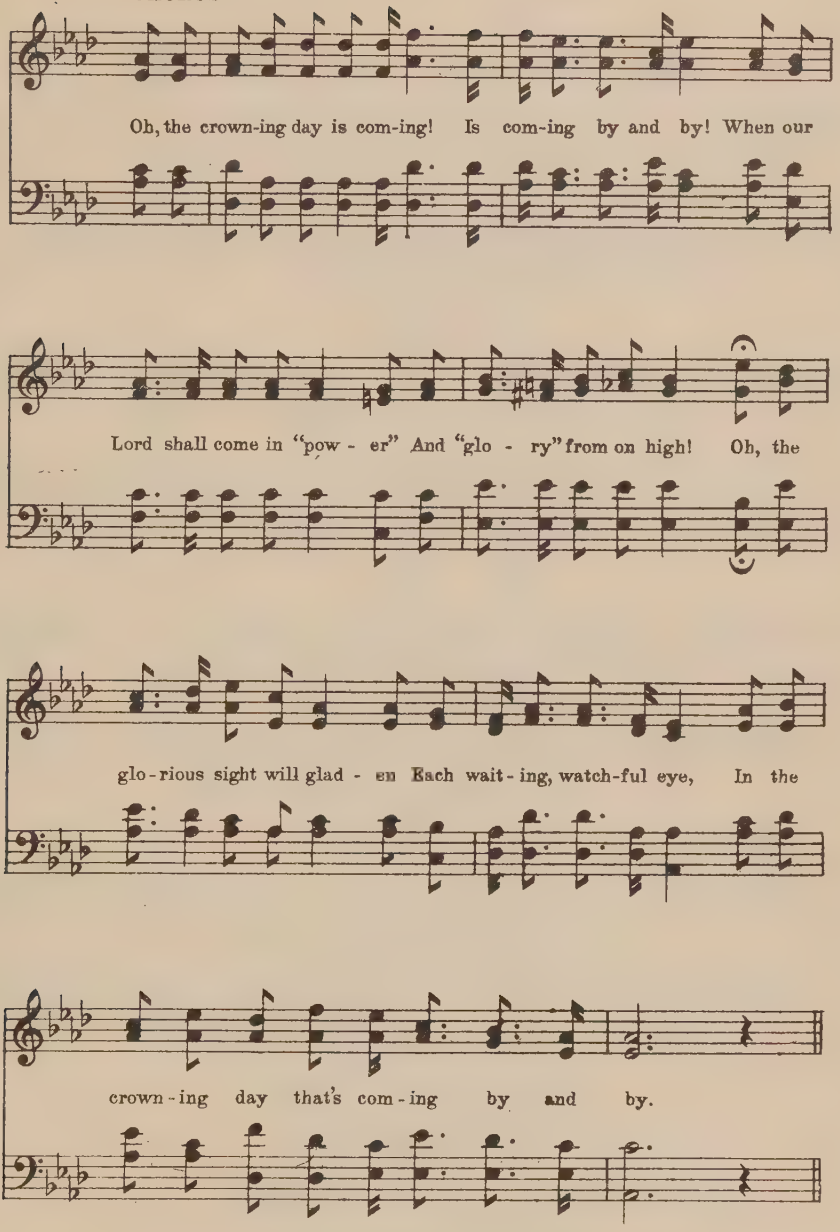
CHORUS.


Oh, the crown-ing day is com-ing! Is com-ing by and by! When our
Lord shall come in "pow - er" And "glo - ry" from on high! Oh, the
glo - rious sight will glad - en Each wait - ing, watch-ful eye, In the
crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.

I'M WAITING FOR THEE, LORD.

417.

To tune on opposite page.

1. I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
I'm waiting for Thee,
For Thy coming again.
Thou'rt gone over there, Lord,
A place to prepare, Lord,
Thy home I shall share,
At Thy coming again.

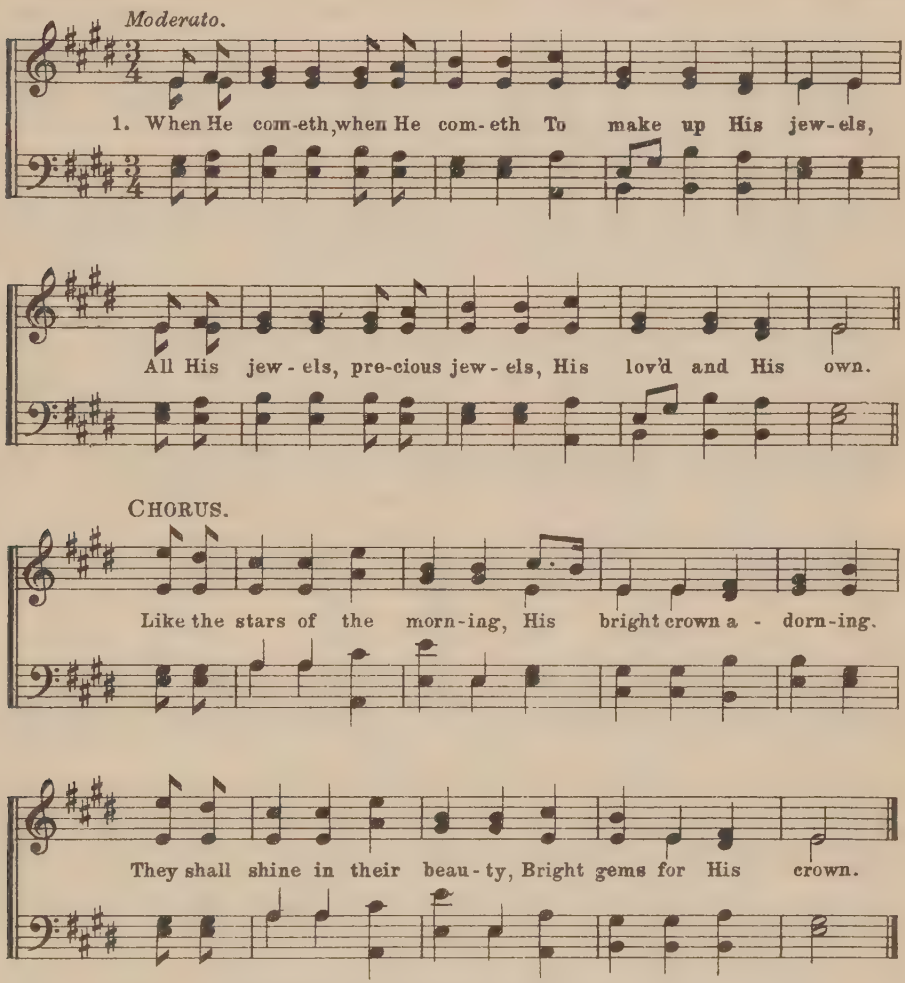
2. 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,
I'm oft weary here, Lord,
The day must be near
Of Thy coming again.
'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
No sighing nor care, Lord,
But glory so fair
At Thy coming again.

3. Our loved ones before, Lord,
Their troubles are o'er, Lord,
I'll meet them once more
At Thy coming again.
The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord,
And brightly they'll shine
At Thy coming again.

4. E'en now let my ways, Lord,
Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,
For brief are the days
Ere Thy coming again.
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
No triumph for me
Like Thy coming again!

418. WHEN HE COMETH.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. G. F. Root.

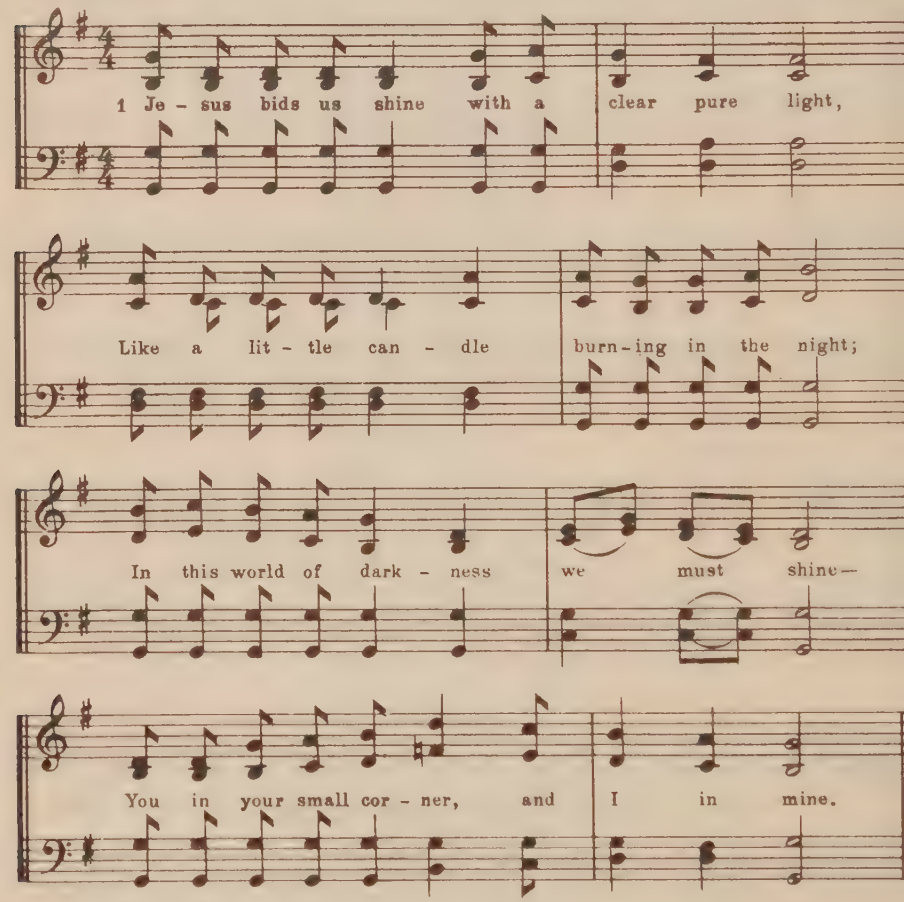

Moderato.
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His lov'd and His own.
CHORUS.
Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing.
They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

419. JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

"Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven?"— Matt. v. 16.

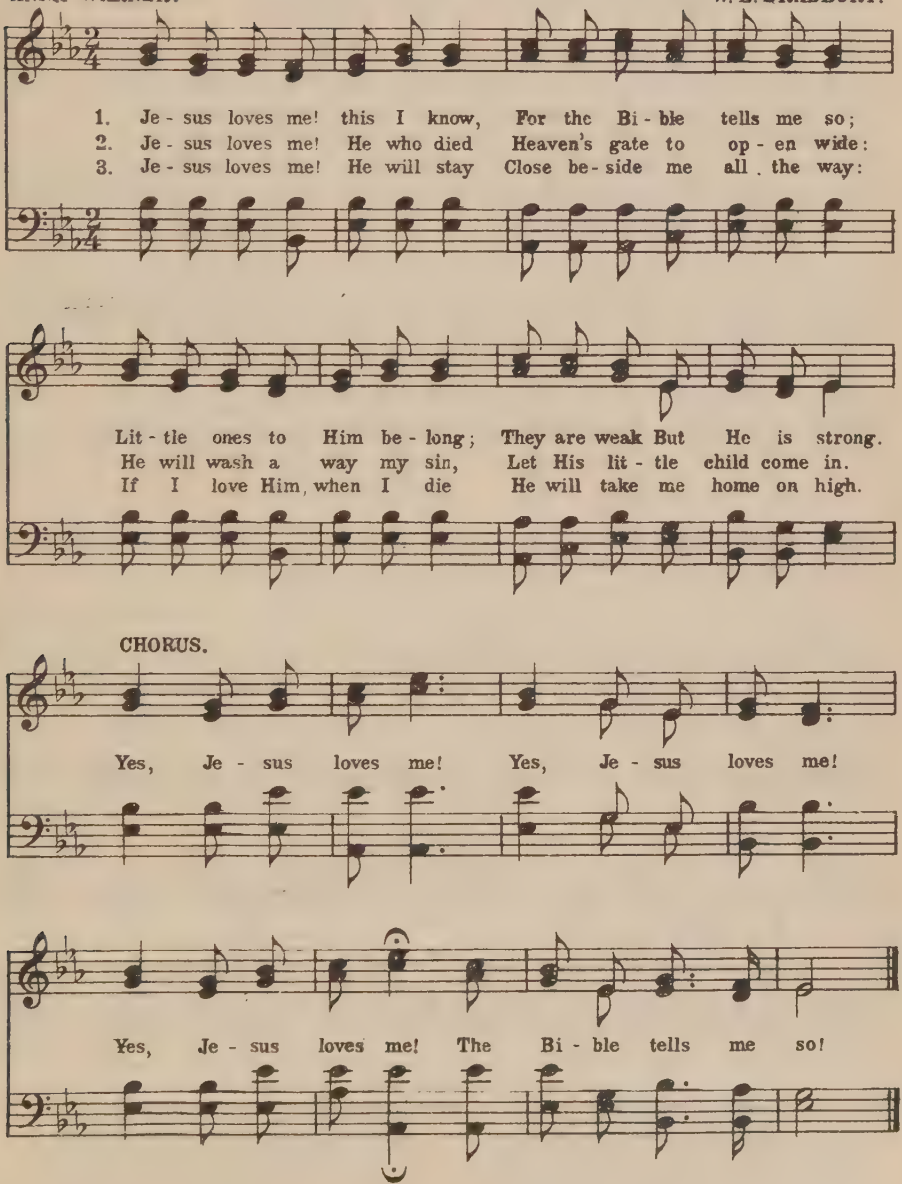
Emily H. Miller. E. O. Excell

1 Je - sus bids us shine with a clear pure light,
Like a lit - tle can - dle burn - ing in the night;
In this world of dark - ness we must shine—
You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.

2. Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim;
He looks down from heaven, to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

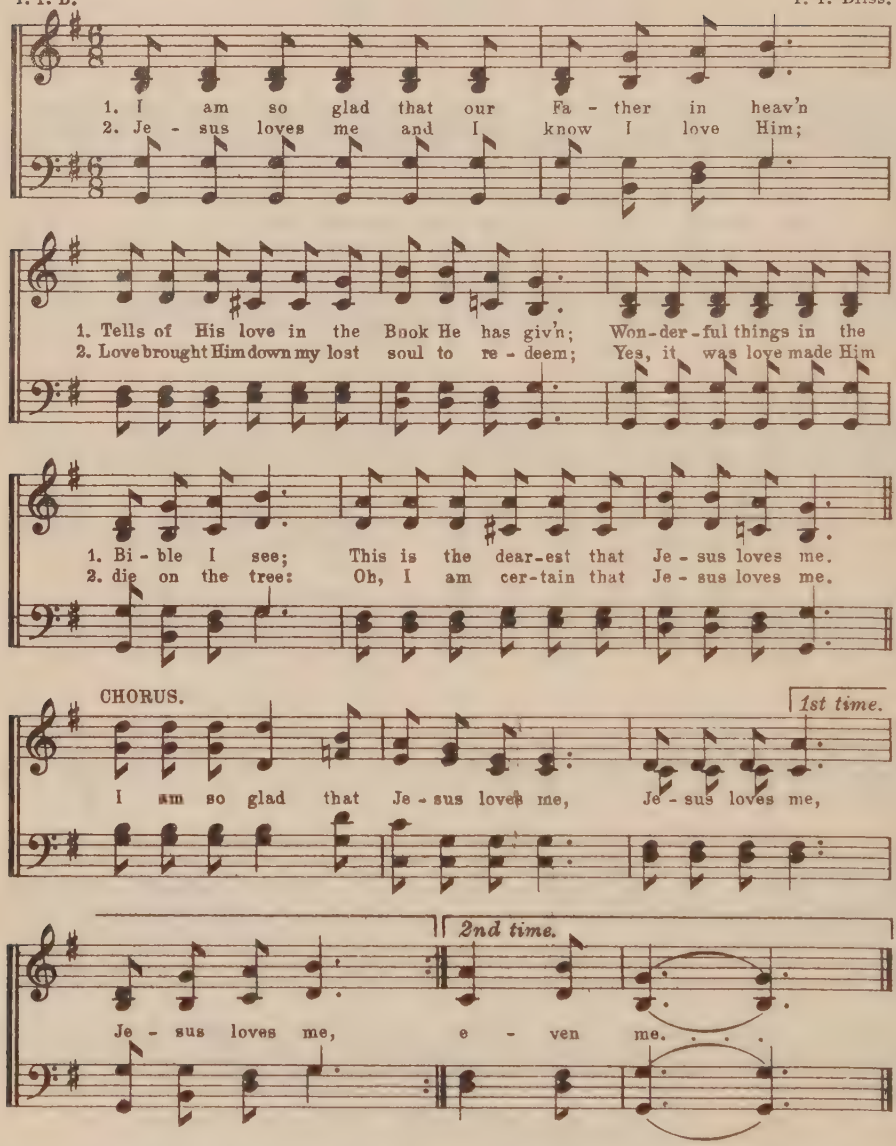
3. Jesus bids us shine, then; for, all around
Many kinds of darkness in this world abound:
Sin and want and sorrow; so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

420. JESUS LOVES ME.

ANNA WARNER. W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to op - en wide:
3. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way:
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long; They are weak But He is strong.
He will wash a way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.
CHORUS.
Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!
Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!

421. JESUS LOVES ME.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n
2. Je - sus loves me and I know I love Him;
1. Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n; Won-der-ful things in the
2. Love brought Him down my lost soul to re - deem; Yes, it was love made Him
1. Bi - ble I see; This is the dear-est that Je - sus loves me.
2. die on the tree: Oh, I am cer-tain that Je - sus loves me.
CHORUS.
1st time.
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
2nd time.
Je - sus loves me, e - ven me.

3. In this assurance I find sweetest rest.
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed from my soul now doth flee
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

4. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be.
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

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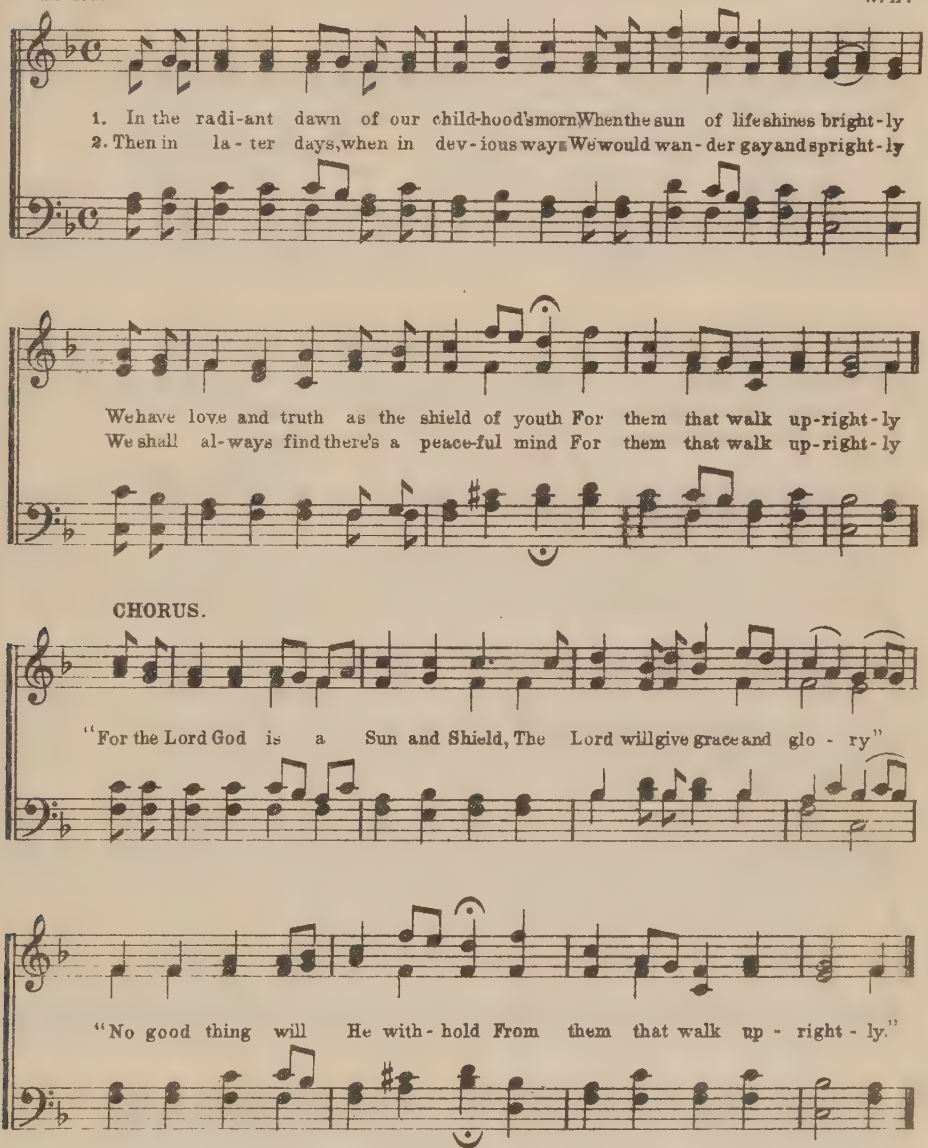
422. FOR THEM THAT WALK UPRIGHTLY.

W. Leslie. W. L.


1. In the radi-ant dawn of our child-hood's morn When the sun of life shines bright-ly
2. Then in la-ter days, when in dev-ious ways We would wan-der gay and spright-ly
We have love and truth as the shield of youth For them that walk up-right-ly
We shall al-ways find there's a peace-ful mind For them that walk up-right-ly
CHORUS.
"For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield, The Lord will give grace and glo-ry"
"No good thing will He with-hold From them that walk up-right-ly."

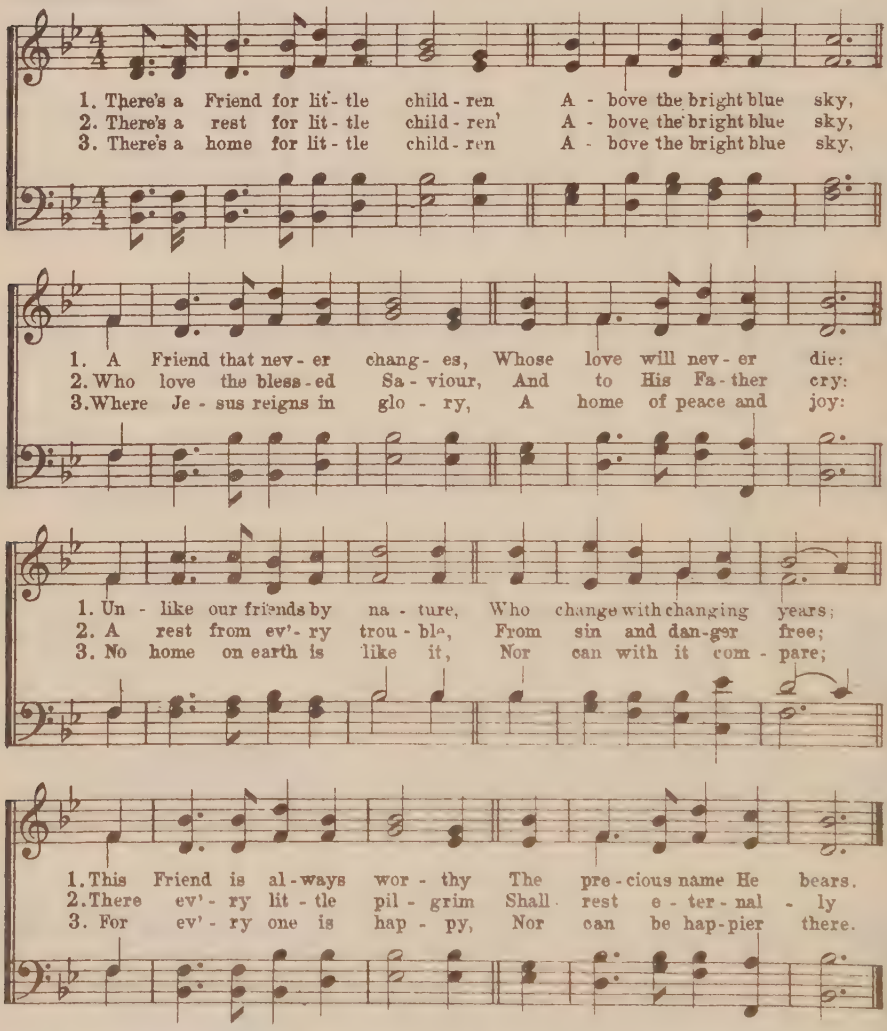
3. If we chance to stray
From the narrow way,
We should never treat it lightly.
Let us seek, by prayer
And a watchful care,
Again to walk uprightly.

4. In the gloaming hours,
When with failing powers,
The world would heal but slightly,
We shall find a balm
In the heavenly calm
Of them that walk uprightly.

THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

423. *"Jesus...took a child, and set him by Him"* (Luke ix. 47).

Albert Midlane. "MORNING LIGHT." G. J. Webb.


1. There's a Friend for lit - tle child - ren A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a rest for lit - tle child - ren' A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a home for lit - tle child - ren A - bove the bright blue sky.
1. A Friend that nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die:
2. Who love the bless - ed Sa - viour, And to His Fa - ther cry:
3. Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy:
1. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing years;
2. A rest from ev' - ry trou - ble, From sin and dan - ger free;
3. No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
1. This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.
2. There ev' - ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly
3. For ev' - ry one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.

4. There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by:
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below

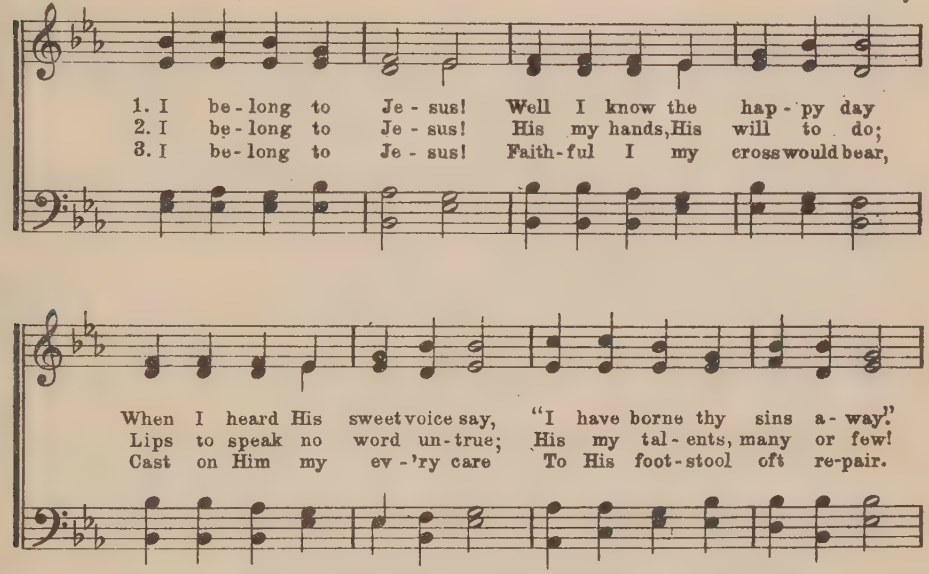
5. There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory;
And all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own!

Words by permission of Reid Brothers, Ltd.

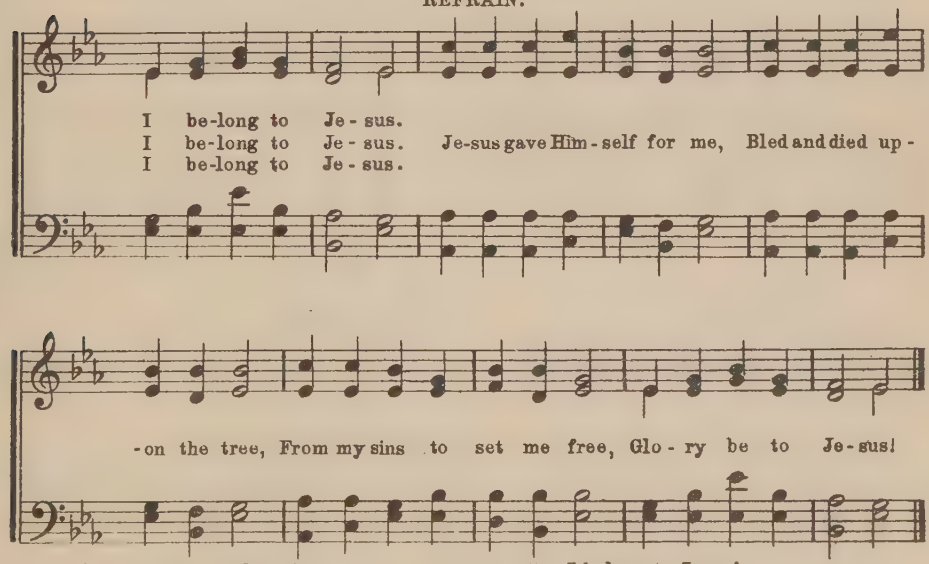
424. I BELONG TO JESUS.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body." 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

H. E. Govan. R. Lowry


1. I be-long to Je-sus! Well I know the hap-py day
2. I be-long to Je-sus! His my hands, His will to do;
3. I be-long to Je-sus! Faith-ful I my cross would bear,
When I heard His sweet voice say, "I have borne thy sins a-way."
Lips to speak no word un-true; His my tal-ents, many or few!
Cast on Him my ev-'ry care To His foot-stool oft re-pair.

REFRAIN.

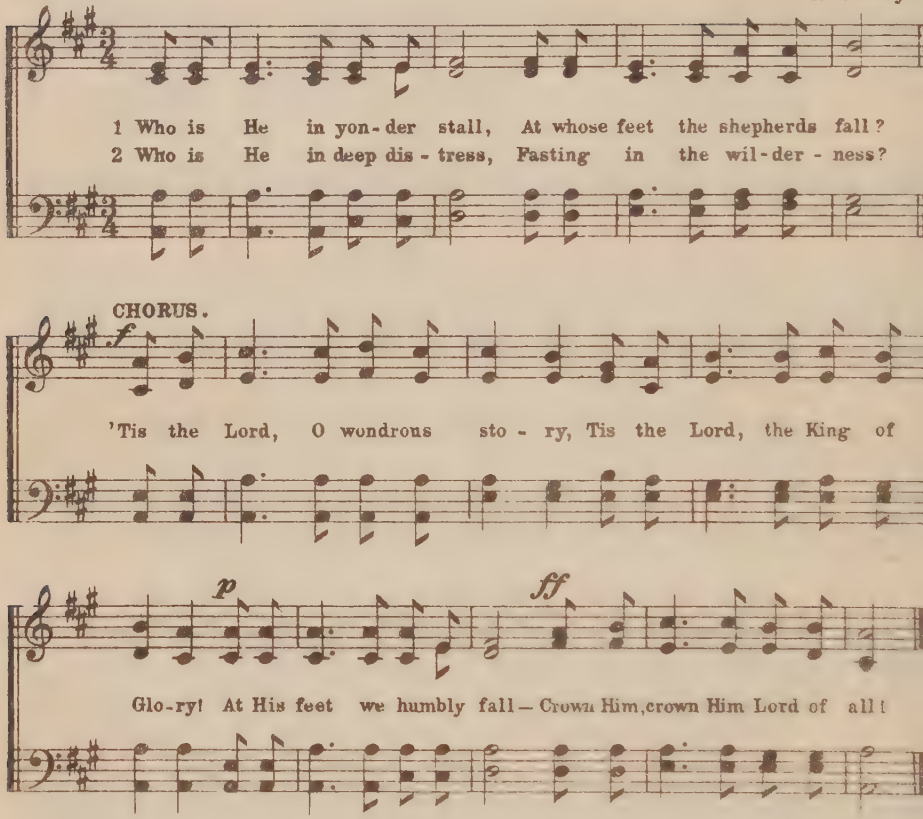

I be-long to Je-sus.
I be-long to Je-sus. Je-sus gave Him-self for me, Bled and died up-
I be-long to Je-sus.
-on the tree, From my sins to set me free, Glo-ry be to Je-sus!

4. I belong to Jesus!
Daily would I read His Word,
To His will my will accord,
Ever bravely own Him Lord.
I belong to Jesus.

5. I belong to Jesus!
He will guard me by His grace,
Help me run the heavenward race,
Till at last I see His face,
Evermore with Jesus.

425. WHO IS HE?

B. R. H. Rev. B. R. Hanby.


1 Who is He in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall?
2 Who is He in deep dis-tress, Fasting in the wil-der-ness?
CHORUS.
f
'Tis the Lord, O wondrous sto-ry, Tis the Lord, the King of
p
ff
Glo-ry! At His feet we humbly fall— Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

3. Who is He the people bless
For His words of gentleness?

4. Who is He to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?

5. Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

6. Who is He the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song?

7. Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

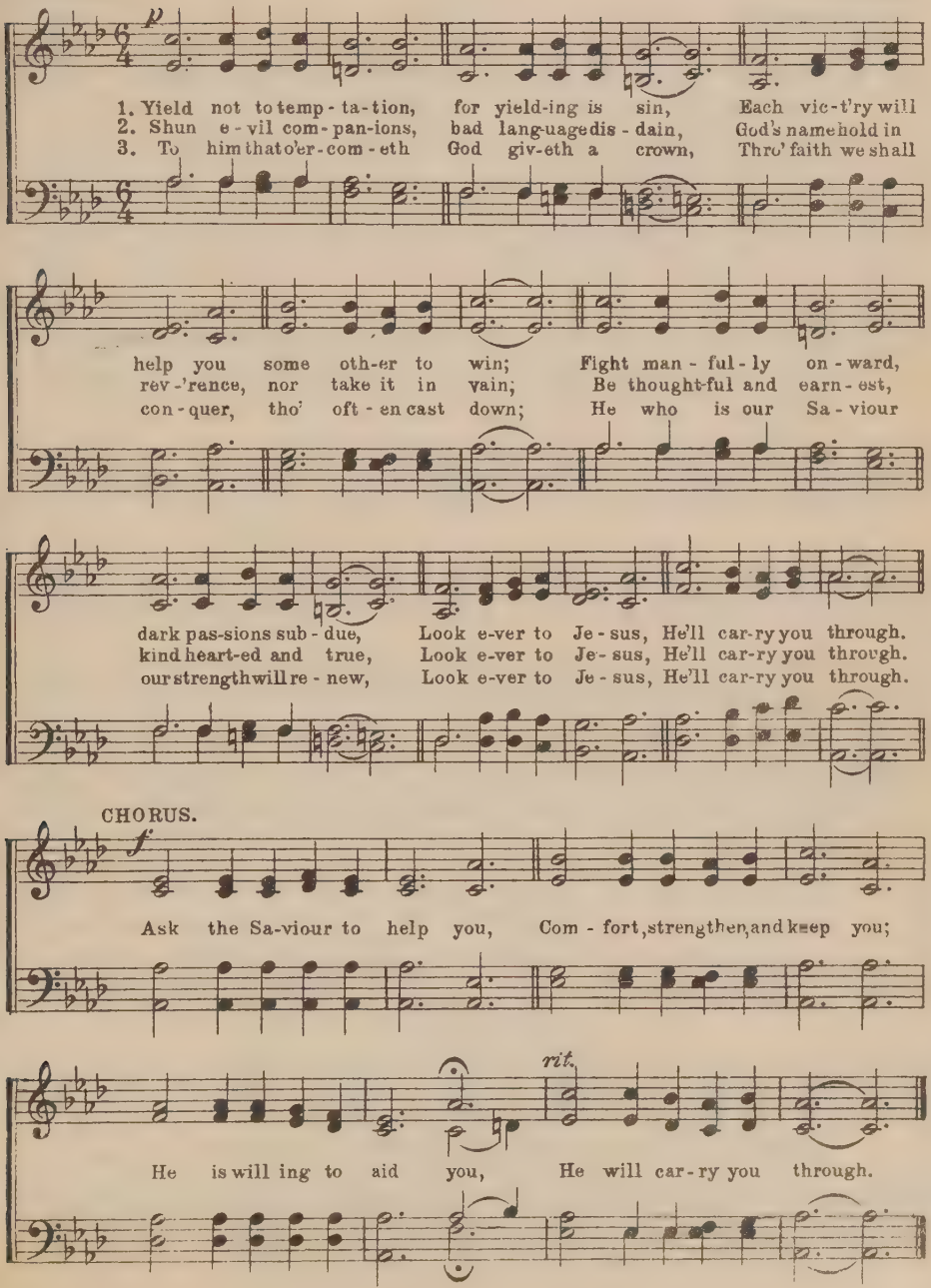
8. Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?

9. Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?

10. Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?

426. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, for yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, bad lang-uage dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn-est,
con-quer, tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sa-viour
dark pas-sions sub-due, Look e-ver to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
kind heart-ed and true, Look e-ver to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
our strength will re-new, Look e-ver to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sa-viour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
rit.
He is will ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

427. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

G. F. R. G. F. Root

Earnestly

1. Come to the Sa-viour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He has
2. "Suf - fer the chil-dren!" oh, hear His voice! Let ev - 'ry heart leap
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com -

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's stand - ing to-day,
forth and re-joice; And let us free - ly make Him our choice,
- mand, and o - bey; Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say,

CHORUS.

Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come"
Do not de-lay but come.
Will you, My chil - dren, come?"

Joy - ful, joy - ful

will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free,

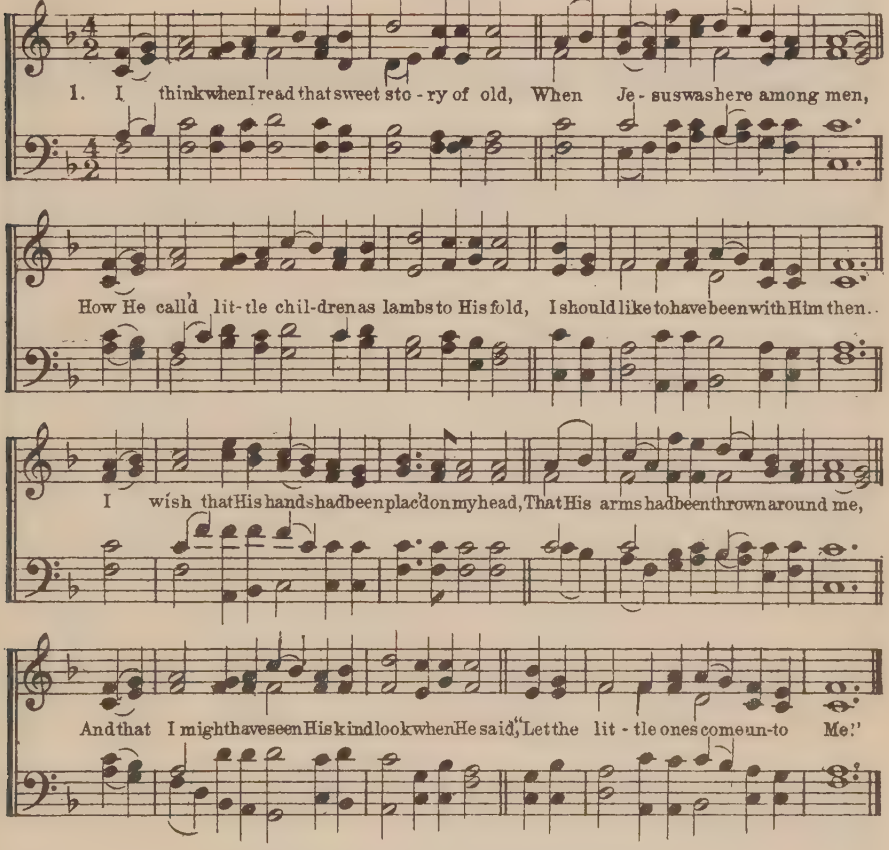
And we shall ga-ther, Sa-viour, with Thee, In our e-ter - nal home.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

428. *"Jesus called a little child unto Him."*

"SALAMIS."

Jemima Luke. Greek Air.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,
How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."

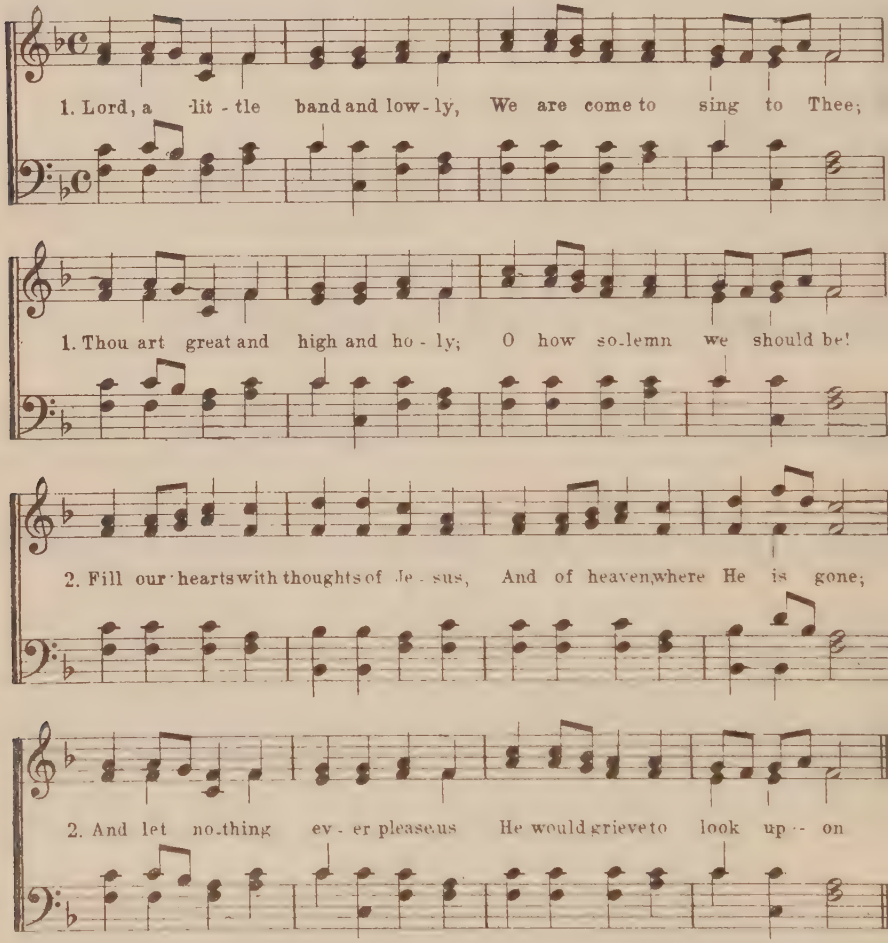
2. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;—
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

429. LORD, A LITTLE BAND.

"ROUSSEAU."

M. E. Shelly. J. J. Rousseau.


1. Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to Thee;
1. Thou art great and high and ho - ly; O how so-lemn we should be!
2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heaven, where He is gone;
2. And let no-thing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on

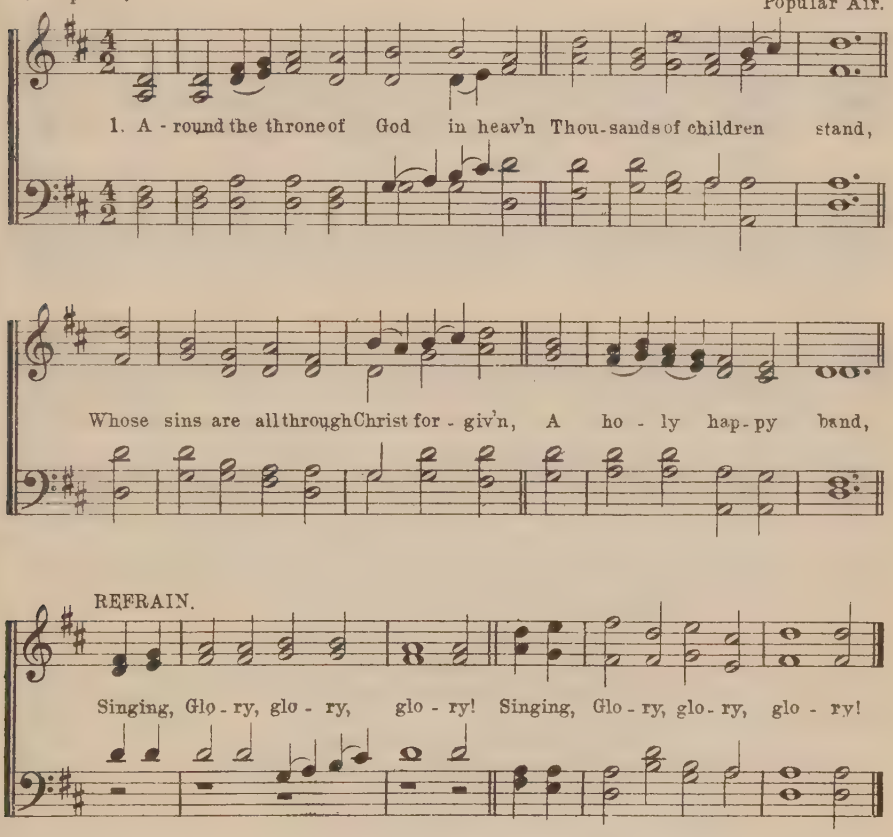
3. For we know the Lord of Glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4. Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

430. SINGING, GLORY, GLORY, GLORY.

"GLORY."

A. Shepherd. Popular Air.


1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thou-sands of children stand,
Whose sins are all through Christ for - giv'n, A ho - ly hap - py band,
REFRAIN.
Singing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! Singing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

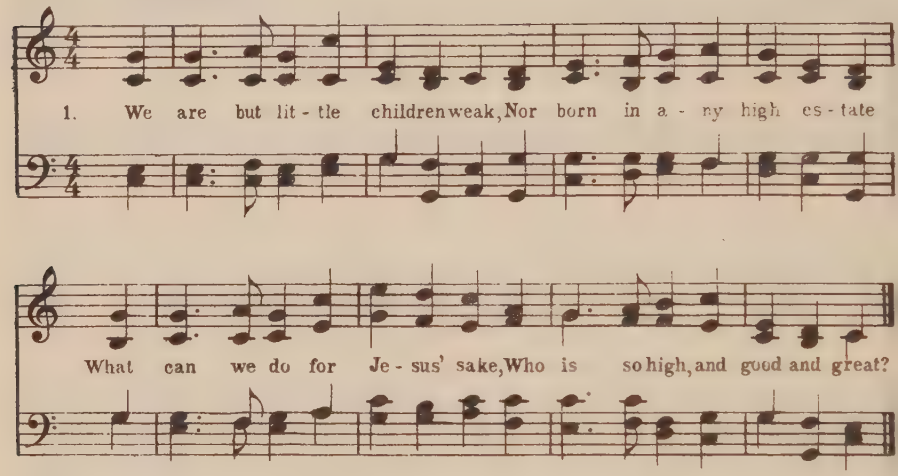
2. What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came these children there?

3. Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

431. WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. C. E. WILLING.



2. Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3. When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise;
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes

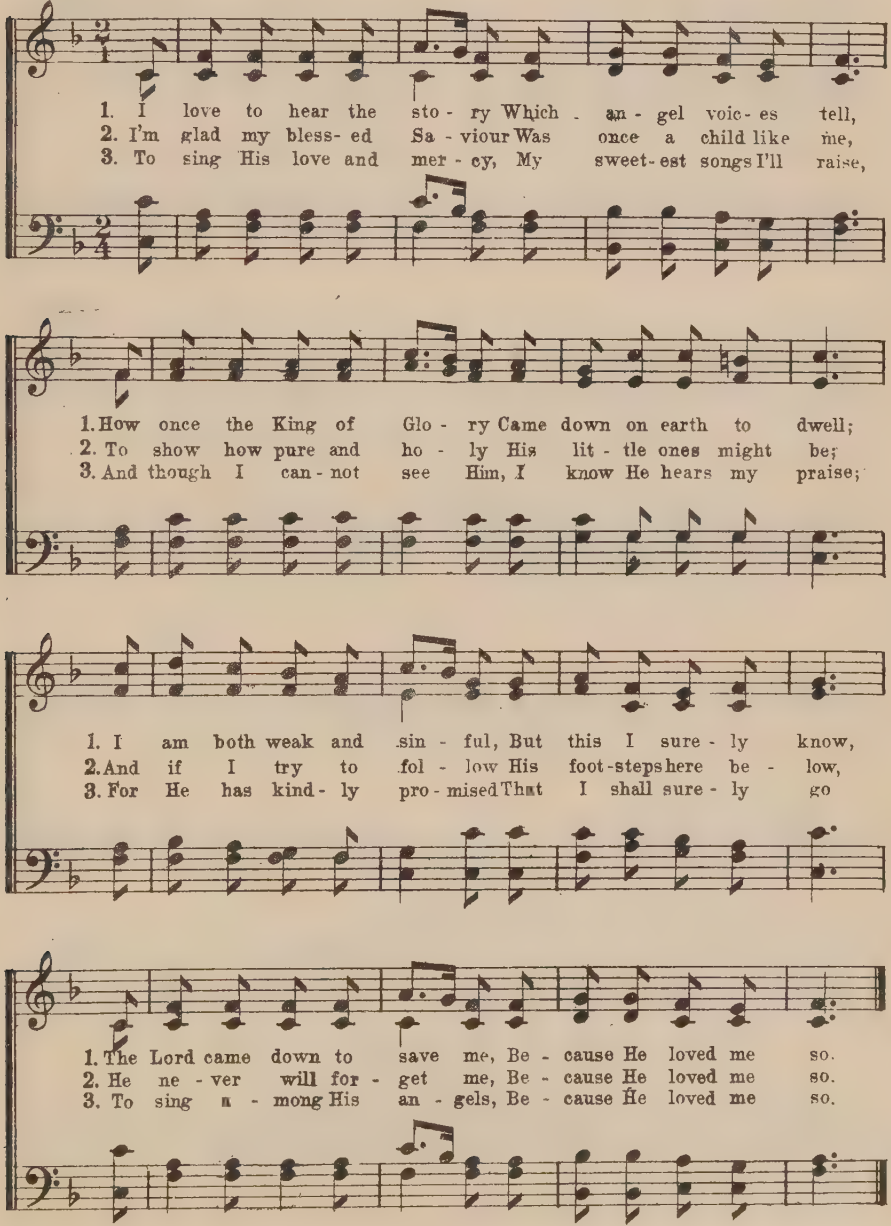
4. Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word;
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5. With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make;
Bid kind good humour brighten there—
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6. There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

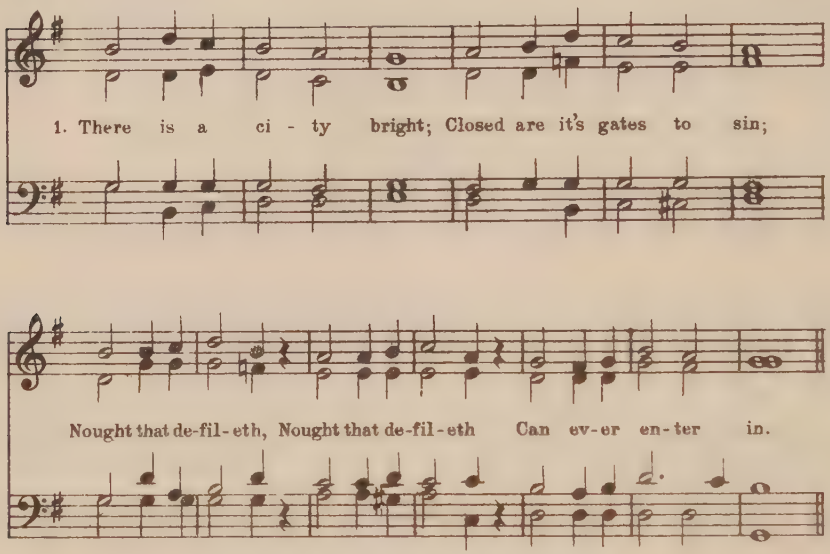
432. *"The angel said unto them, Fear not....for unto you is born a Saviour,....Christ the Lord."*—Luke ii, 10, 11.

Emily H. Miller. Geo. F. Root.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell,
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sa - viour Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise,
1. How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;
2. To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
3. And though I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;
1. I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
2. And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
3. For He has kind - ly pro - mised That I shall sure - ly go
1. The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
2. He ne - ver will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.
3. To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loved me so.

There is a city bright.

433.

MARY A. S. DECK. J. S. TYLER.



2. Saviour, I come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

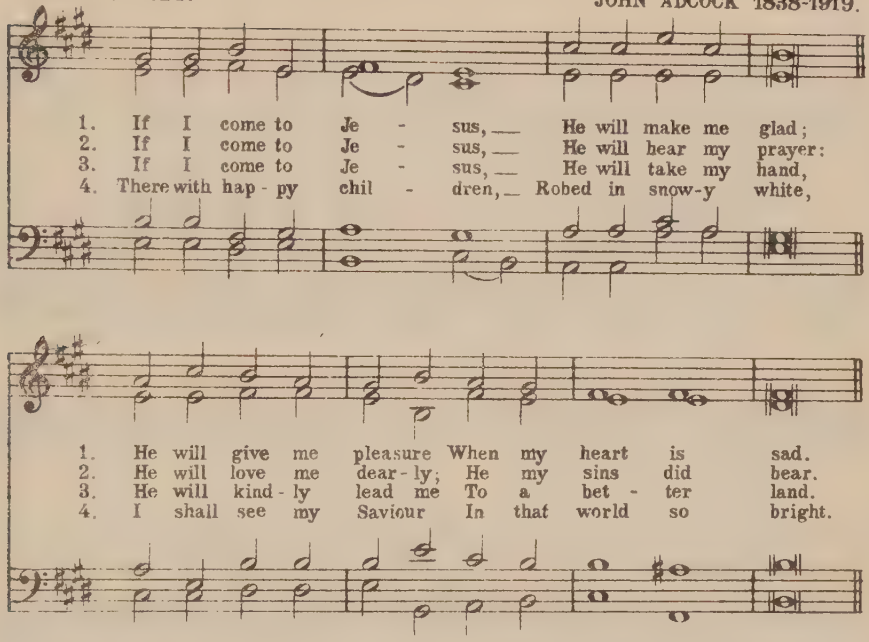
3. Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee,—

4. Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

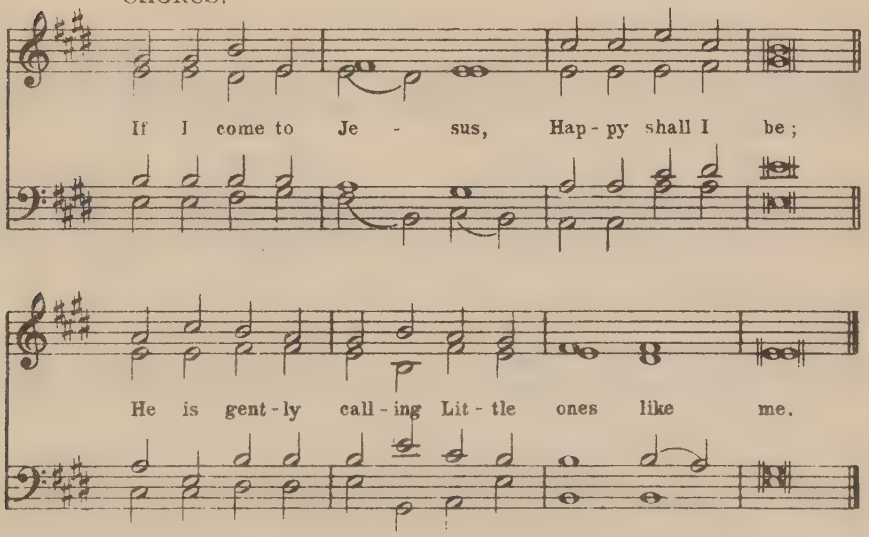
Used by permission of the R.T.S.

434. IF I COME TO JESUS.

FANNY CROSBY. JOHN ADCOCK 1838-1919.

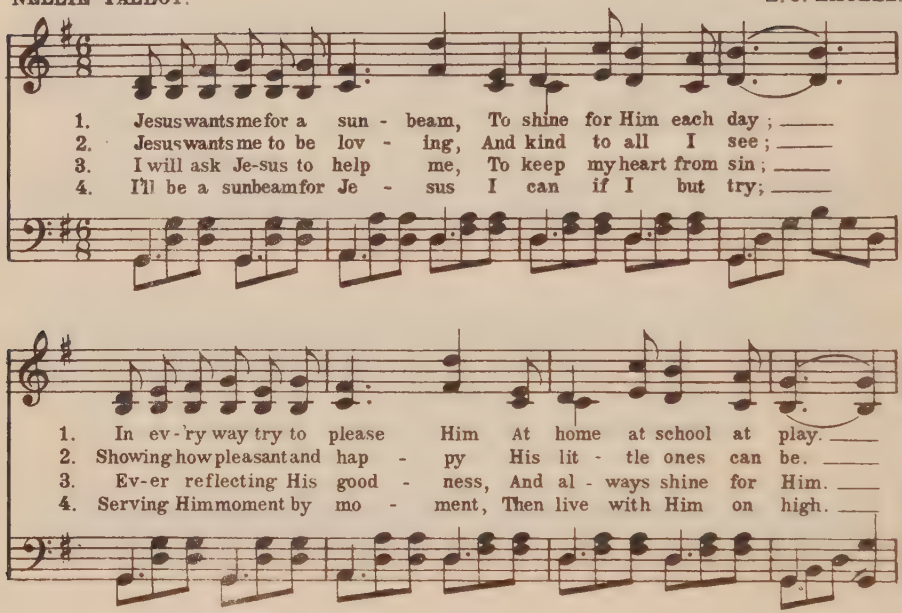

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad;
2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my prayer:
3. If I come to Je - sus, He will take my hand,
4. There with hap - py chil - dren, Robed in snow-y white,
1. He will give me pleasure When my heart is sad.
2. He will love me dear - ly; He my sins did bear.
3. He will kind - ly lead me To a bet - ter land.
4. I shall see my Saviour In that world so bright.

CHORUS.

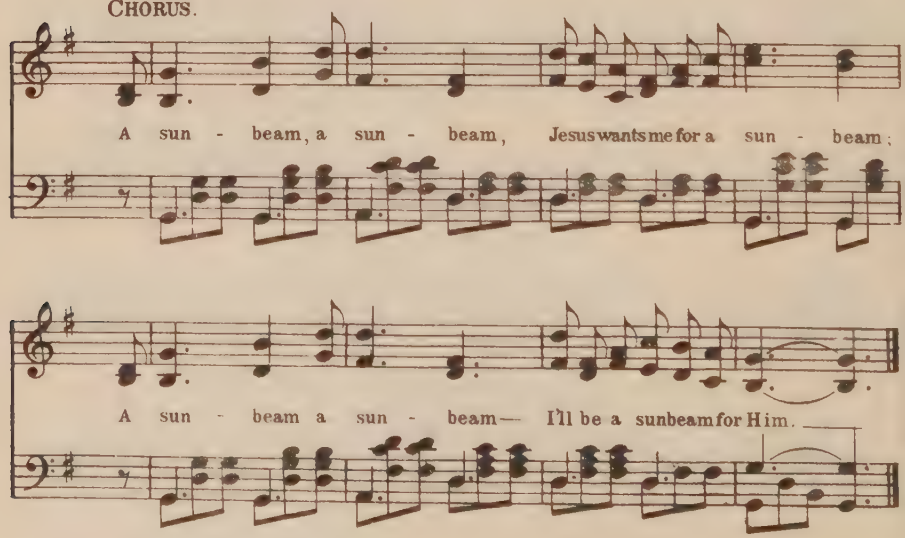


435. I'LL BE A SUNBEAM.

NELLIE TALBOT. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Jesus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Jesus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je-sus to help me, To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sunbeam for Je - sus I can if I but try;
1. In ev-'ry way try to please Him At home at school at play.
2. Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle ones can be.
3. Ev-er reflecting His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
4. Serving Him moment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

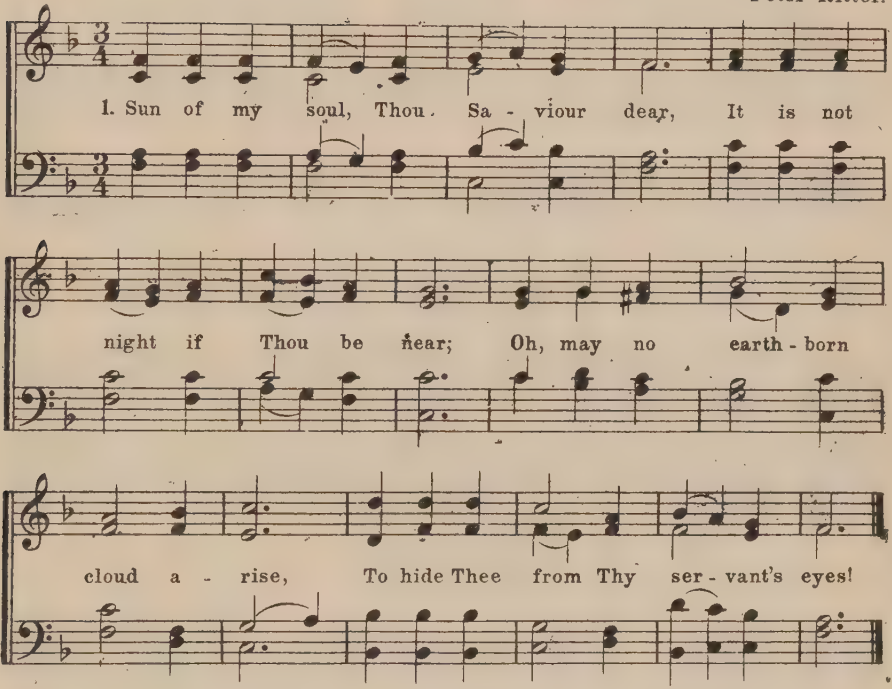
CHORUS.



436. SUN OF MY SOUL.

"HURSLEY"

J. Keble. Peter Ritter.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not
night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born
cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

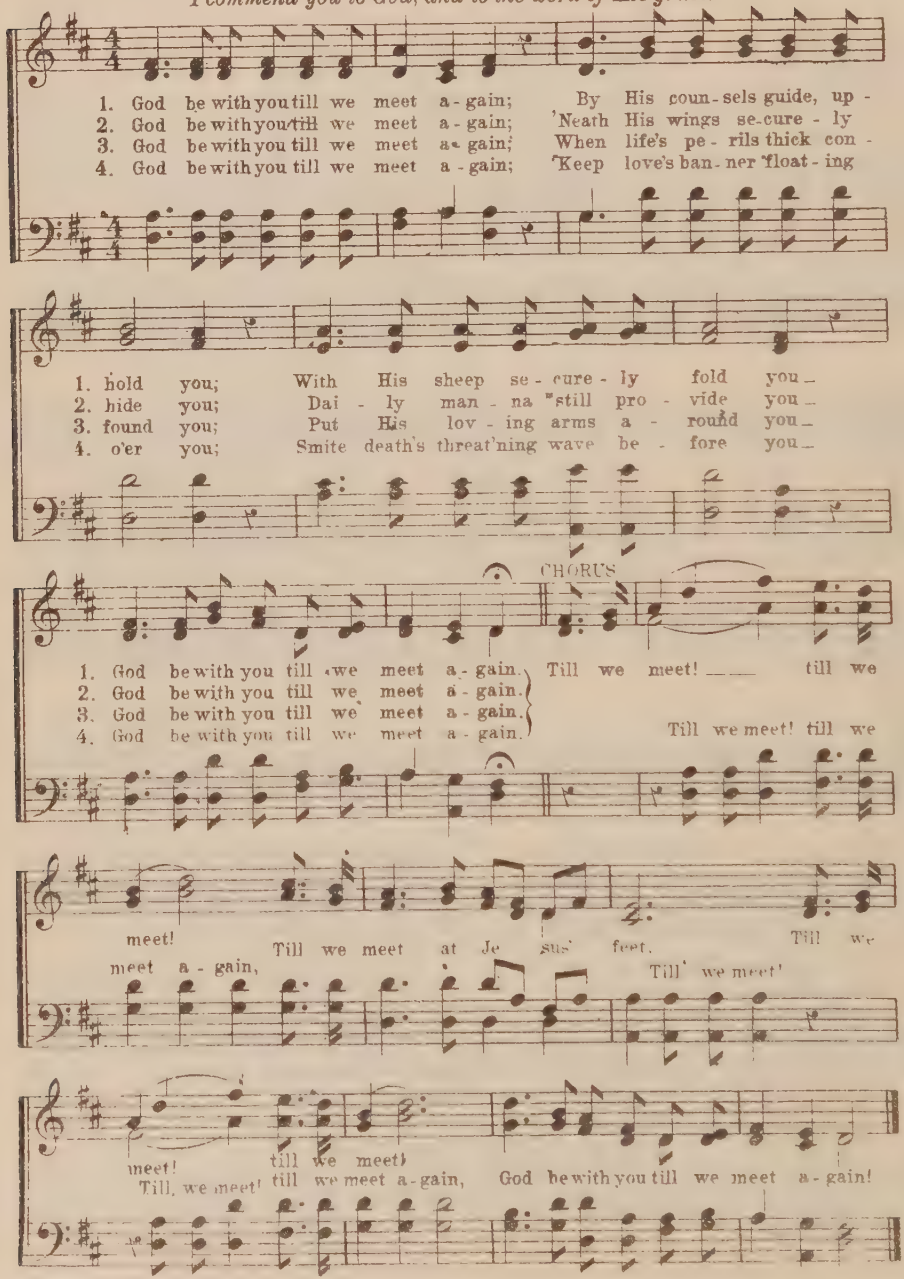
5. Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heav'n above.

437. GOD BE WITH YOU!

J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer.

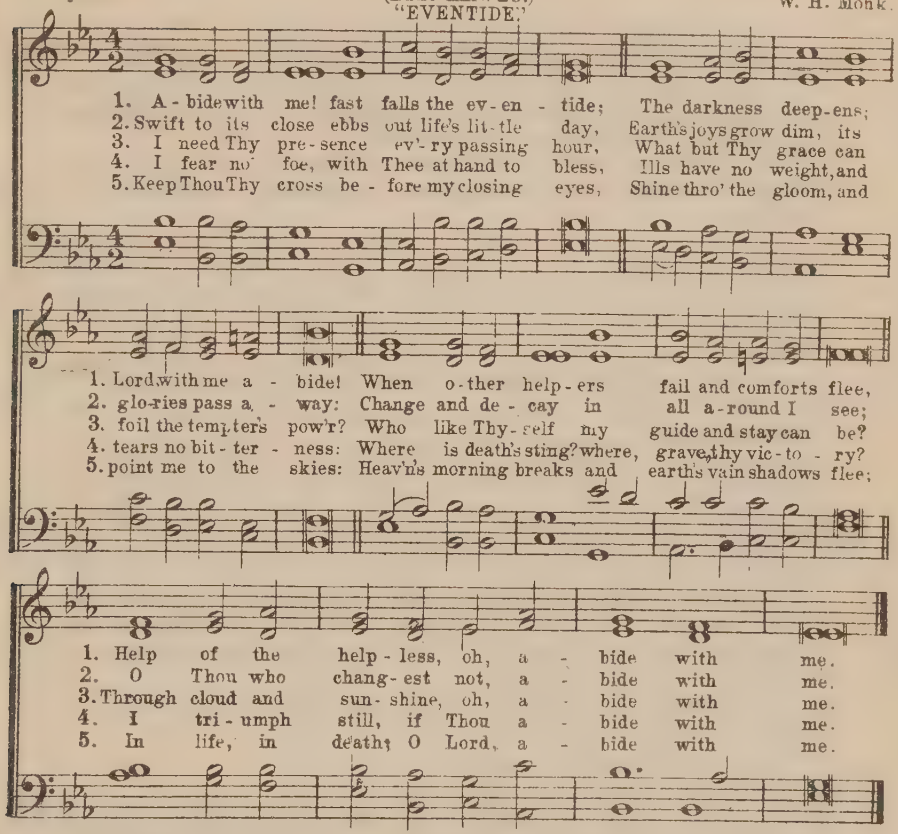
"I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace."


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His coun - sels guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's pe - rils thick con -
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Keep love's ban - ner float - ing
1. hold you; With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you
2. hide you; Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you
3. found you; Put His lov - ing arms a - round you
4. o'er you; Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you
CHORUS
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet! till we
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain.
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain.
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet! till we
meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet. Till we
meet a - gain, Till we meet!
meet! till we meet!
Till we meet! till we meet a - gain, God be with you till we meet a - gain!

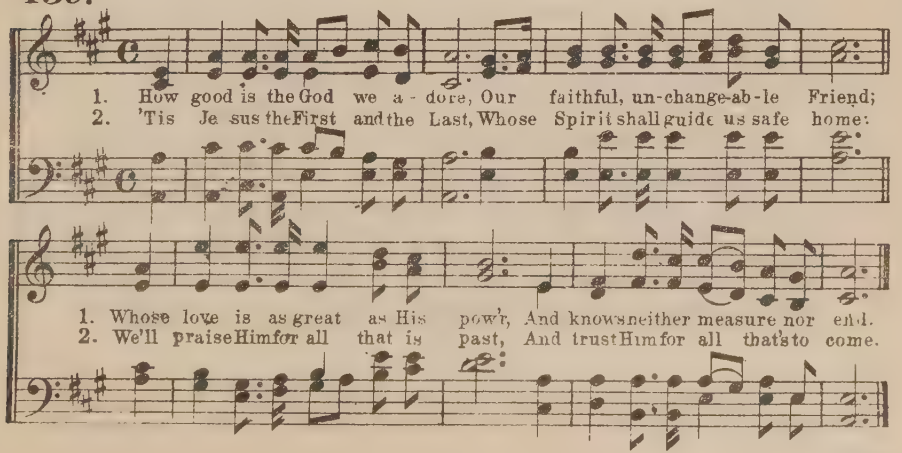
438. ABIDE WITH ME.

"*Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*" (Luke xxiv. 29.)

H. F. Lyte. "EVENTIDE." W. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day, Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pre - sence ev' - ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless, Ills have no weight, and
5. Keep Thou Thy cross be - fore my closing eyes, Shine thro' the gloom, and
1. Lord, with me a - bide! When o - ther help - ers fail and comforts flee,
2. glo - ries pass a - way: Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
3. foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
4. tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
5. point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
1. Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
2. O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
3. Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me.
4. I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
5. In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

439. HOW GOOD IS THE GOD WE ADORE.


1. How good is the God we a - dore, Our faithful, un - change - a - ble Friend;
2. 'Tis Je - sus the First and the Last, Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
1. Whose love is as great as His pow'r, And knows neither measure nor end.
2. We'll praise Him for all that is past, And trust Him for all that's to come.

CHORUS COPYRIGHTS.

Regarding the choruses which did not appear in the former edition of the book, we make grateful acknowledgement as follows :—

Nos. 35 and 62. For these we are indebted to the kindness of the Hall-Mack Co., Philadelphia, owners of the International Copyright, to whom a fee has been paid.

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Nos. 26, 27, 38, 39, 43, 77, 80, are from *Redemption Songs, Songs of Triumph*, and the *Pilgrim Choruses*, published by Messrs Pickering & Inglis, to whom we are indebted for kind permission to insert them.

No. 57. The Trustees of God's Bible School and "Revivalist," Cincinnati, Ohio, write giving their permission to use this chorus, of which they are the owners, and add : "May the Lord Himself abundantly bless and prosper your work."

Nos. 28, 68, and 69 are from the pen of Mrs. C. H. Morris, McConnelsville, Ohio, composer of many beautiful hymns, who has been totally blind for some years. She cordially grants us permission to use these pieces, and adds : "It will be a comfort to think of the songs being used in that distant country, and accomplishing good, as I trust, in the Master's name."

For Major Whittle's Chorus, No. 51, from *Sacred Songs and Solos*, our thanks are due to Messrs. Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd., London, owners of the copyright.

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Our hearty thanks are due to the Salvation Army Music Board for Nos. 31, 32, 33, 42, 45, 47, 50, 52, 58, 65, 73, 74, in addition to those acknowledged in the earlier book, on the stipulation that neither words nor music shall be altered from the authorised form.

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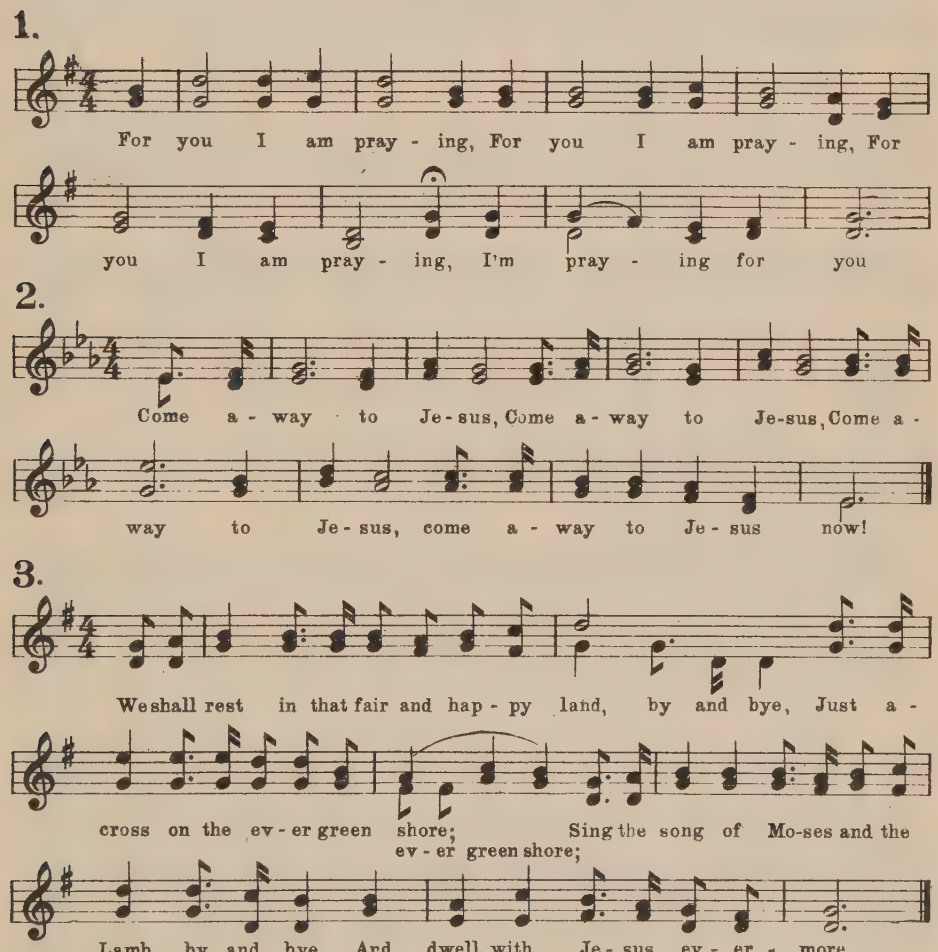
For No. 75 we are indebted to the Charlie Tillman Song Book Co., Atlanta, Georgis, U.S.A. ; and for Nos. 55, 59, 64, to the *Christian Witness* Co., Boston, Mass.

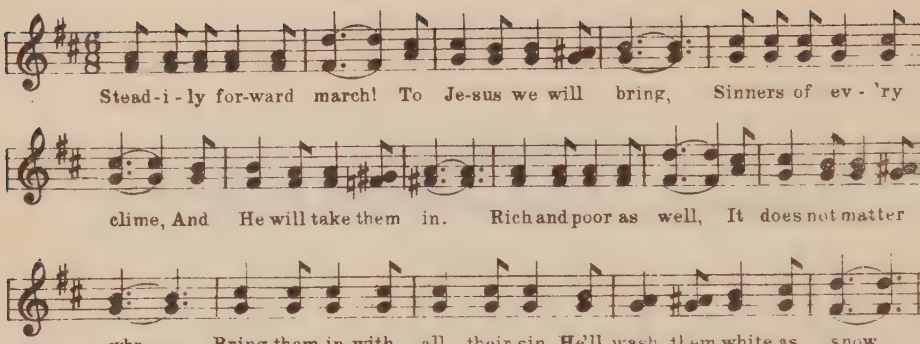
There are still a few of the choruses of which, in spite of careful enquiry, we have been unable to identify the owners. To these persons we tender our apologies, and we will gladly express our indebtedness in later issues when the ownership has been ascertained. Several have come to us from friends who have learned them by ear only, and do not know in what book they are to be found.

For the words of Hymn No. 358, we are indebted to Miss Mary Bazely, of South Africa, and for the music to Mrs. J. Allan Wallace, of Toronto.

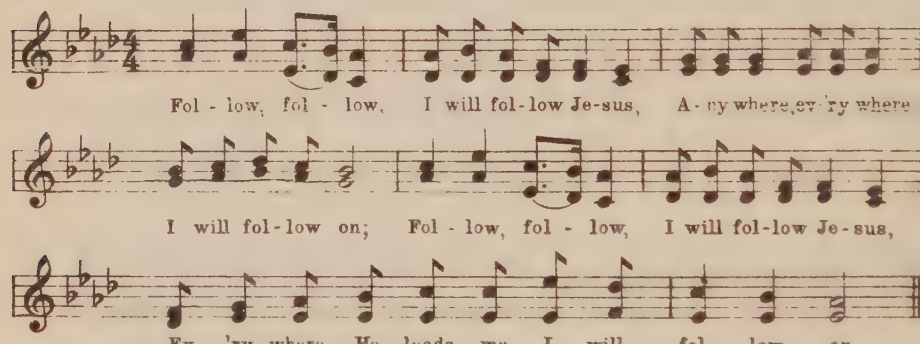
CHORUSES

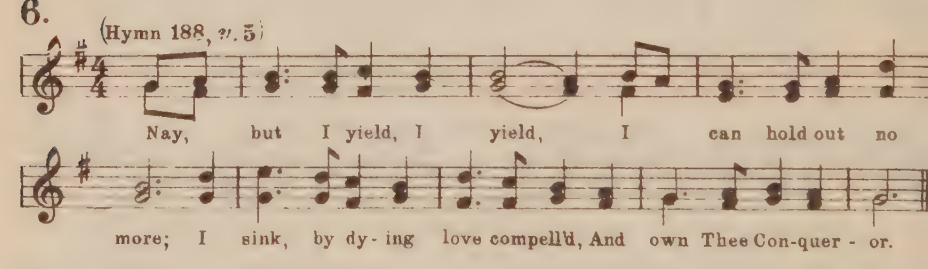
Additional to those in the body of the book

1.
For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For
you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you
2.
Come a - way to Je - sus, Come a - way to Je-sus, Come a -
way to Je - sus, come a - way to Je - sus now!
3.
We shall rest in that fair and hap - py land, by and bye, Just a -
cross on the ev - er green shore; Sing the song of Mo-ses and the
ev - er green shore;
Lamb, by and bye, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

4.

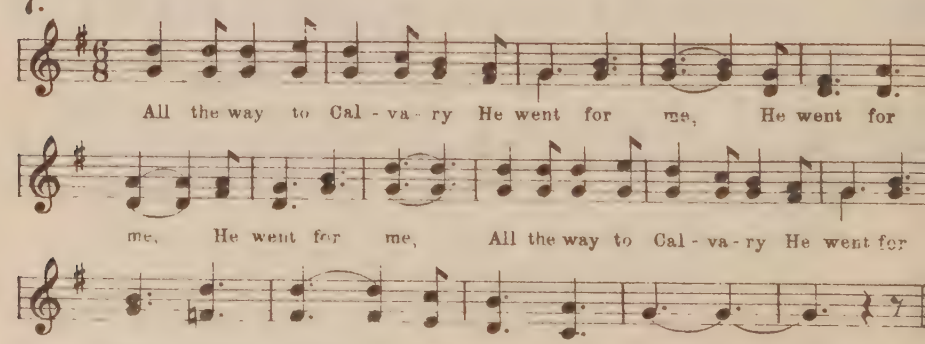

Stead-i-ly for-ward march! To Je-sus we will bring, Sinners of ev-'ry
clime, And He will take them in. Rich and poor as well, It does not matter
who___ Bring them in with all their sin, He'll wash them white as snow.

5.

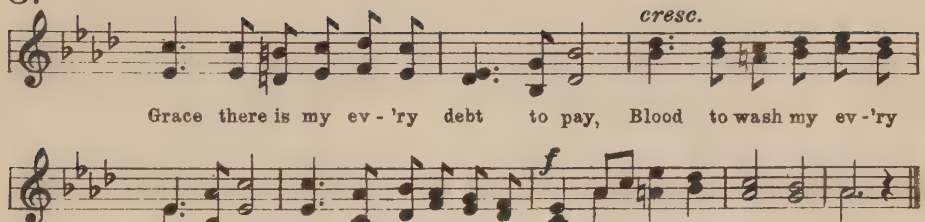

Fol-low, fol-low, I will fol-low Je-sus, A-ny where, ev-'ry where
I will fol-low on; Fol-low, fol-low, I will fol-low Je-sus,
Ev-'ry where He leads me I will fol-low on.

6.

(Hymn 188, v. 5)
Nay, but I yield, I yield, I can hold out no
more; I sink, by dy-ing love compell'd, And own Thee Con-quer-or.

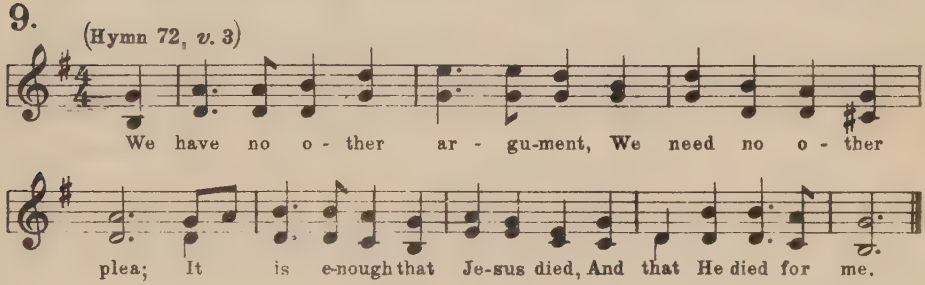
7.


All the way to Cal-va-ry He went for me, He went for
me, He went for me, All the way to Cal-va-ry He went for
me, And now He sets me free.

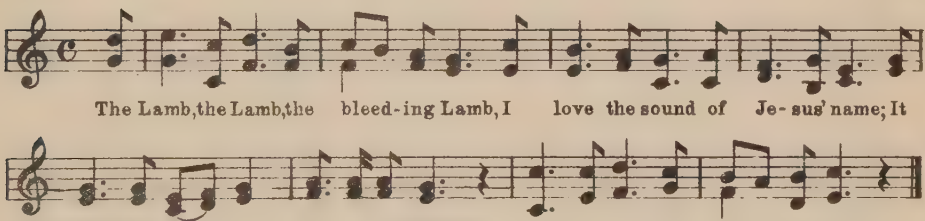
8.


cresc.
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry
f
sin a-way; Pow'r to keep me spotless day by day, In Christ for me.

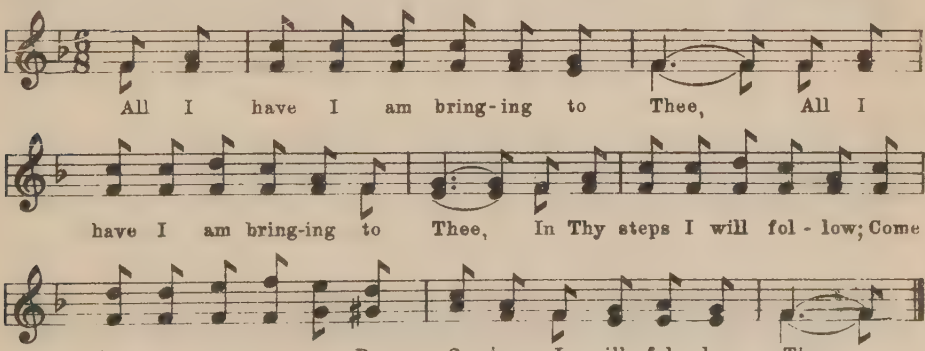
9.

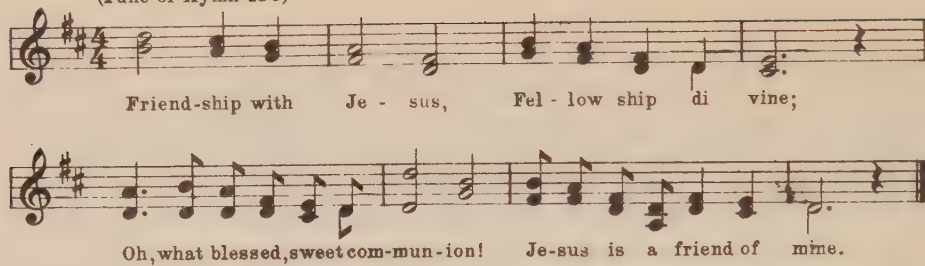

(Hymn 72, v. 3)
We have no o - ther ar - gu-ment, We need no o - ther
plea; It is e-nough that Je-sus died, And that He died for me.

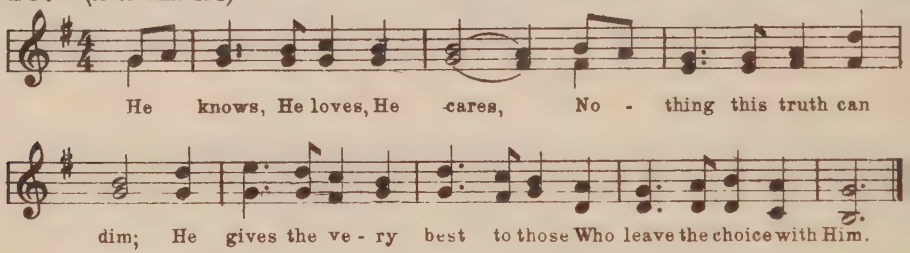
10.


The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleed-ing Lamb, I love the sound of Je-sus' name; It
sets my spi - rit all in a flame, Glo - ry to the bleed-ing Lamb.

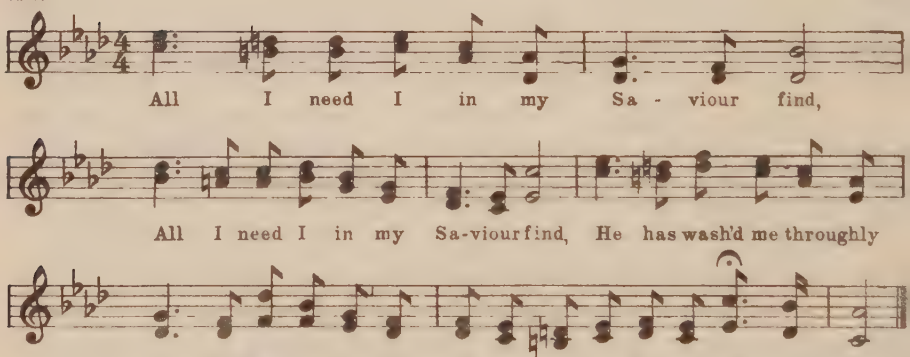
11.


All I have I am bring-ing to Thee, All I
have I am bring-ing to Thee, In Thy steps I will fol - low; Come
joy, or come sor - row, Dear Sa-viour, I will fol - low Thee.

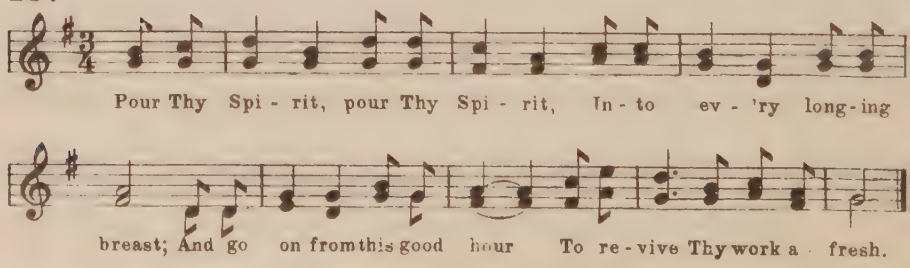
12. (Tune of Hymn 139)

13. (or to tune 184)



So, resting in His care,
Rejoicing in His love,
His "good and perfect" gifts we share,
Which reach us from above.

14.

All I need I in my Sa - viour find,
All I need I in my Sa-viour find, He has wash'd me throughly
I will love Him tru-ly; All my need is ful - ly met in Him.

15.



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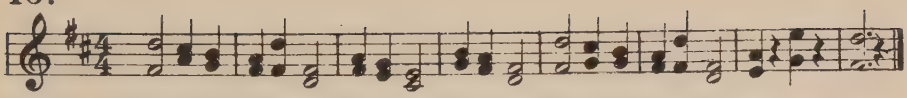
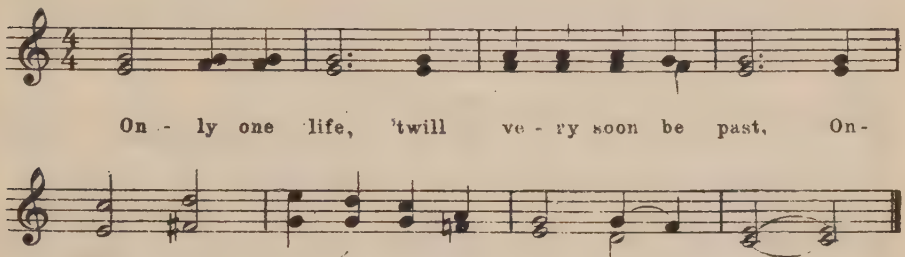
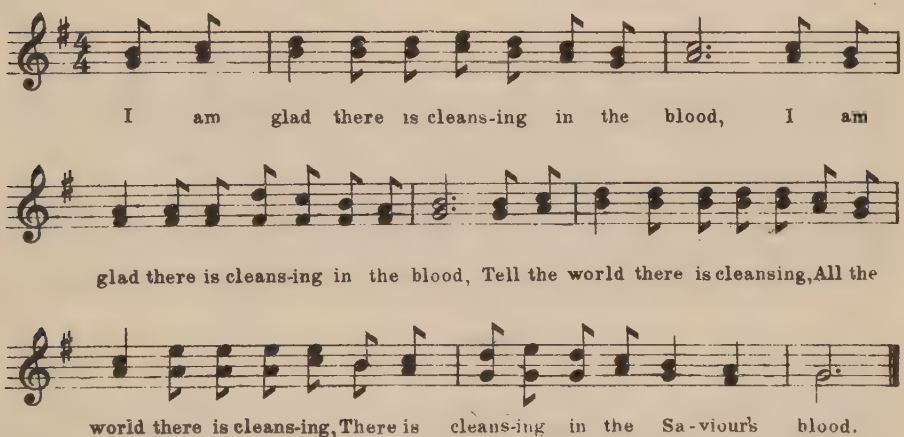

Je-sus will never fail, never fail, never fail, Je-sus will never fail, no! no! no!

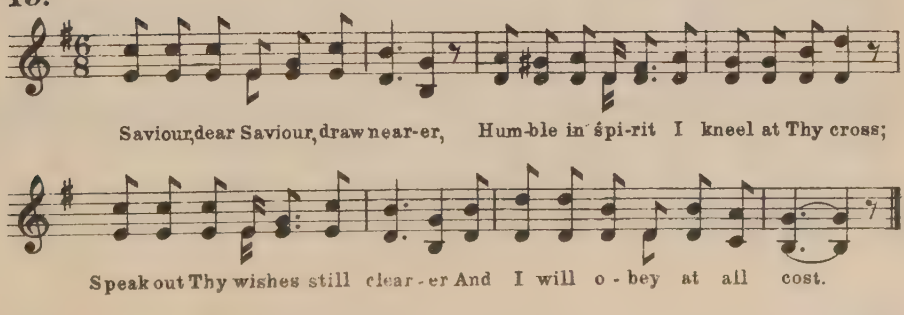
17.


On - ly one life, 'twill ve - ry soon be past, On-
-ly what's done for Je - sus' sake will last.

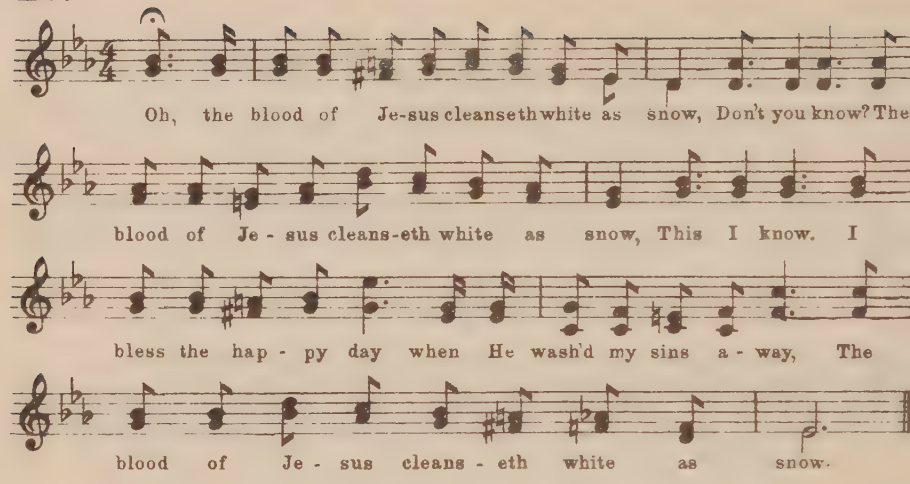
18.


I am glad there is cleans-ing in the blood, I am
glad there is cleans-ing in the blood, Tell the world there is cleansing, All the
world there is cleans-ing, There is cleans-ing in the Sa-viour's blood.

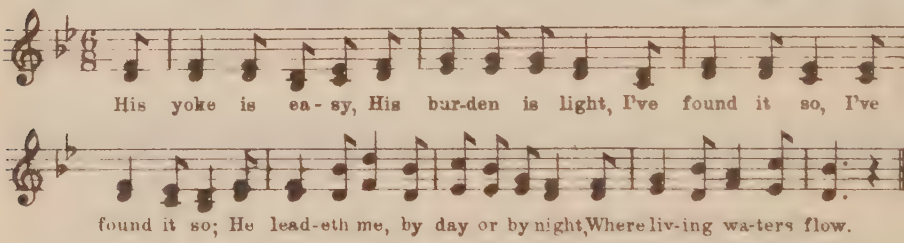
19.


Saviour, dear Saviour, draw near-er, Hum-ble in spi-rit I kneel at Thy cross;
Speak out Thy wishes still clear-er And I will o-bey at all cost.

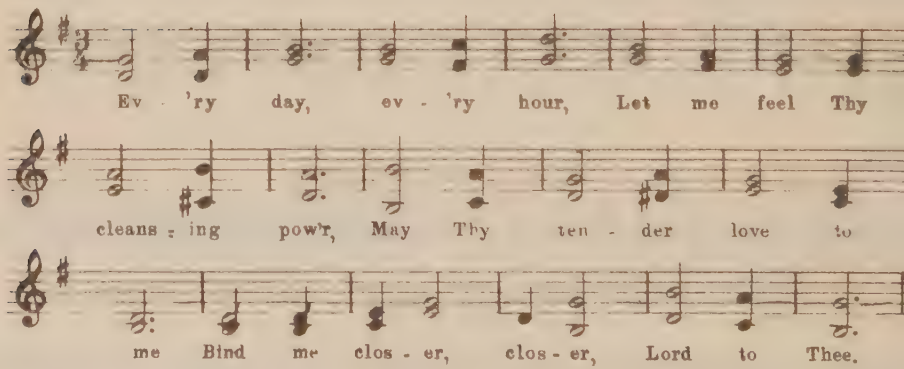
20.


Oh, the blood of Je-sus cleanseth white as snow, Don't you know? The
blood of Je - sus cleans-eth white as snow, This I know. I
bless the hap - py day when He wash'd my sins a - way, The
blood of Je - sus cleans - eth white as snow.

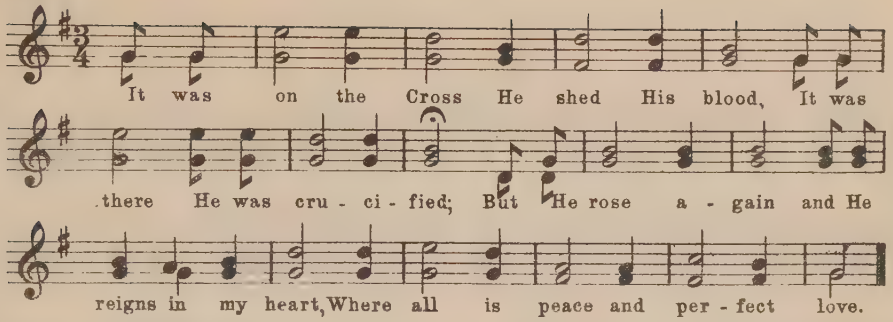
21.


His yoke is ea - sy, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've
found it so; He lead-eth me, by day or by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

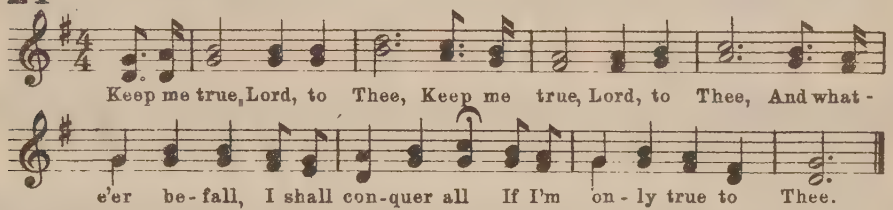
22.


Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy
cleans - ing pow'r, May Thy ten - der love to
me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord to Thee.

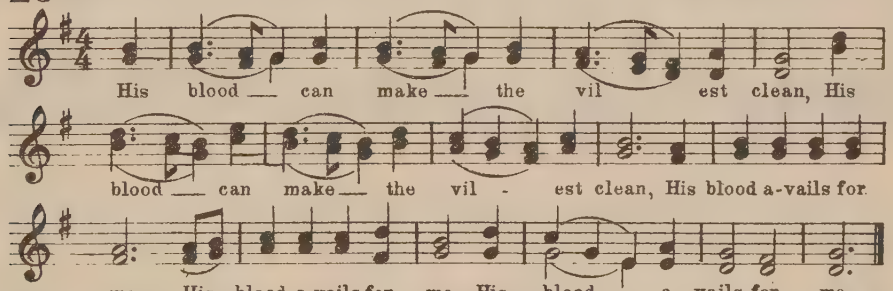
23


It was on the Cross He shed His blood, It was
there He was cru - ci - fied; But He rose a - gain and He
reigns in my heart, Where all is peace and per - fect love.

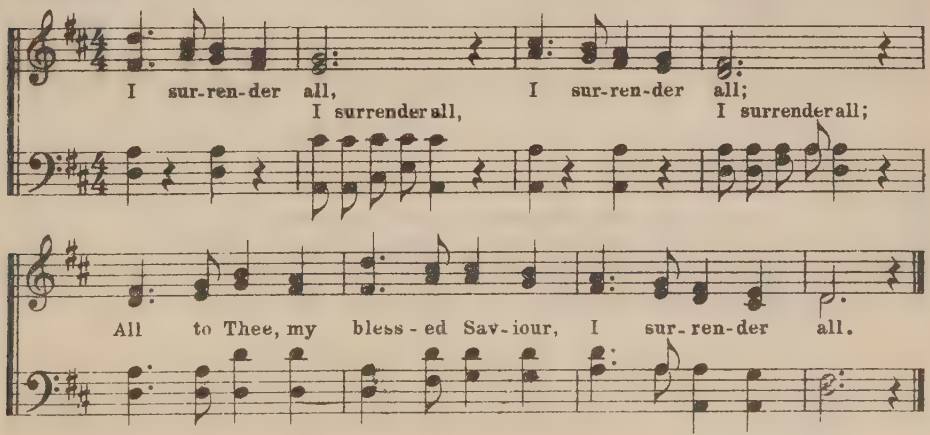
24


Keep me true, Lord, to Thee, Keep me true, Lord, to Thee, And what -
e'er be - fall, I shall con-quer all If I'm on - ly true to Thee.

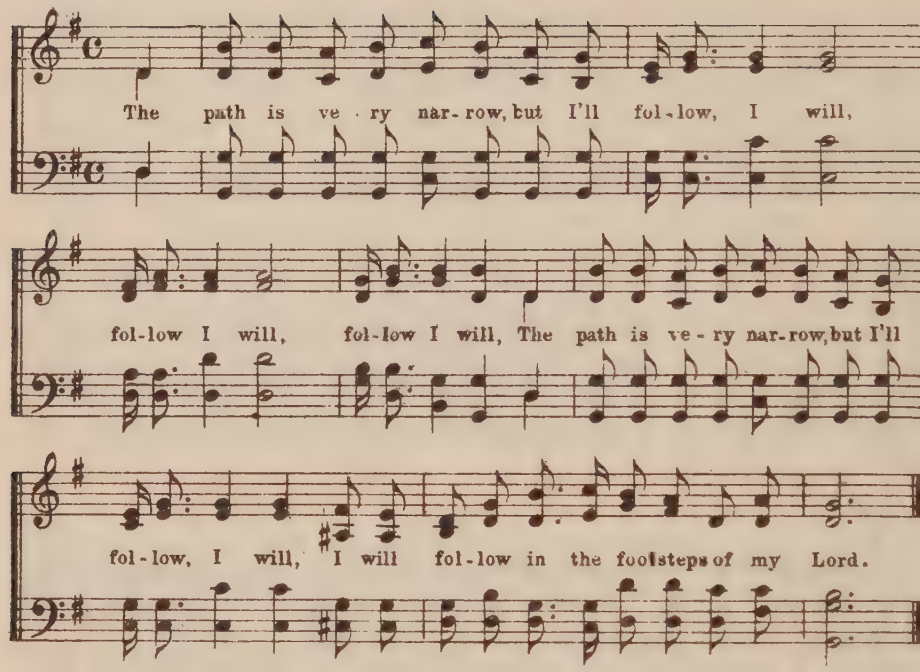
25

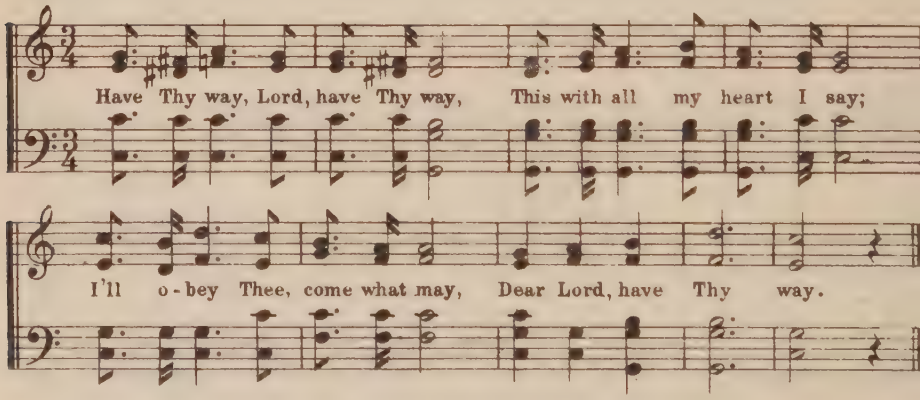

His blood ___ can make ___ the vil est clean, His
blood ___ can make ___ the vil - est clean, His blood a-vails for
me, His blood a-vails for me, His blood a - vails for me.

26.

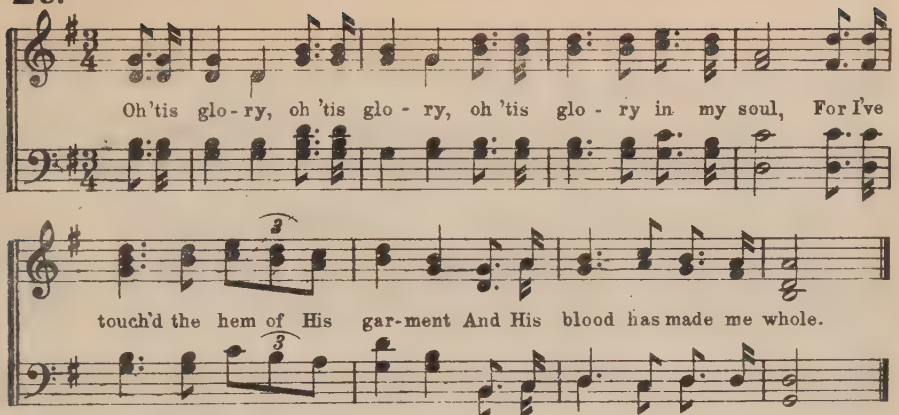

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
I surrender all, I surrender all;
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren-der all.

27.

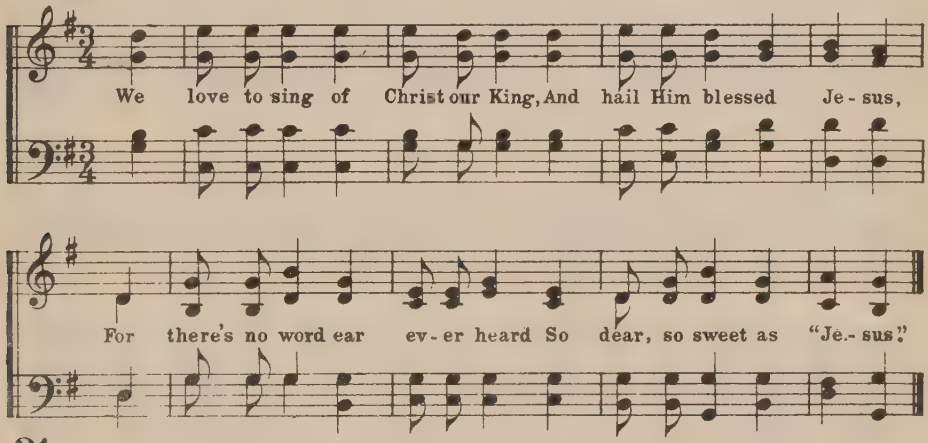

The path is ve - ry nar - row, but I'll fol - low, I will,
fol - low I will, fol - low I will, The path is ve - ry nar - row, but I'll
fol - low, I will, I will fol - low in the footsteps of my Lord.

28.

Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way, This with all my heart I say;
I'll o - bey Thee, come what may, Dear Lord, have Thy way.

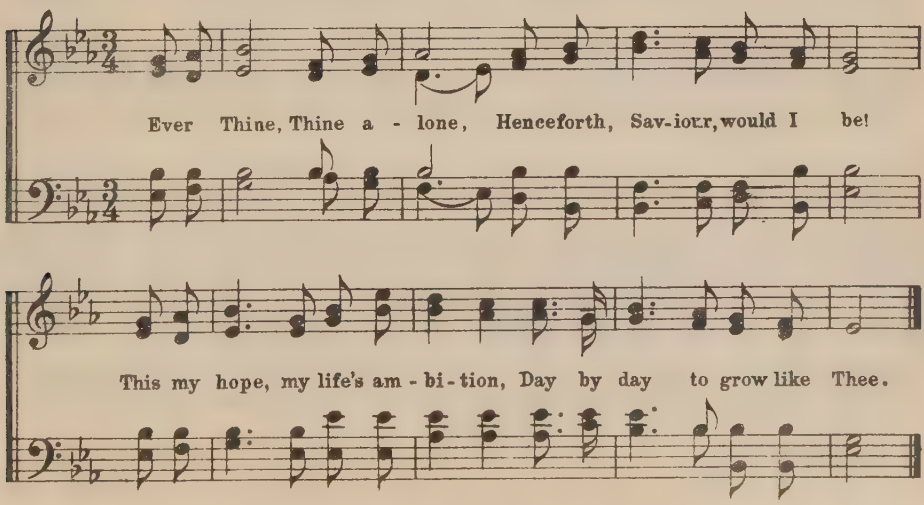
29.

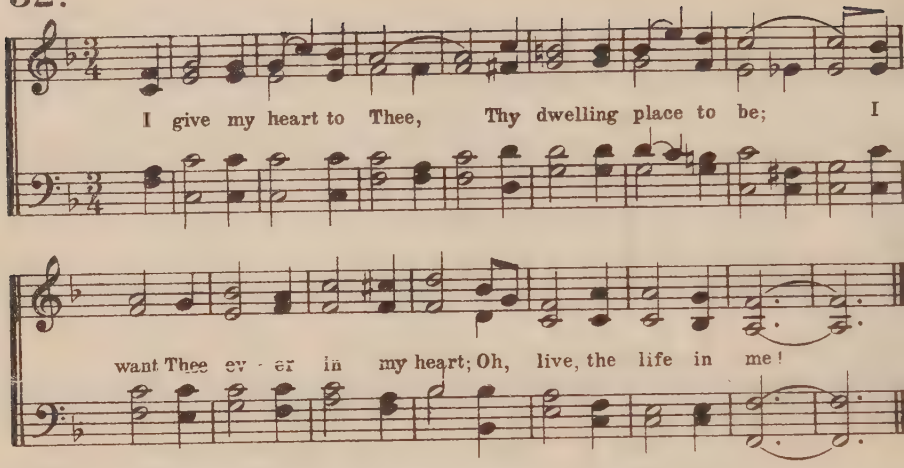

Oh 'tis glo - ry, oh 'tis glo - ry, oh 'tis glo - ry in my soul, For I've
touch'd the hem of His gar-ment And His blood has made me whole.

30.

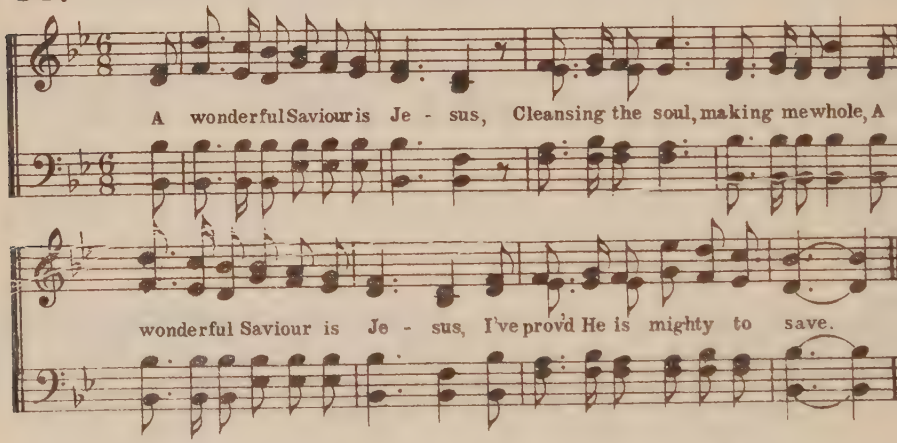

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him blessed Je - sus,
For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as "Je - sus."

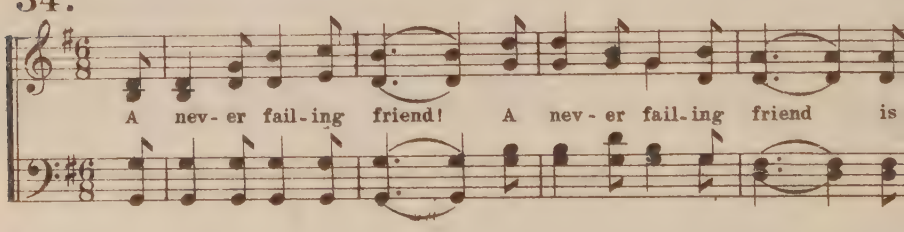
31.

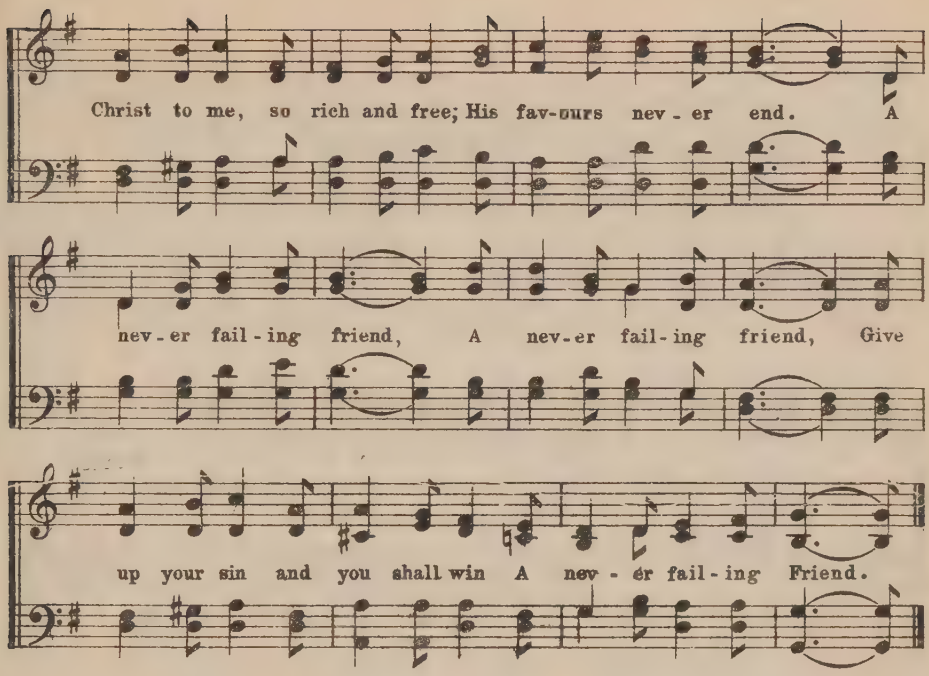

Ever Thine, Thine a - lone, Henceforth, Sav-iour, would I be!
This my hope, my life's am - bi - tion, Day by day to grow like Thee.

32.

I give my heart to Thee, Thy dwelling place to be; I
want Thee ev - er in my heart; Oh, live, the life in me!

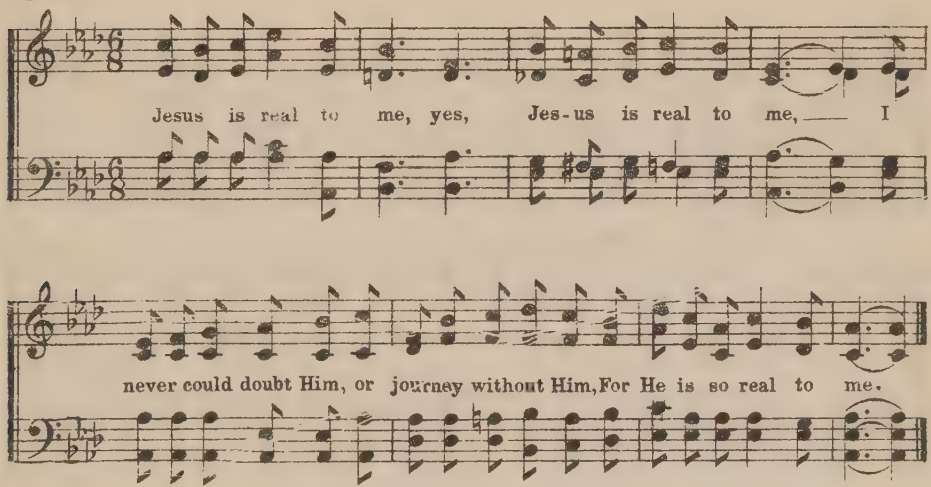
33.


A wonderful Saviour is Je - sus, Cleansing the soul, making me whole, A
wonderful Saviour is Je - sus, I've prov'd He is mighty to save.

34.

A nev - er fail - ing friend! A nev - er fail - ing friend is


Christ to me, so rich and free; His fav-ours nev - er end. A
nev - er fail - ing friend, A nev - er fail - ing friend, Give
up your sin and you shall win A nev - er fail - ing Friend.

35.



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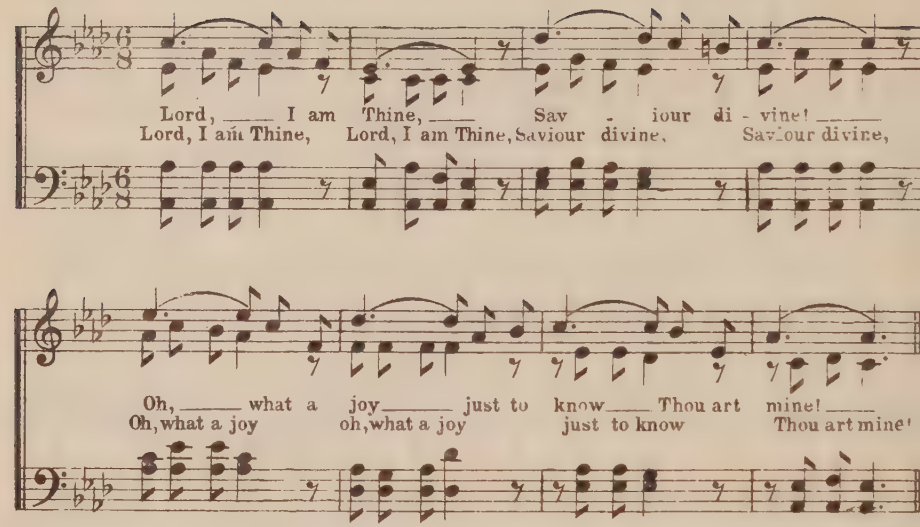
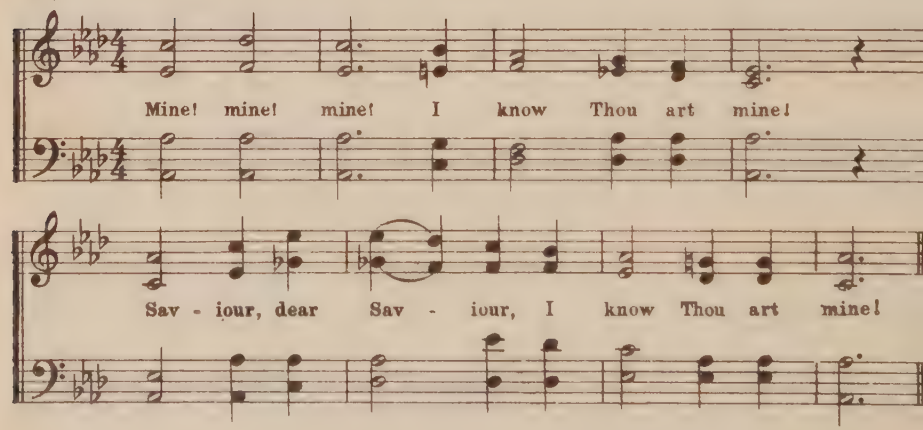
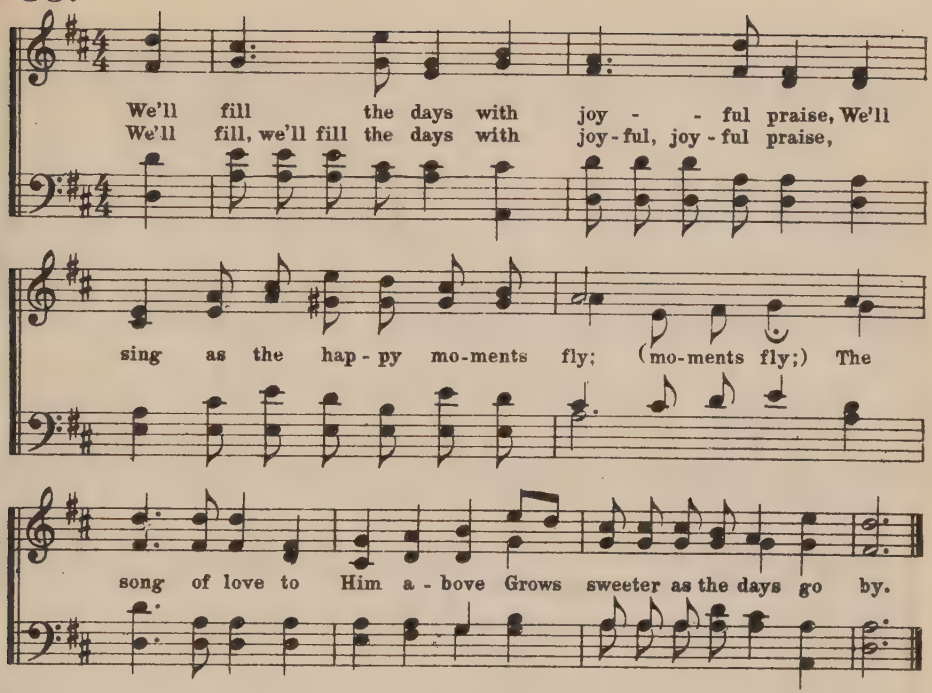
36.

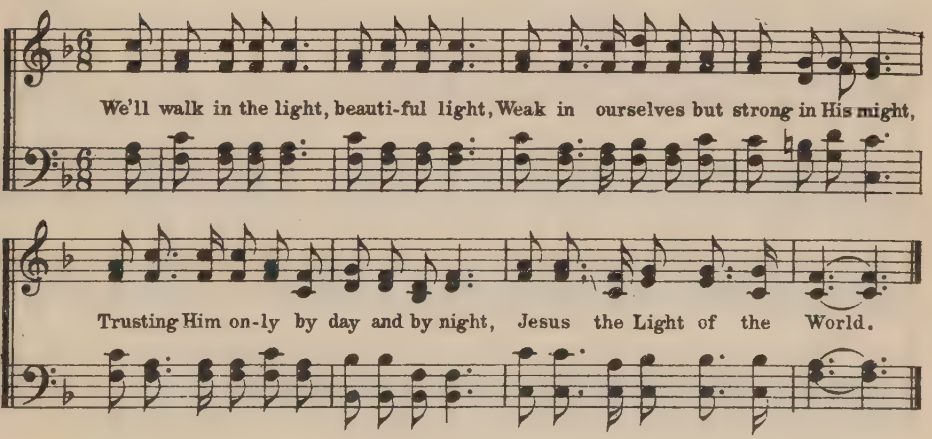

Lord, ____ I am Thine, ____ Sav - iour di - vine! ____
Lord, I am Thine, Lord, I am Thine, Saviour divine, Saviour divine,
Oh, ____ what a joy ____ just to know ____ Thou art mine! ____
Oh, what a joy oh, what a joy just to know Thou art mine!

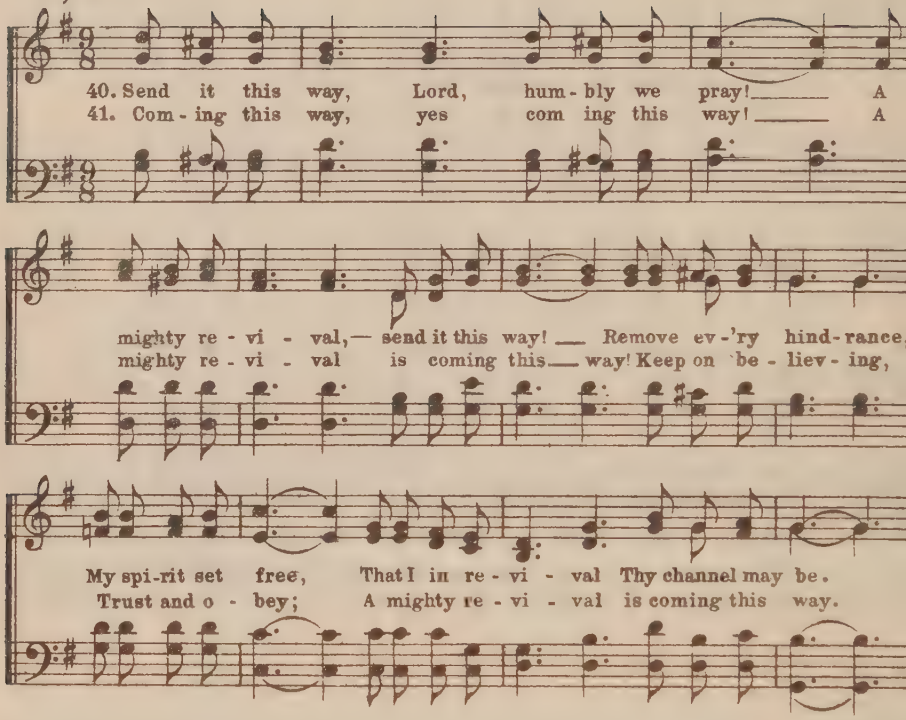
37.

Mine! mine! mine! I know Thou art mine!
Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, I know Thou art mine!

38.

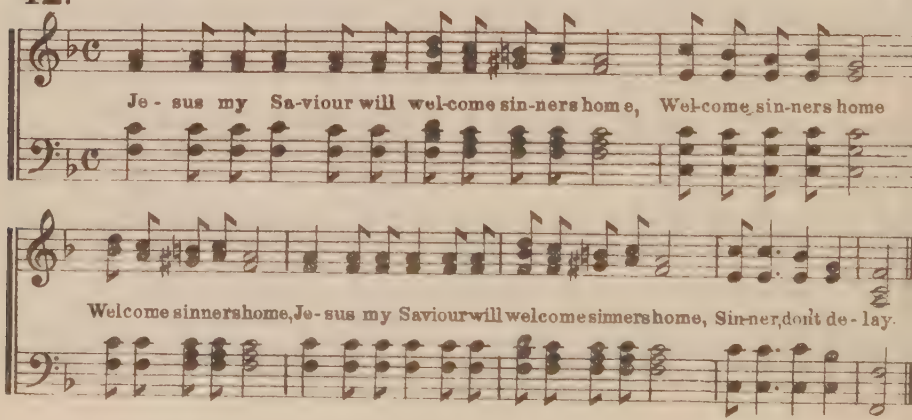

We'll fill the days with joy - - ful praise, We'll
We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joy-ful, joy-ful praise,
sing as the hap-py mo-ments fly; (mo-ments fly;) The
song of love to Him a-bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.

39.

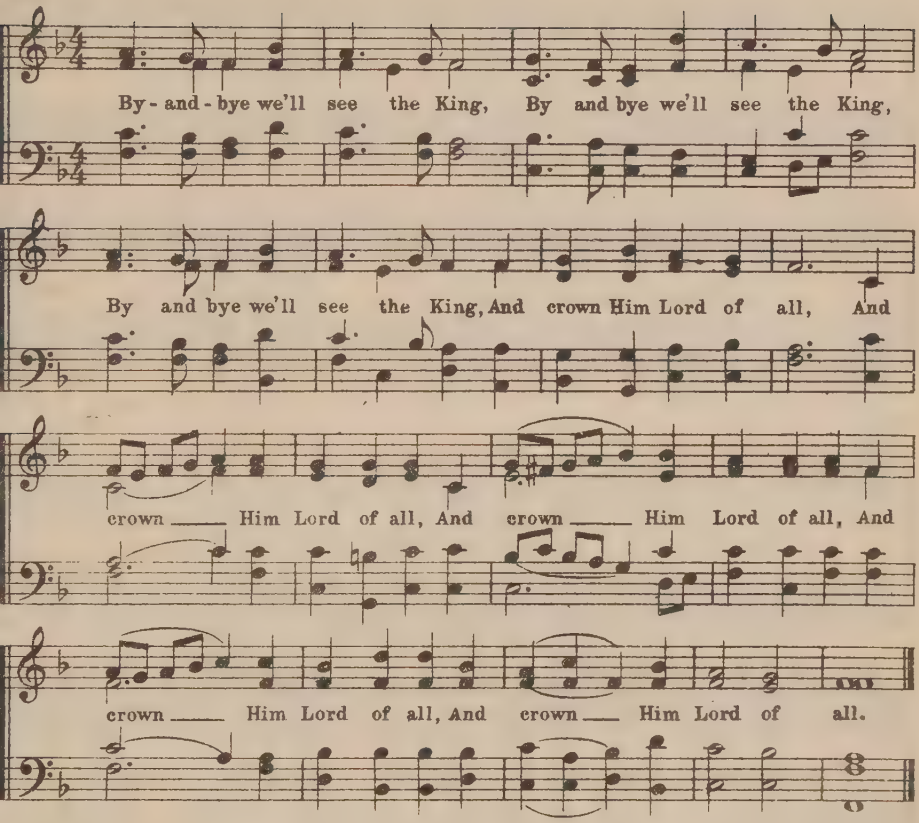

We'll walk in the light, beauti-ful light, Weak in ourselves but strong in His might,
Trusting Him on-ly by day and by night, Jesus the Light of the World.

40, 41.

40. Send it this way, Lord, hum-bly we pray! A
41. Com-ing this way, yes com ing this way! A
mighty re-vi-val,— send it this way! Remove ev-'ry hind-rance,
mighty re-vi-val is coming this way! Keep on be-liev-ing,
My spi-rit set free, That I in re-vi-val Thy channel may be.
Trust and o-bey; A mighty re-vi-val is coming this way.

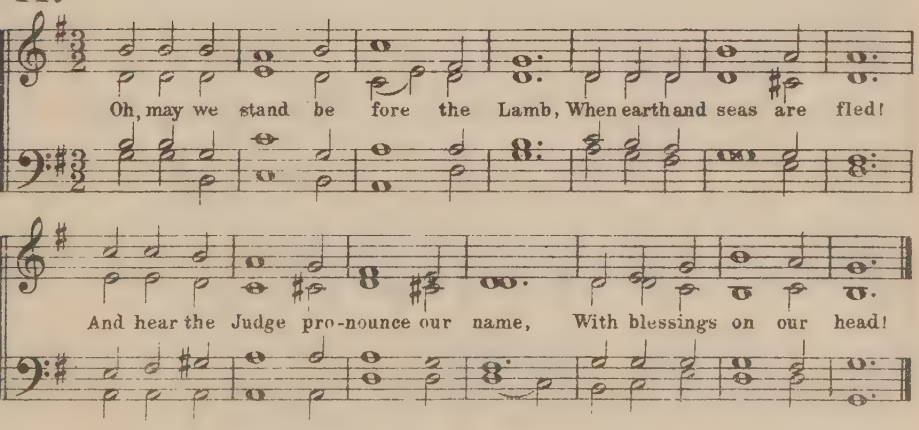
42.


Je-sus my Sa-viour will wel-come sin-ners hom e, Wel-come sin-ners home
Welcome sinners home, Je-sus my Saviour will welcome sinners home, Sin-ner, don't de-lay.

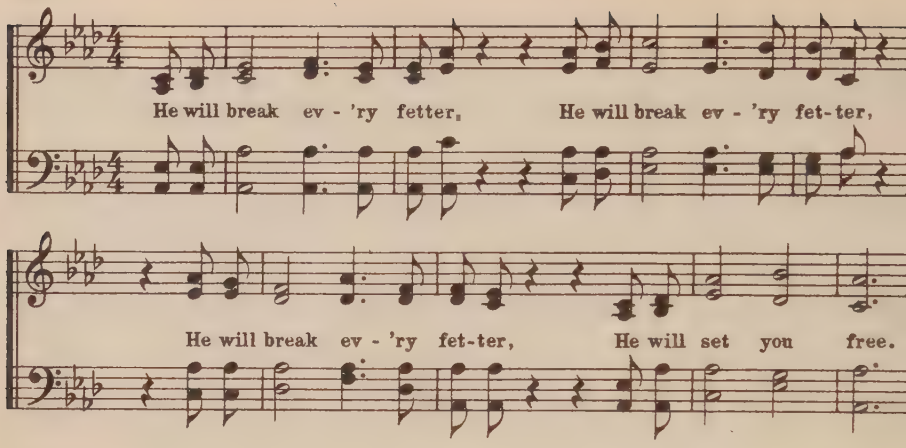
43.

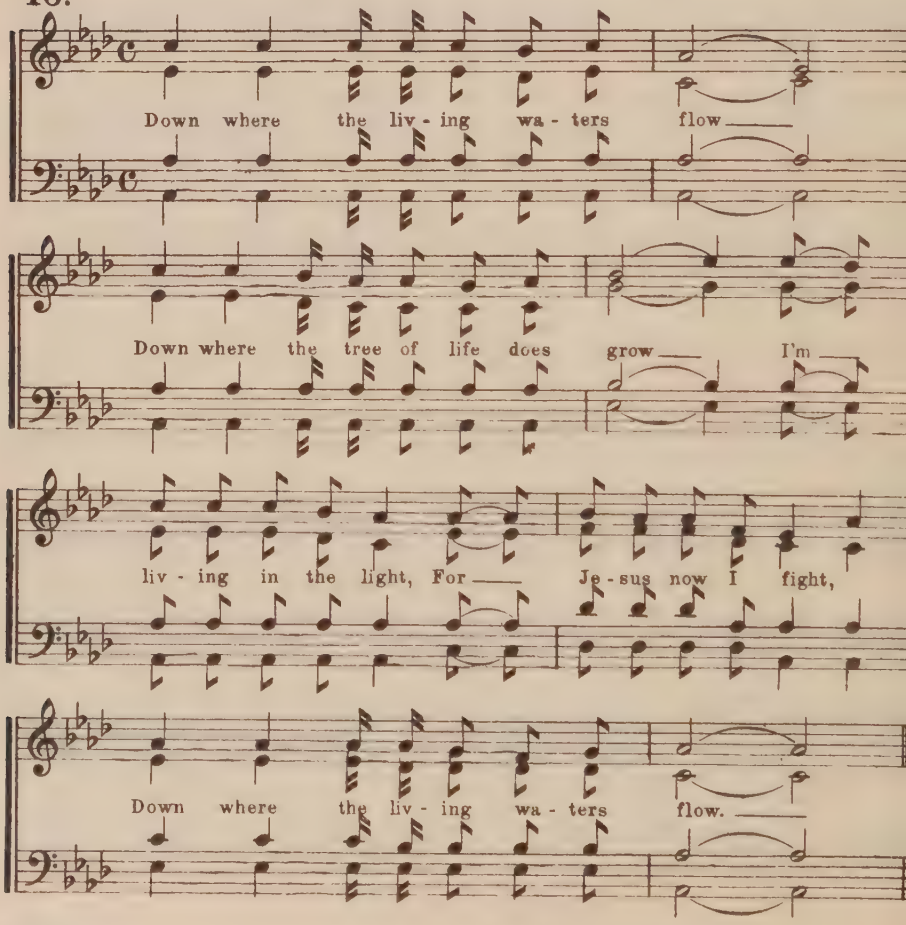

By - and - bye we'll see the King, By and bye we'll see the King,
By and bye we'll see the King, And crown Him Lord of all, And
crown ___ Him Lord of all, And crown ___ Him Lord of all, And
crown ___ Him Lord of all, And crown ___ Him Lord of all.

44.

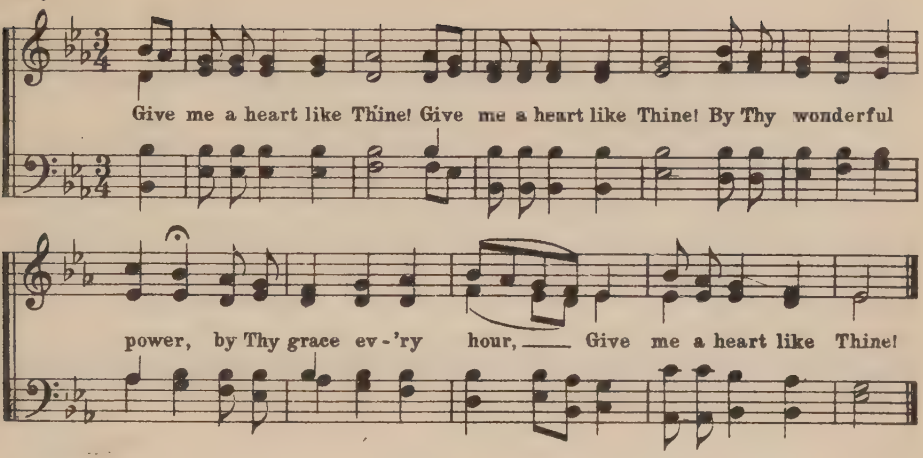

Oh, may we stand be fore the Lamb, When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pro-nounce our name, With blessings on our head!

45.

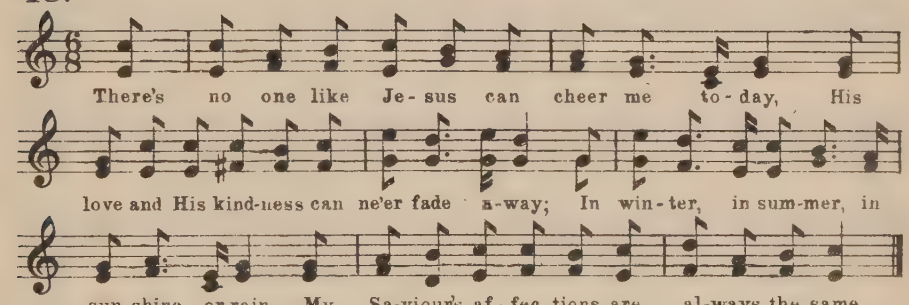

He will break ev - 'ry fetter, He will break ev - 'ry fet-ter,
He will break ev - 'ry fet-ter, He will set you free.

46.

Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow
Down where the tree of life does grow I'm
liv - ing in the light, For Je - sus now I fight,
Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

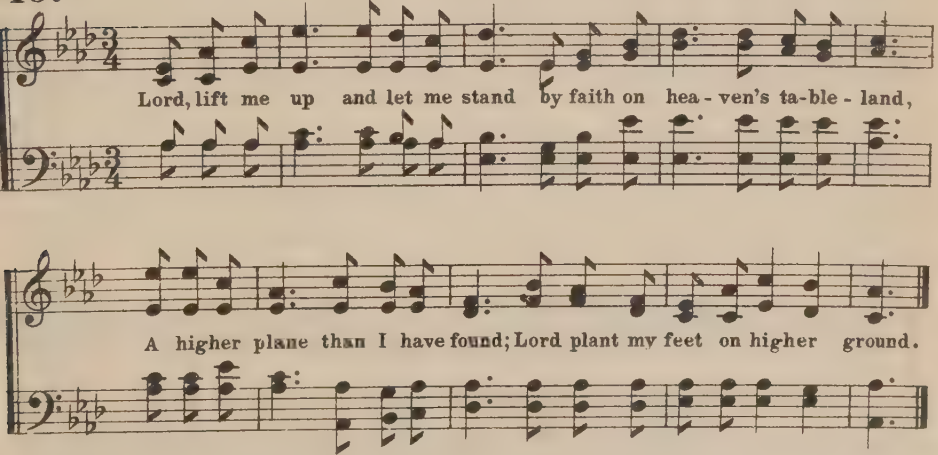
47.


Give me a heart like Thine! Give me a heart like Thine! By Thy wonderful
power, by Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine!

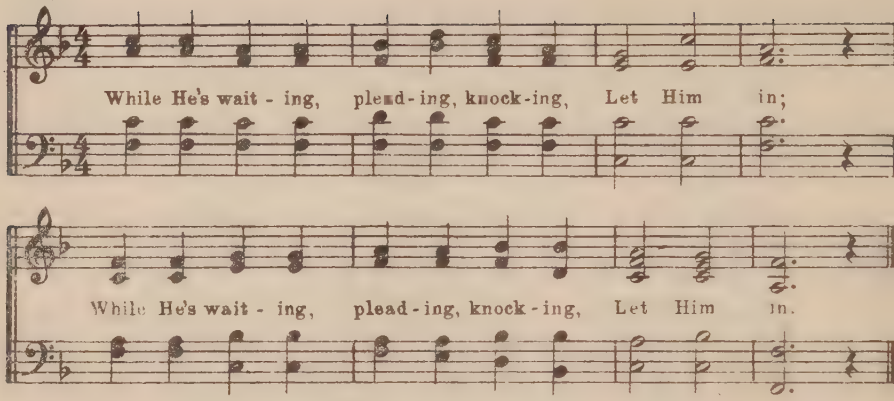
48.


There's no one like Je-sus can cheer me to-day, His
love and His kind-ness can ne'er fade a-way; In win-ter, in sum-mer, in
sun-shine or rain, My Sa-viour's af-fec-tions are al-ways the same.

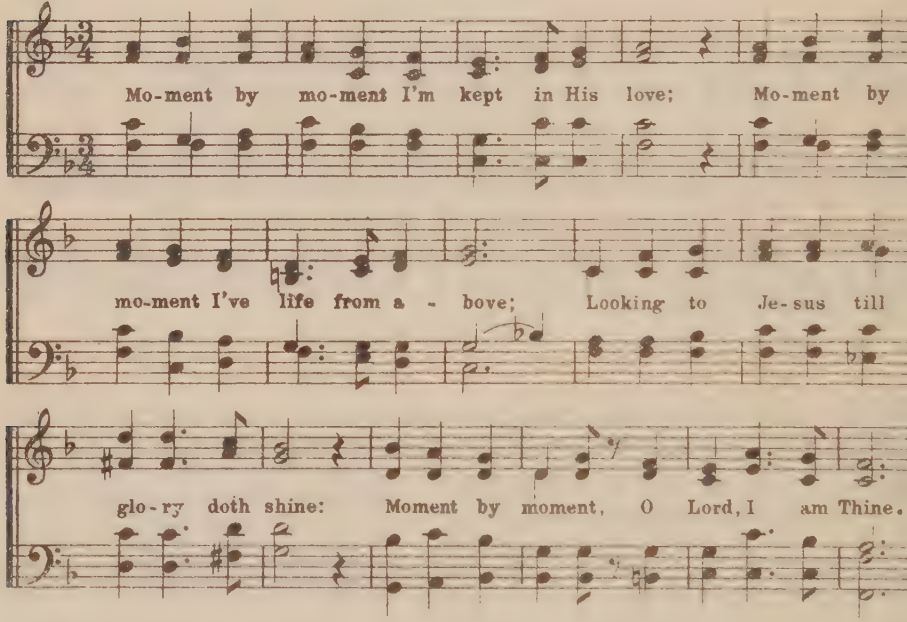
49.


Lord, lift me up and let me stand by faith on hea-ven's ta-ble-land,
A higher plane than I have found; Lord plant my feet on higher ground.

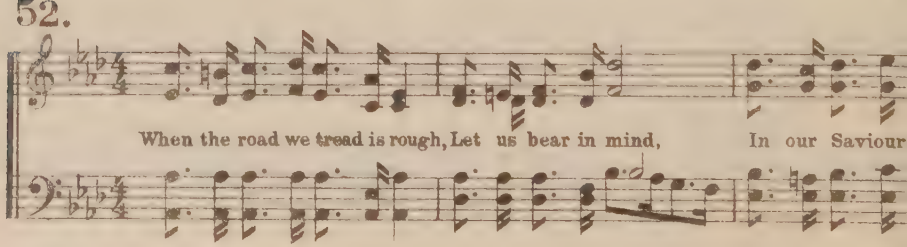
50.

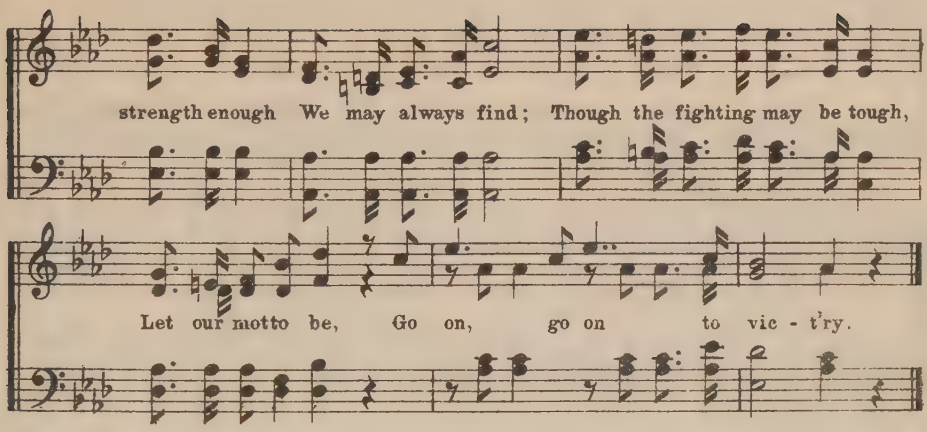

While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock - ing, Let Him in;
While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock - ing, Let Him in.

51.

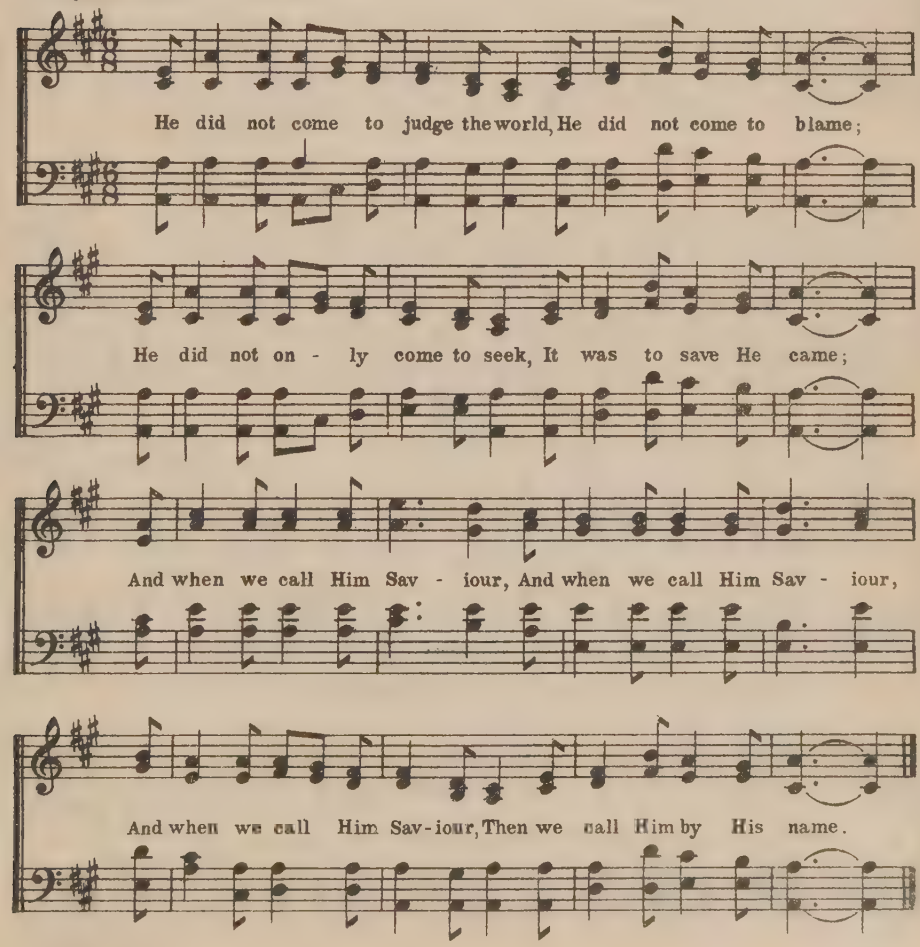

Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by
mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Looking to Je - sus till
glo - ry doth shine: Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

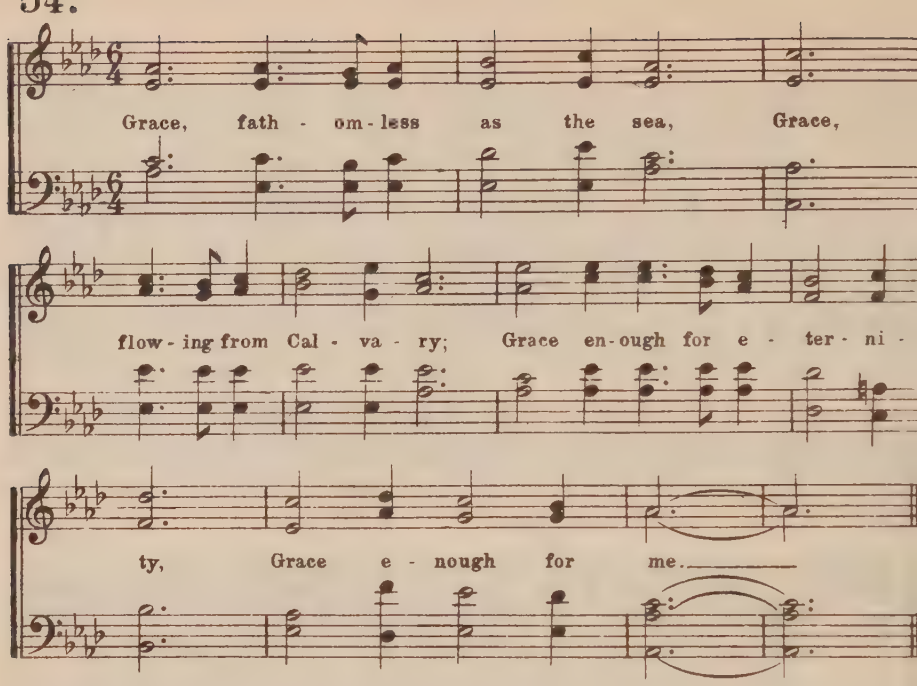
52.

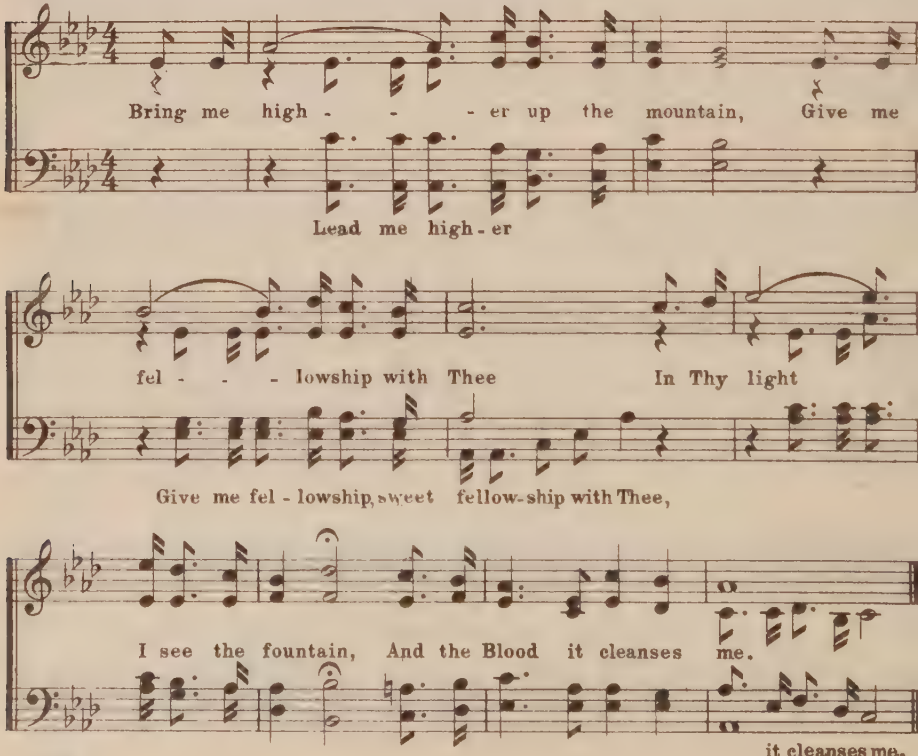

When the road we tread is rough, Let us bear in mind, In our Saviour


strength enough We may always find; Though the fighting may be tough,
Let our motto be, Go on, go on to vic - t'ry.

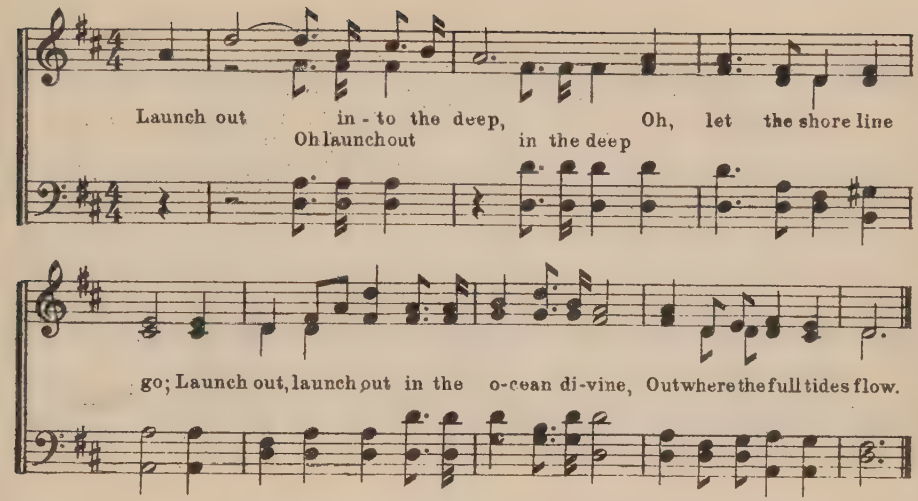
53.


He did not come to judge the world, He did not come to blame;
He did not on - ly come to seek, It was to save He came;
And when we call Him Sav - iour, And when we call Him Sav - iour,
And when we call Him Sav-iour, Then we call Him by His name.

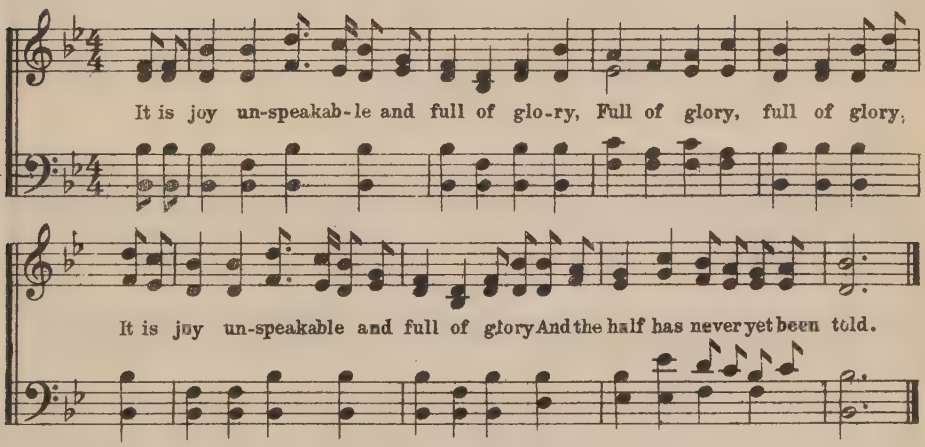
54.

Grace, fath - om - less as the sea, Grace,
flow - ing from Cal - va - ry; Grace en - ough for e - ter - ni -
ty, Grace e - nough for me.

55.

Bring me high - - - er up the mountain, Give me
Lead me high - er
fel - - - lowship with Thee In Thy light
Give me fel - lowship, sweet fellow - ship with Thee,
I see the fountain, And the Blood it cleanses me.
it cleanses me.

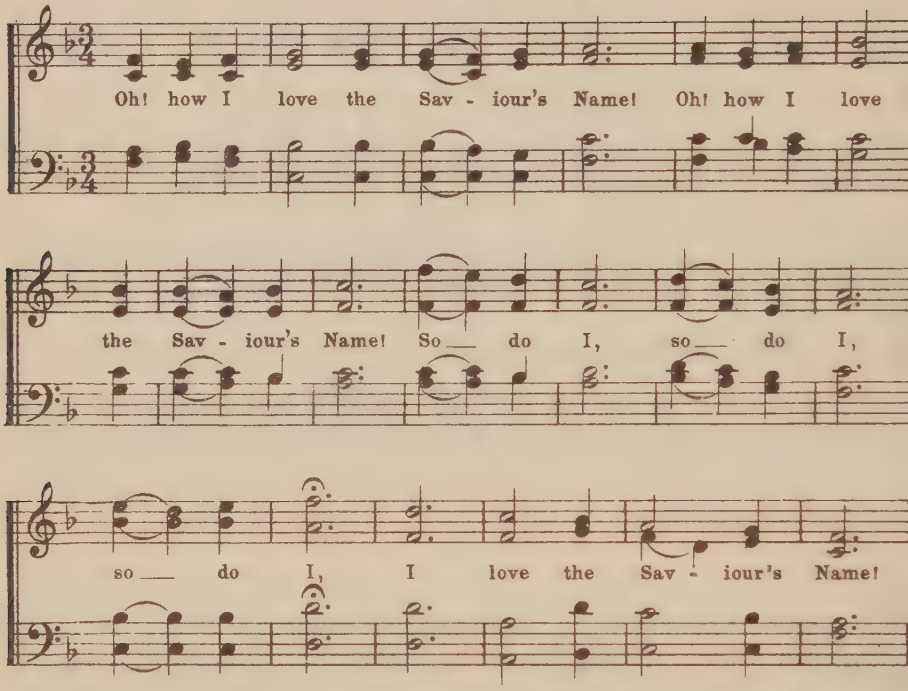
56.


Launch out in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore line
Oh launch out in the deep
go; Launch out, launch out in the o-cean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.

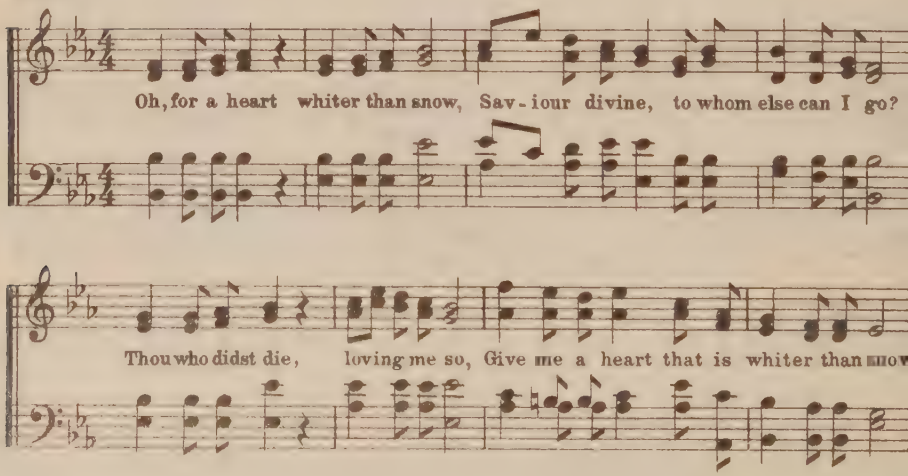
57.


It is joy un-speakab-le and full of glo-ry, Full of glory, full of glory,
It is joy un-speakable and full of glory And the half has never yet been told.

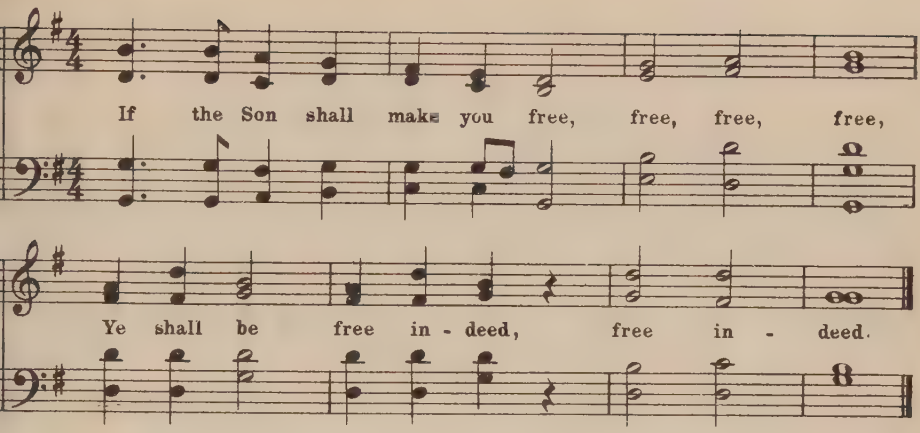
58.


Oh! how I love the Sav - iour's Name! Oh! how I love
the Sav - iour's Name! So do I, so do I,
so do I, I love the Sav - iour's Name!

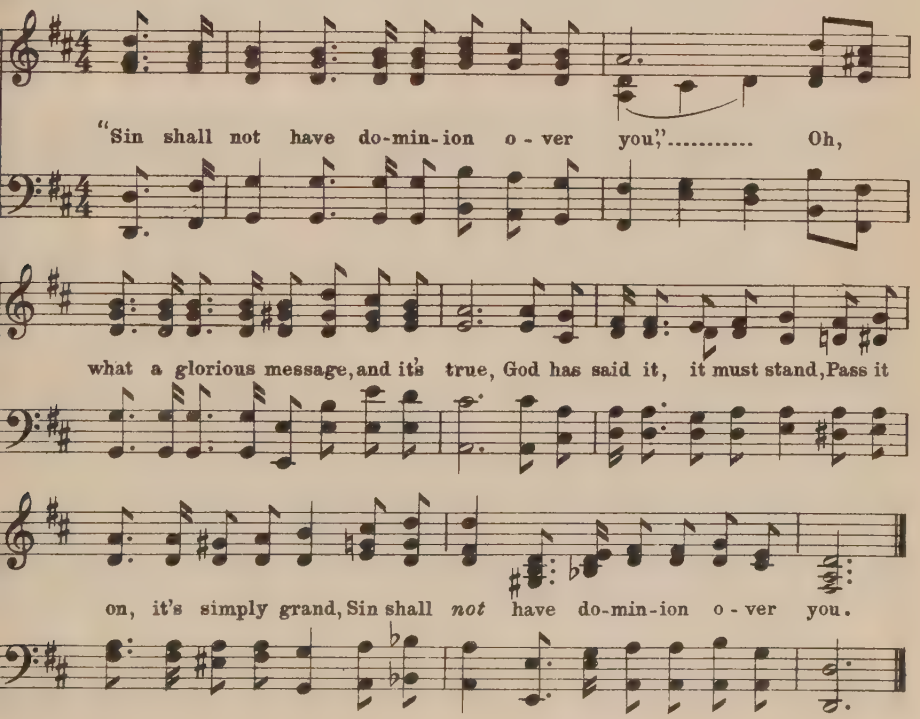
59.


Oh, for a heart whiter than snow, Sav - iour divine, to whom else can I go?
Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow

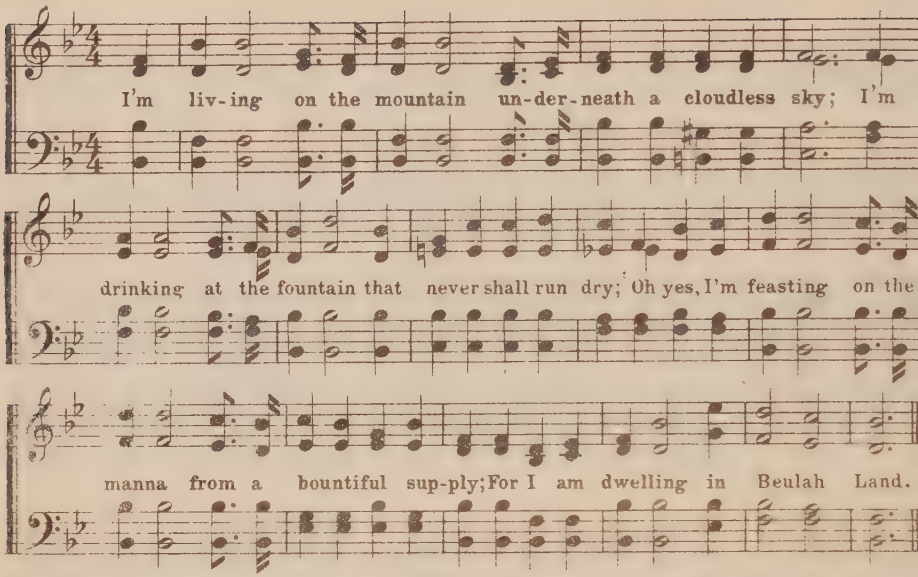
60.


If the Son shall make you free, free, free, free,
Ye shall be free in - deed, free in - deed.

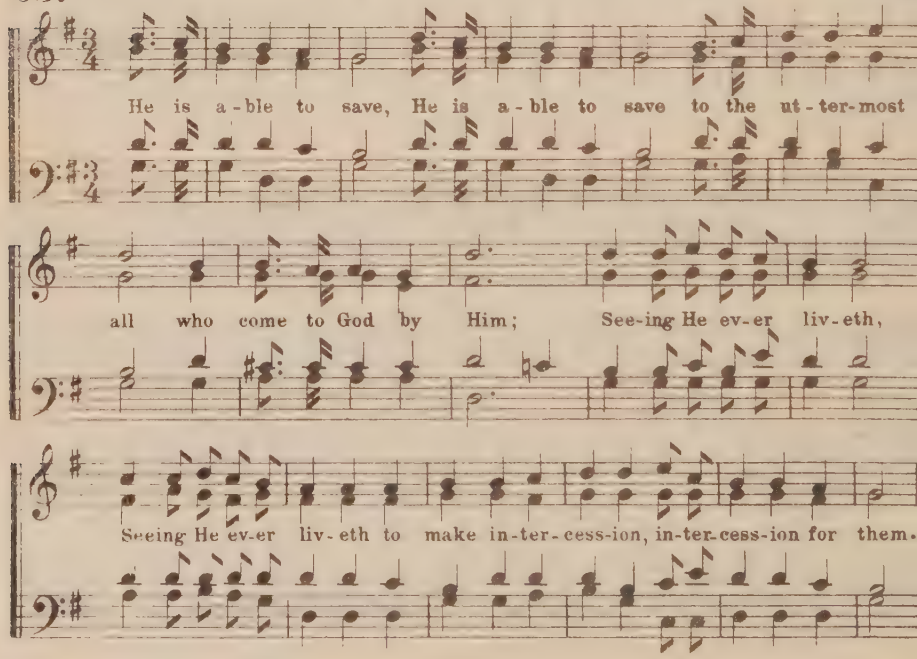
61.


"Sin shall not have do-min-ion o - ver you"..... Oh,
what a glorious message, and it's true, God has said it, it must stand, Pass it
on, it's simply grand, Sin shall *not* have do-min-ion o - ver you.

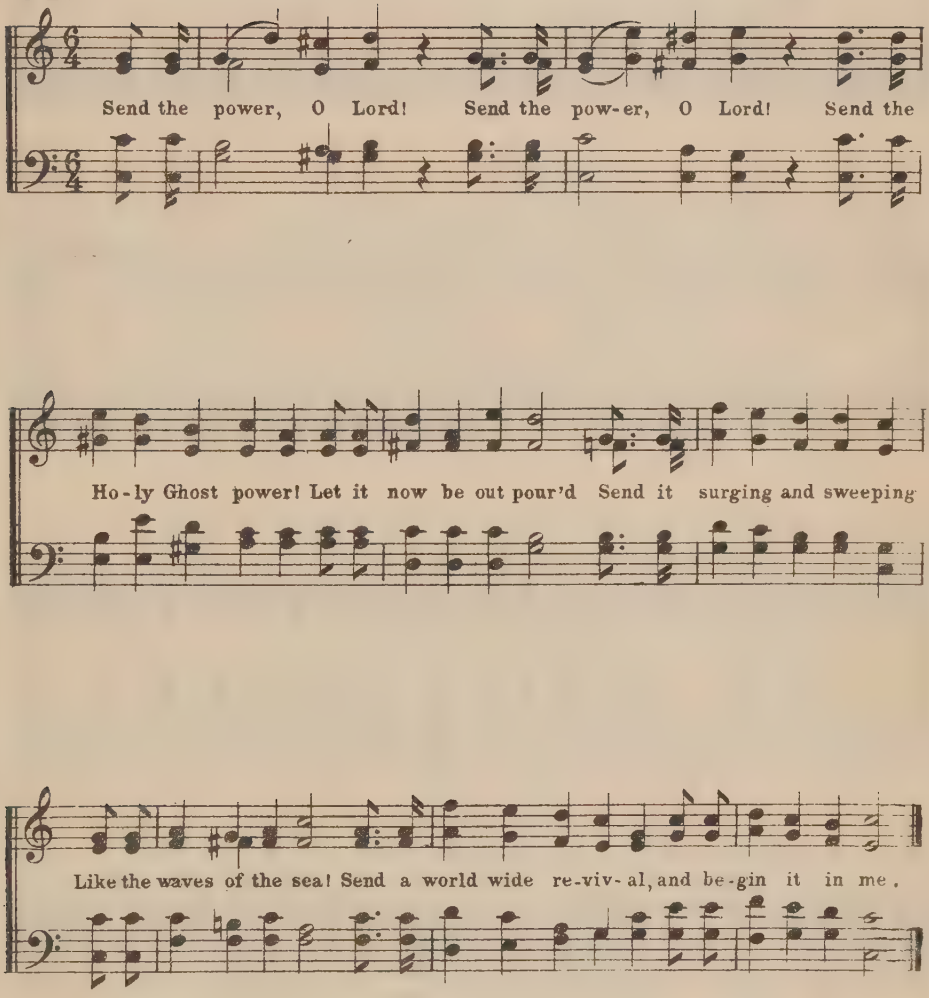
62.


I'm liv-ing on the mountain un-der-neath a cloudless sky; I'm
drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry; Oh yes, I'm feasting on the
manna from a bountiful sup-ply; For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.

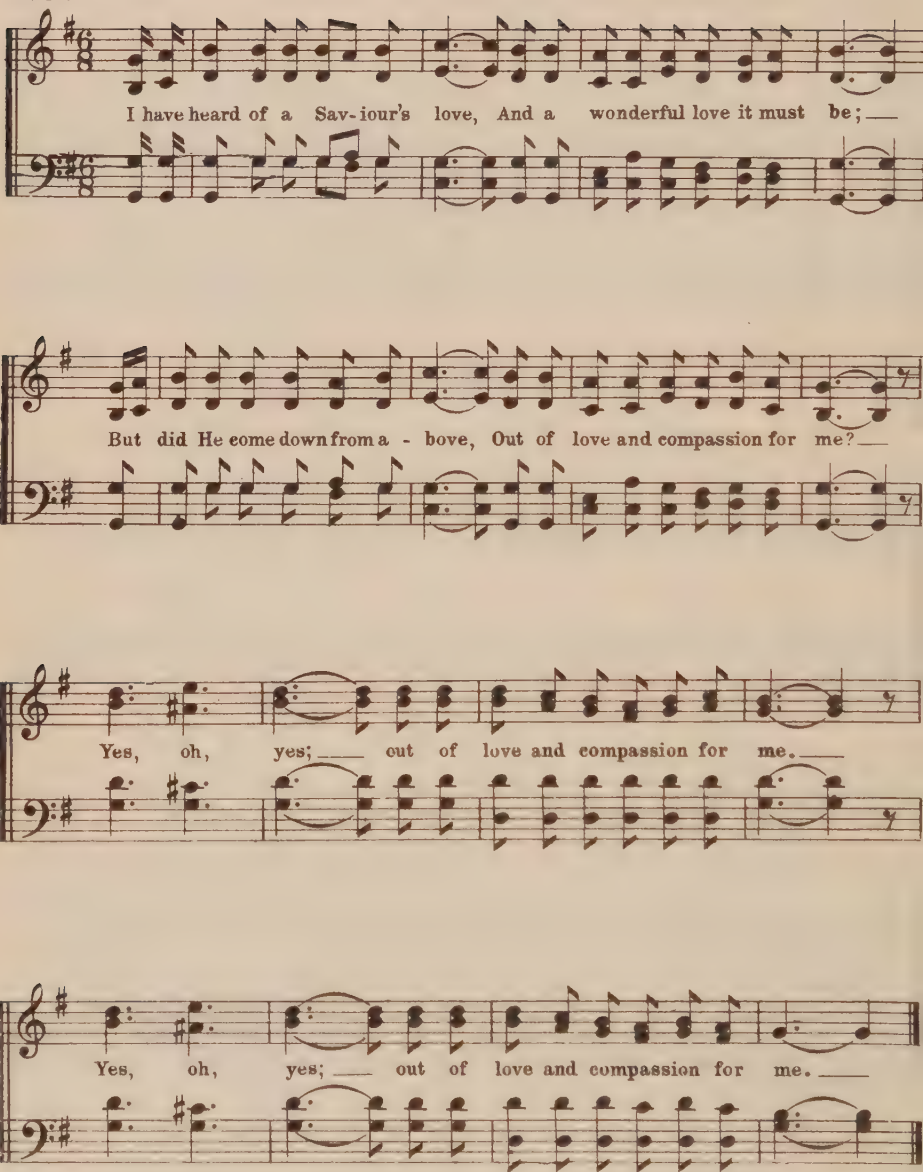
63.


He is a-ble to save, He is a-ble to save to the ut-ter-most
all who come to God by Him; See-ing He ev-er liv-eth,
Seeing He ev-er liv-eth to make in-ter-cess-ion, in-ter-cess-ion for them.

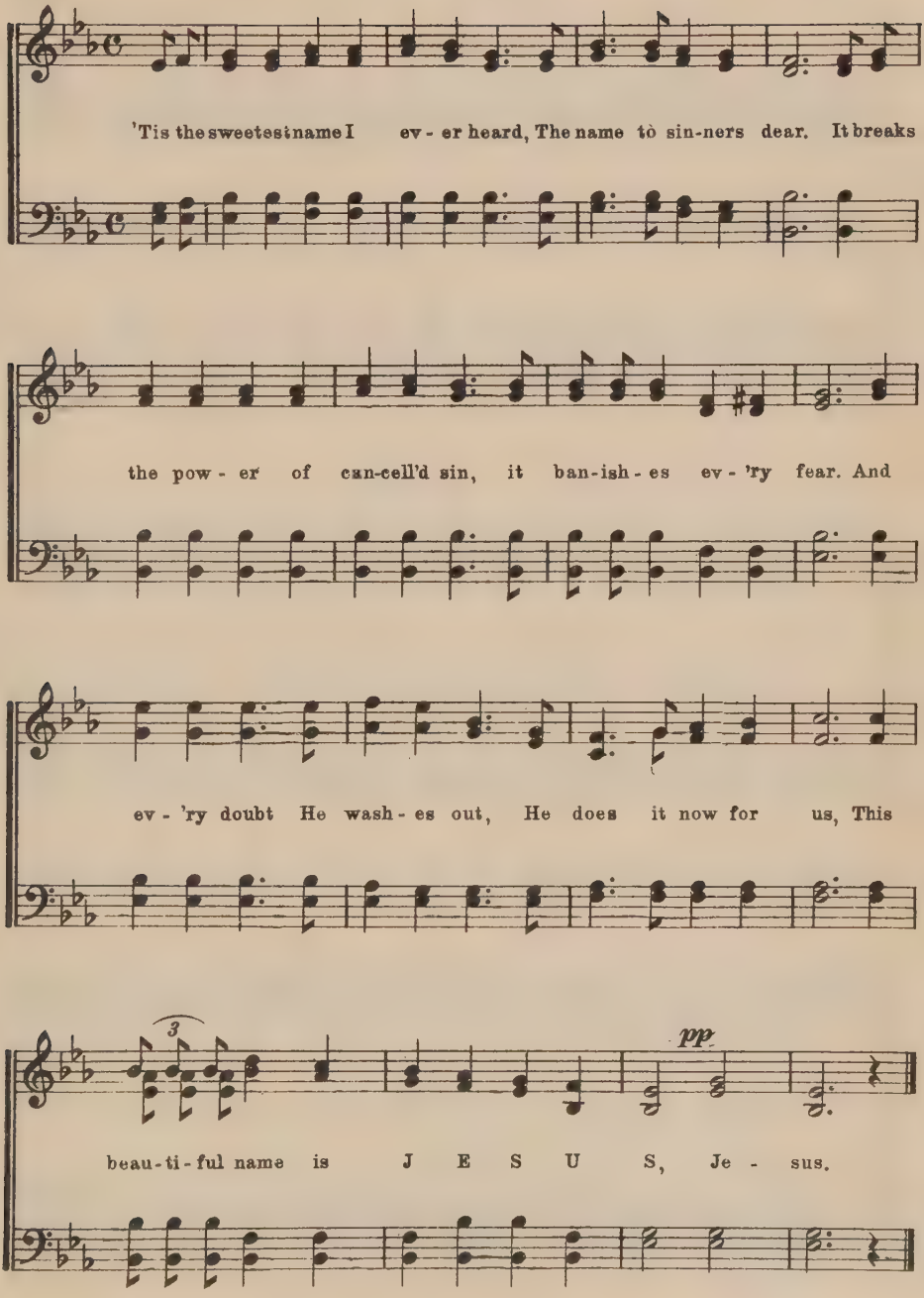
64.


Send the power, O Lord! Send the pow-er, O Lord! Send the
Ho-ly Ghost power! Let it now be out pour'd Send it surging and sweeping
Like the waves of the sea! Send a world wide re-viv-al, and be-gin it in me.

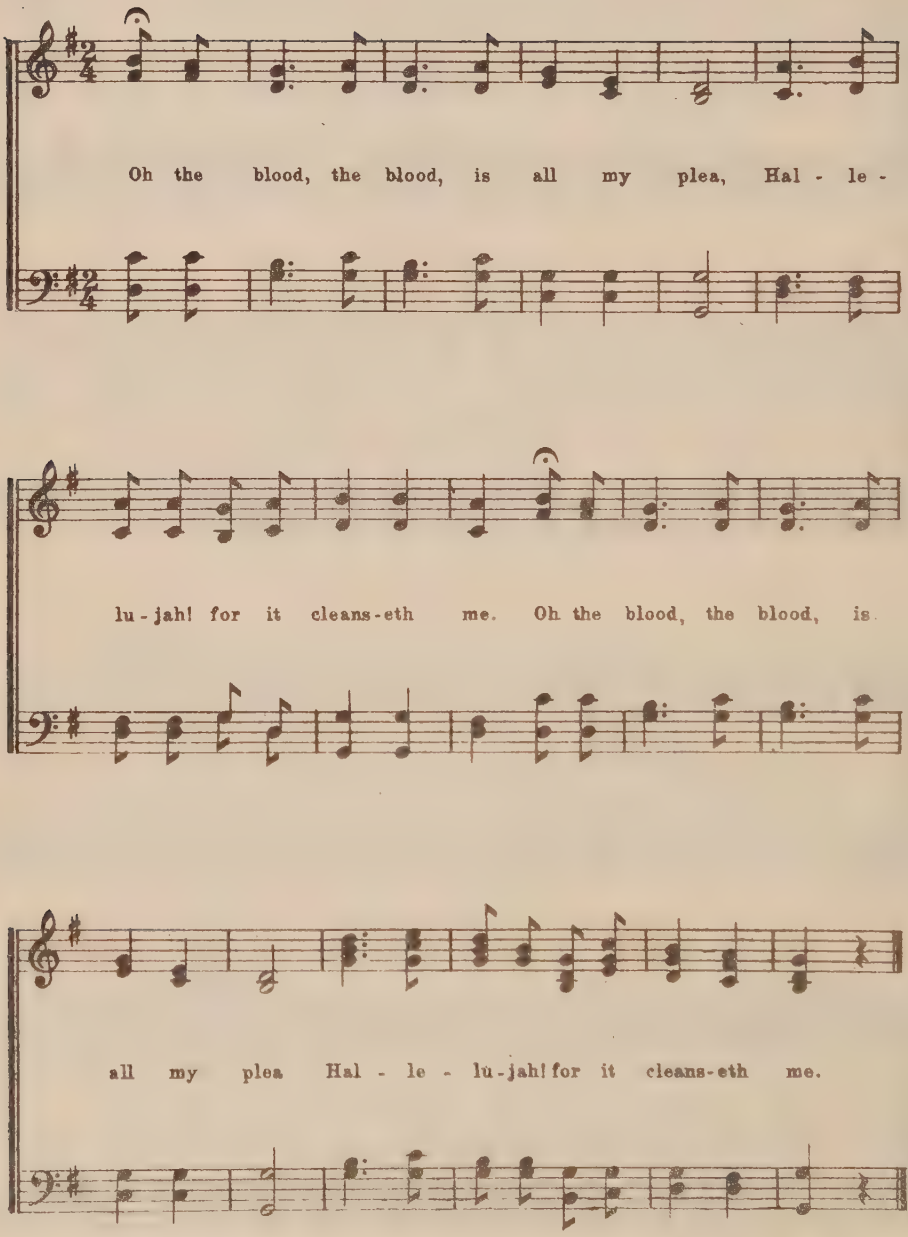
65.


I have heard of a Sav-iour's love, And a wonderful love it must be;
But did He come down from a - bove, Out of love and compassion for me?
Yes, oh, yes; out of love and compassion for me.
Yes, oh, yes; out of love and compassion for me.

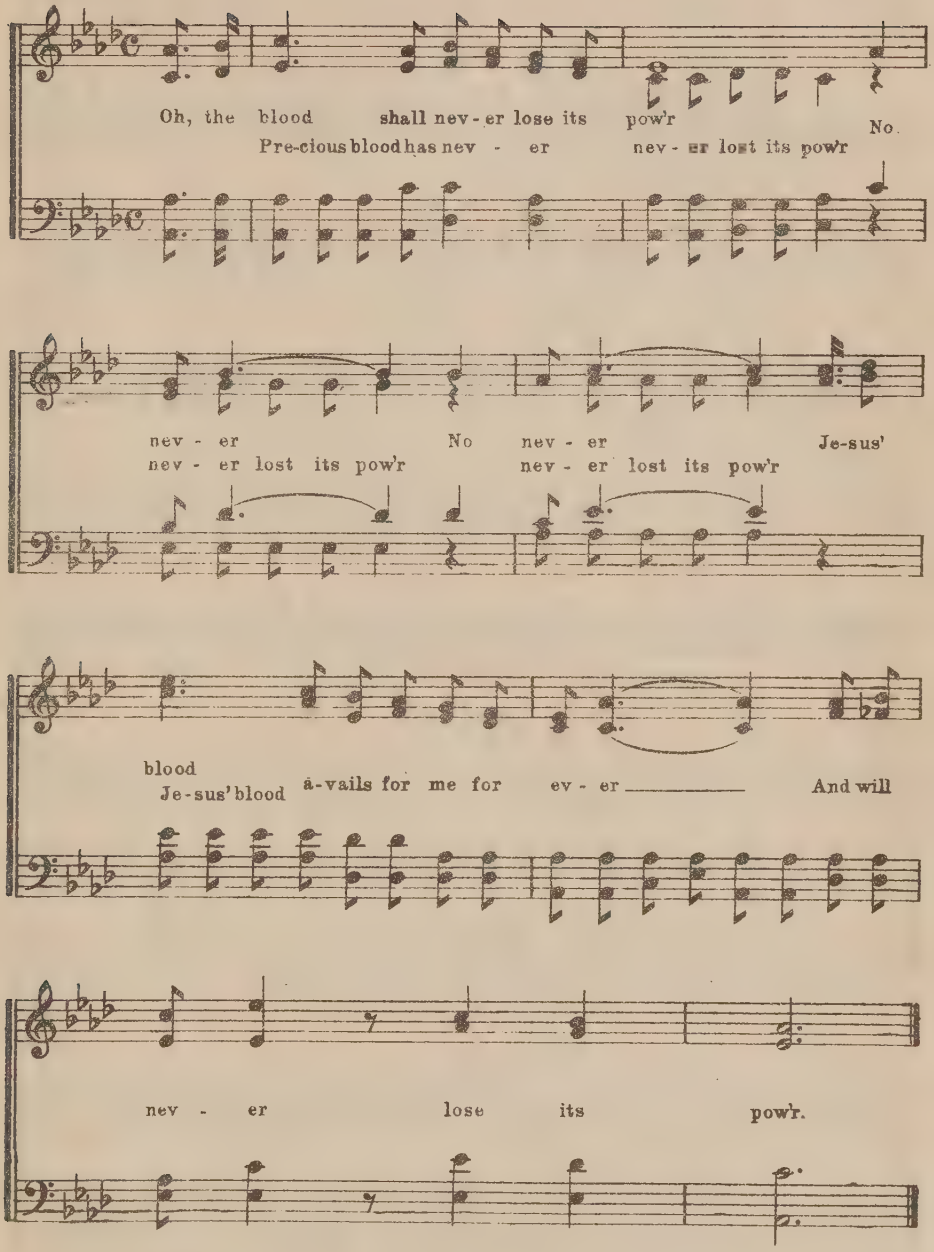
66.


'Tis the sweetest name I ev - er heard, The name to sin-ners dear. It breaks
the pow - er of can-cell'd sin, it ban-ish - es ev - 'ry fear. And
ev - 'ry doubt He wash - es out, He does it now for us, This
3
pp
beau-ti-ful name is J E S U S, Je - sus.

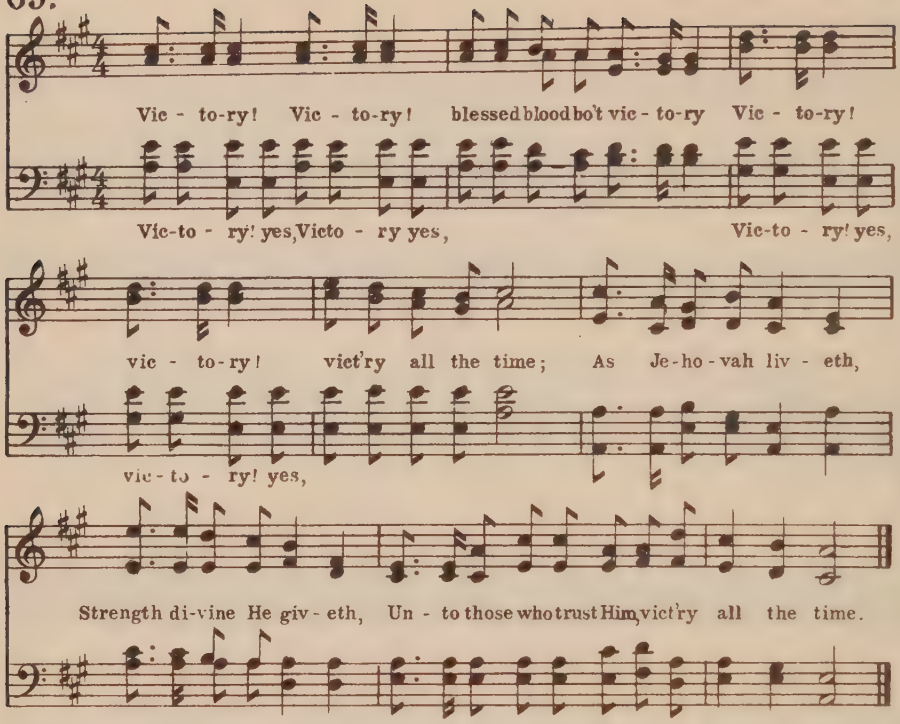
67.


Oh the blood, the blood, is all my plea, Hal - le -
lu - jah! for it cleans-eth me. Oh the blood, the blood, is
all my plea Hal - le - lu - jah! for it cleans-eth me.

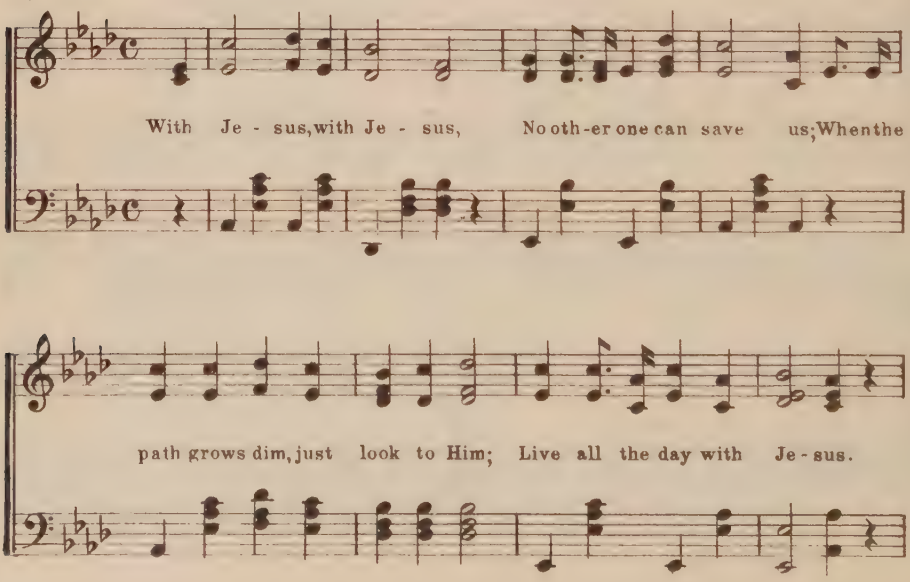
68.


Oh, the blood shall nev-er lose its pow'r No.
Pre-cious blood has nev - er nev - er lost its pow'r
nev - er No nev - er Je-sus'
nev - er lost its pow'r nev - er lost its pow'r
blood
Je-sus' blood a-vails for me for ev - er And will
nev - er lose its pow'r.

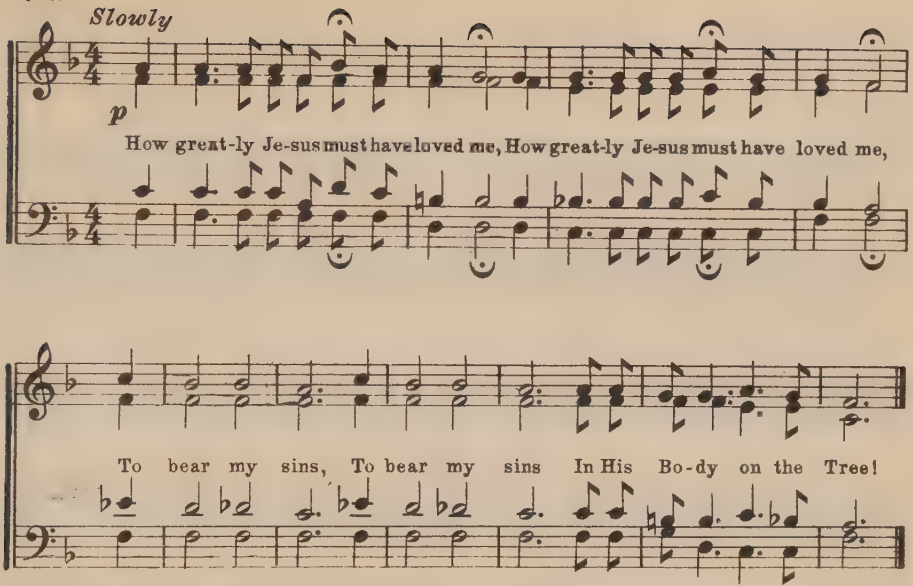
69.


Vic - to-ry! Vic - to-ry! blessed blood bo't vic - to-ry Vic - to-ry!
Vic-to - ry! yes, Victo - ry yes, Vic-to - ry! yes,
vic - to-ry! viet'ry all the time; As Je-ho - vah liv - eth,
vic-to - ry! yes,
Strength di-vine He giv - eth, Un - to those who trust Him, vict'ry all the time.

70.

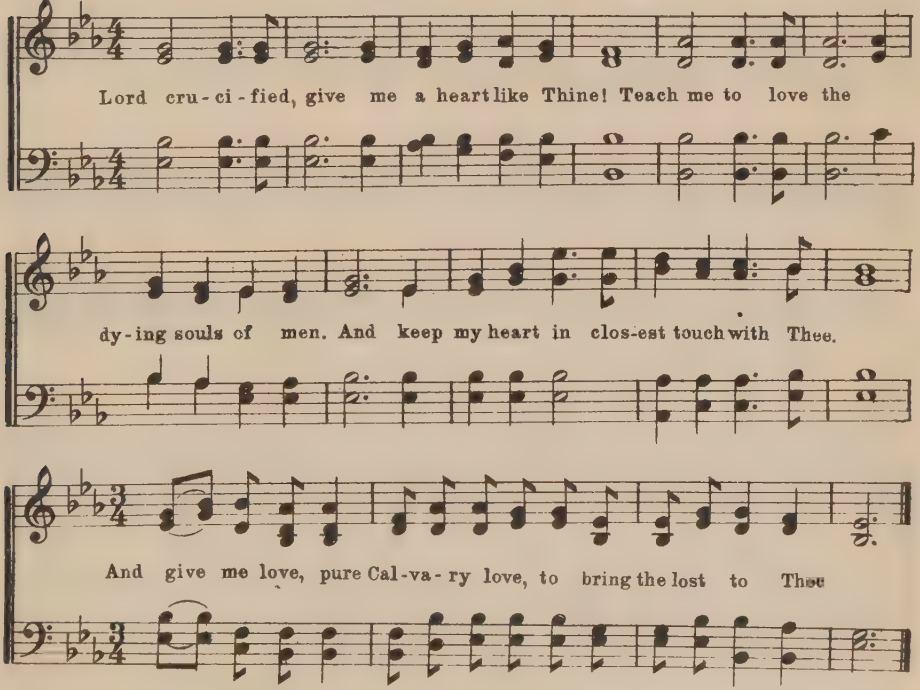

With Je - sus, with Je - sus, No oth-er one can save us; When the
path grows dim, just look to Him; Live all the day with Je - sus.

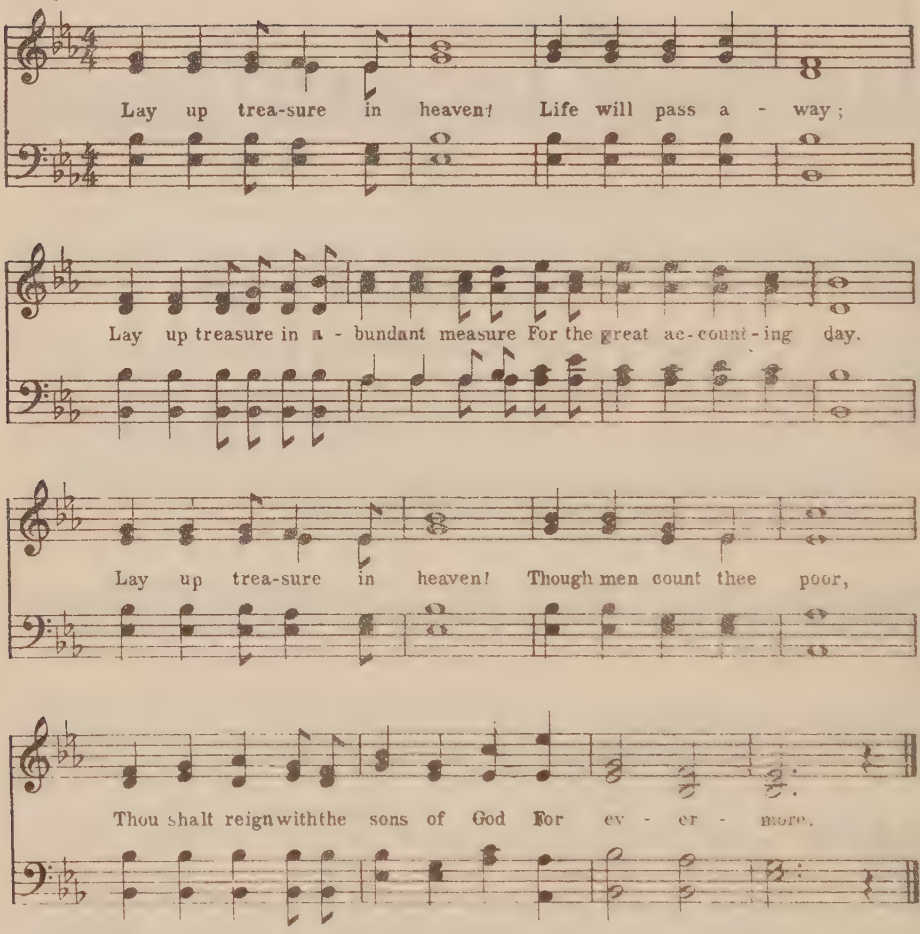
71.


Slowly
p
How great-ly Je-sus must have loved me, How great-ly Je-sus must have loved me,
To bear my sins, To bear my sins In His Bo-dy on the Tree!

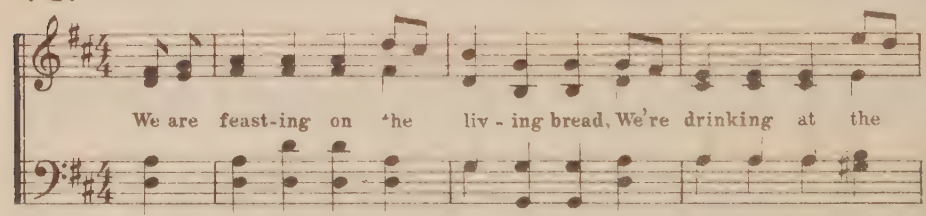
Reprinted from New Advent Hymns and Choruses, by permission of the composer, Rev. J. Wallis Young.

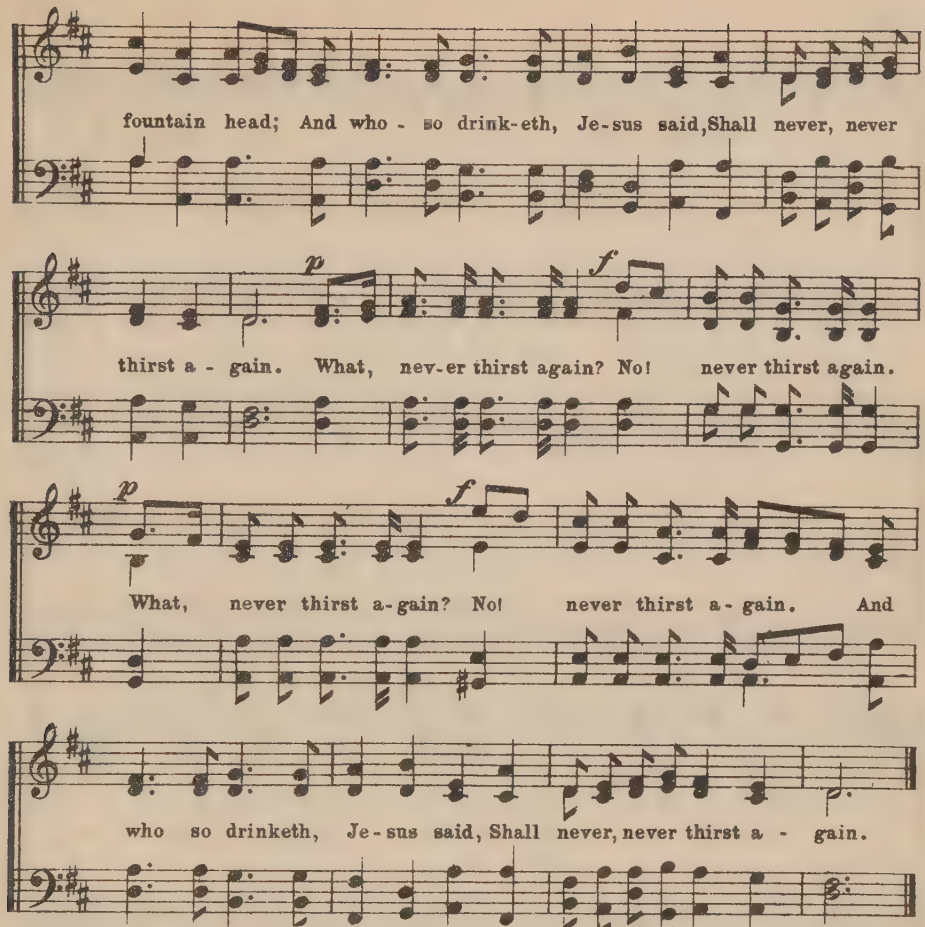
72.


Lord cru-ci-fied, give me a heart like Thine! Teach me to love the
dy-ing souls of men. And keep my heart in clos-est touch with Thee.
And give me love, pure Cal-va-ry love, to bring the lost to Thee

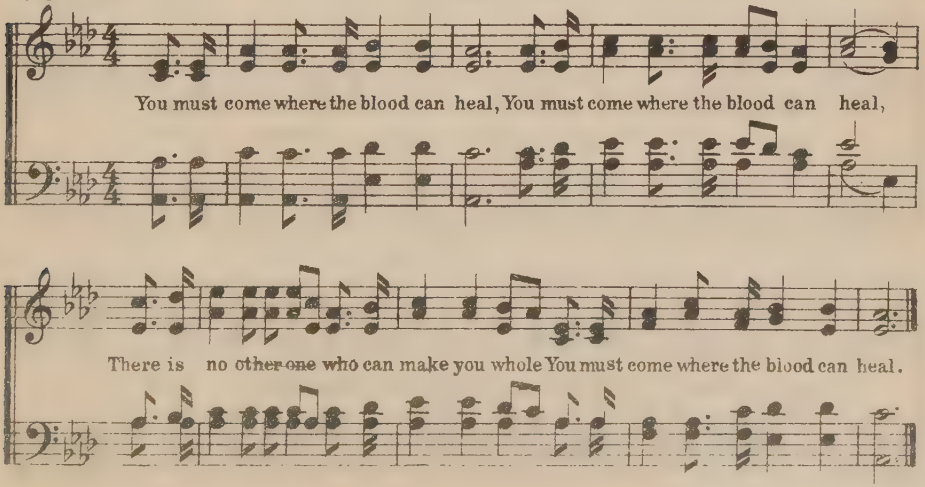
73.

Lay up trea-sure in heaven! Life will pass a - way;
Lay up treasure in a - bundant measure For the great ac-count-ing day.
Lay up trea-sure in heaven! Though men count thee poor,
Thou shalt reign with the sons of God For ev - er - more.

74.

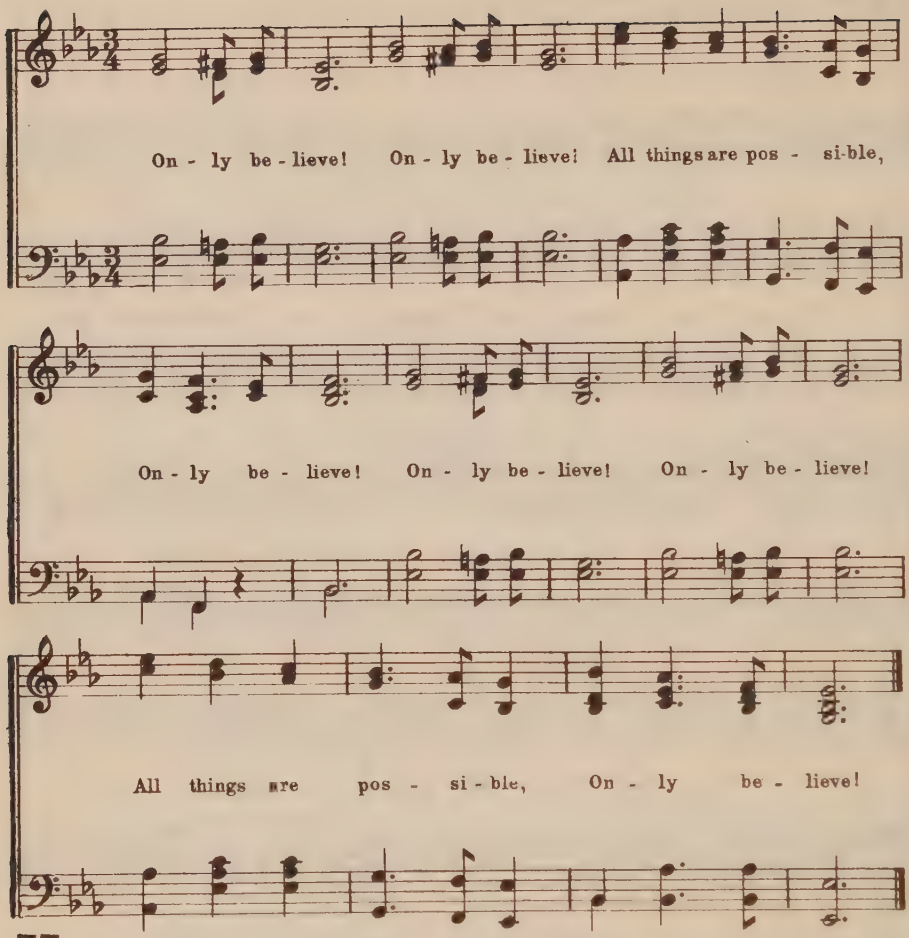

We are feast-ing on the liv - ing bread, We're drinking at the


fountain head; And who - so drink-eth, Je-sus said, Shall never, never
p
f
thirst a - gain. What, nev-er thirst again? No! never thirst again.
p
f
What, never thirst a-gain? No! never thirst a - gain. And
who so drinketh, Je-sus said, Shall never, never thirst a - gain.

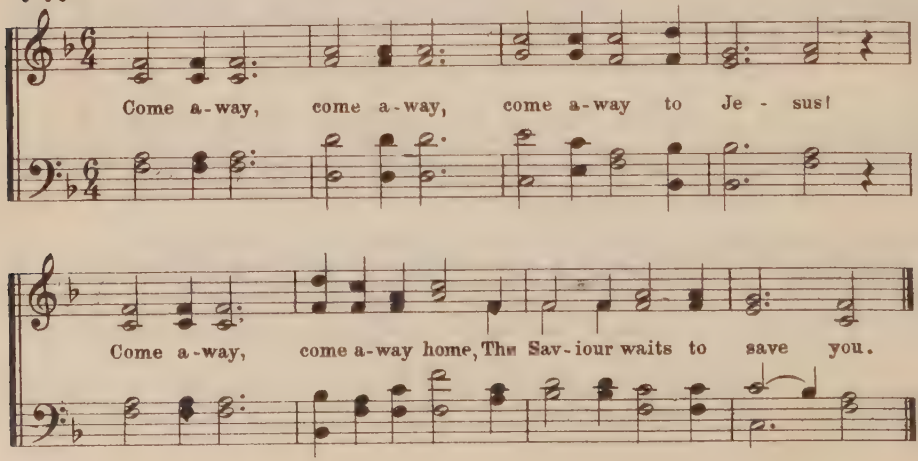
75.


You must come where the blood can heal, You must come where the blood can heal,
There is no other one who can make you whole You must come where the blood can heal.

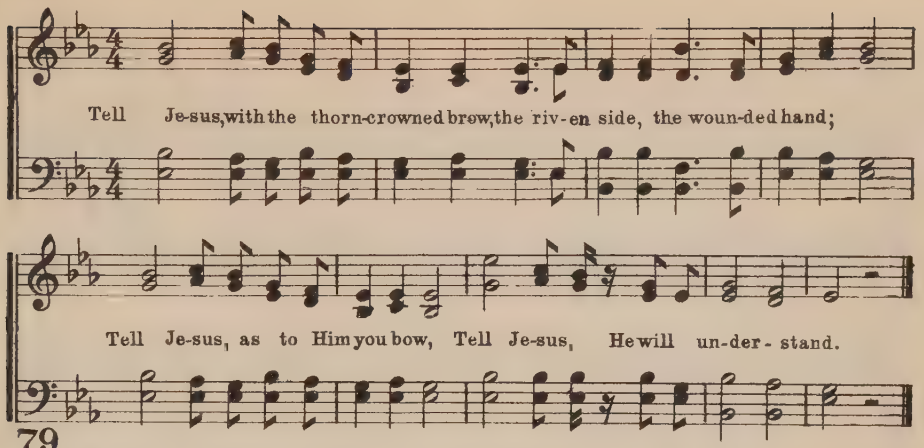
76.


On - ly be - lieve! On - ly be - lieve! All things are pos - si-ble,
On - ly be - lieve! On - ly be - lieve! On - ly be - lieve!
All things are pos - si - ble, On - ly be - lieve!

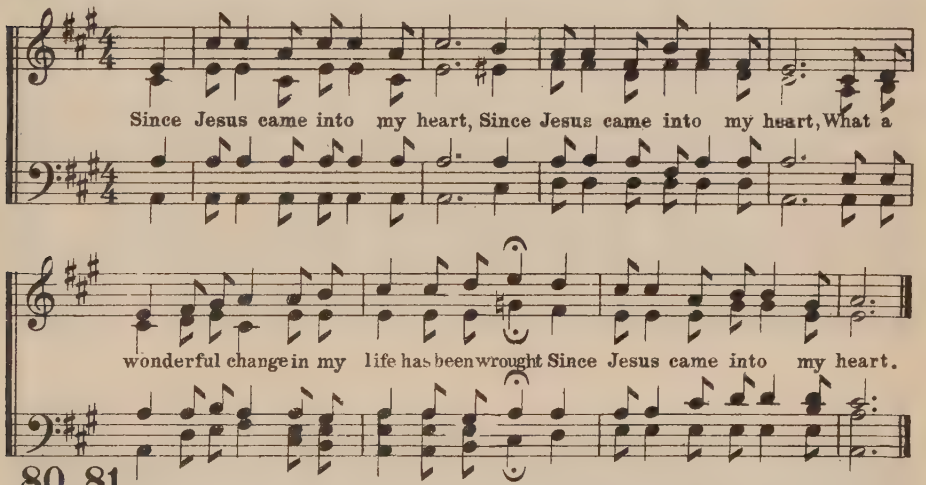
77.


Come a-way, come a-way, come a-way to Je - sus!
Come a-way, come a-way home, The Sav-iour waits to save you.

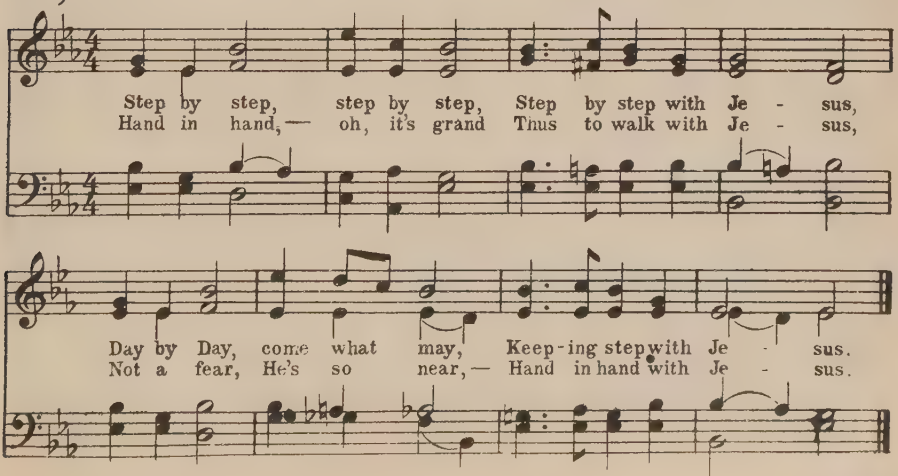
78.


Tell Je-sus, with the thorn-crowned brow, the riv-en side, the woun-ded hand;
Tell Je-sus, as to Him you bow, Tell Je-sus, He will un-der-stand.

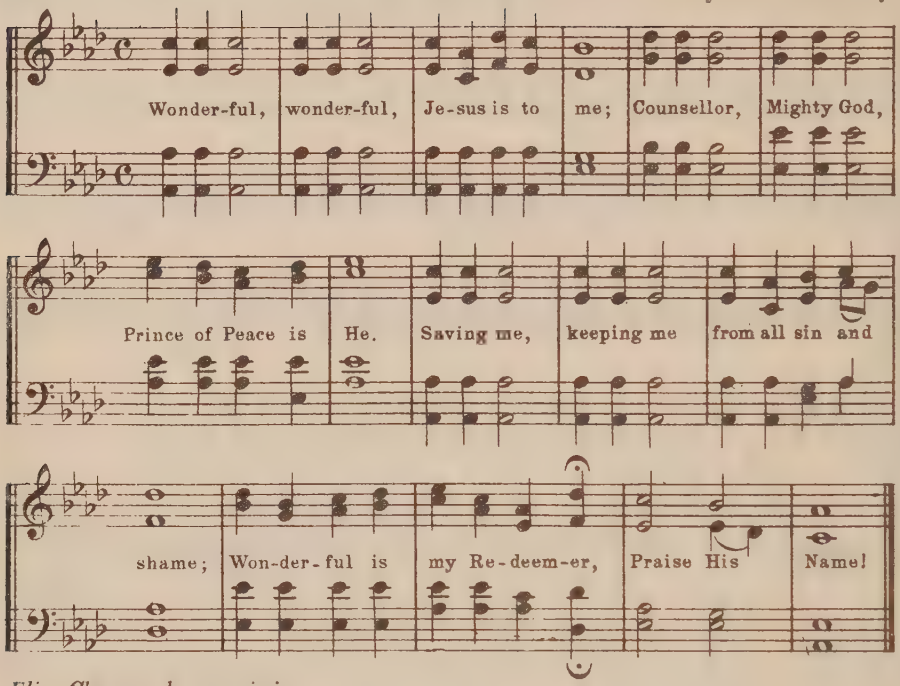
79.


Since Jesus came into my heart, Since Jesus came into my heart, What a
wonderful change in my life has been wrought Since Jesus came into my heart.

80, 81.


Step by step, step by step, Step by step with Je - sus,
Hand in hand, — oh, it's grand Thus to walk with Je - sus,
Day by Day, come what may, Keep-ing step with Je - sus.
Not a fear, He's so near, — Hand in hand with Je - sus.

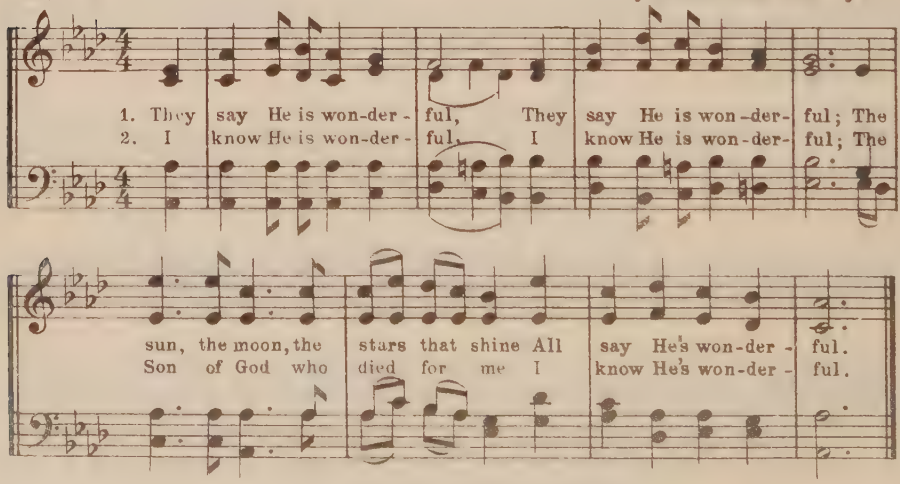
82.

Arr. by W. G. Hathaway.

Wonder-ful, wonder-ful, Je-sus is to me; Counsellor, Mighty God,
Prince of Peace is He. Saving me, keeping me from all sin and
shame; Won-der-ful is my Re-deem-er, Praise His Name!

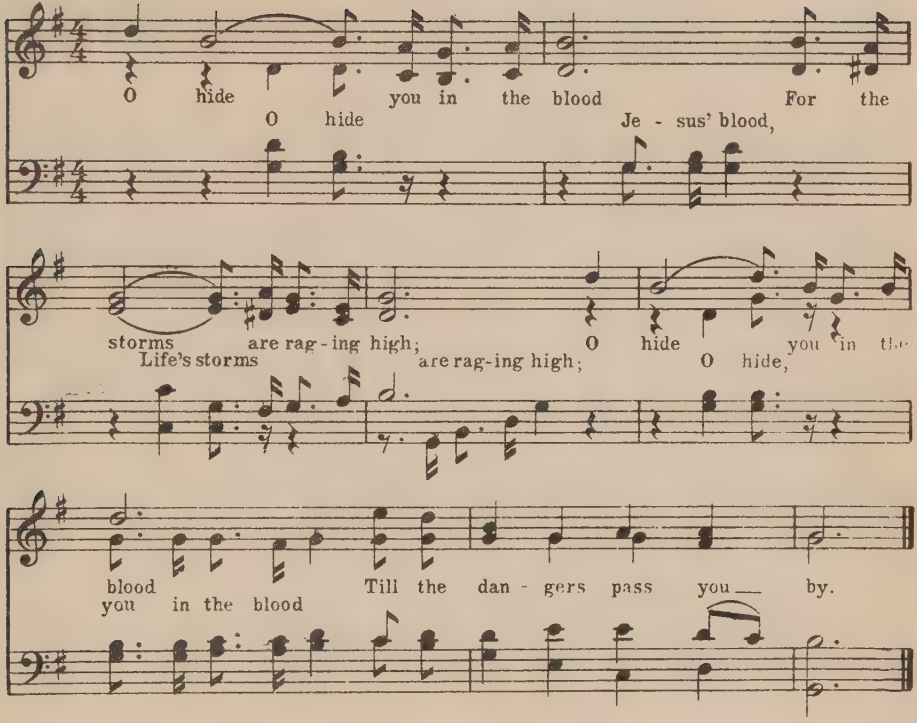
Elim Choruses by permission.

83.

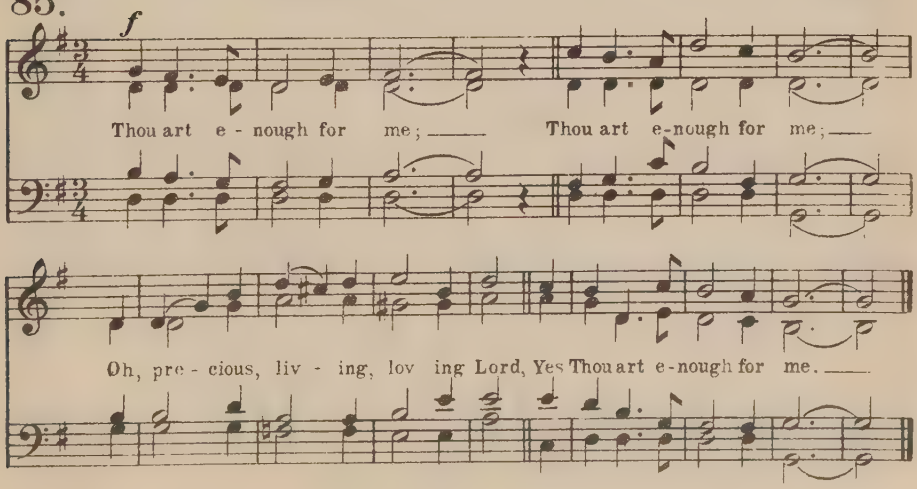
Arr. by Mr. and Mrs. Seth Sykes.


1. They say He is won-der- ful, They say He is won-der- ful; The
2. I know He is won-der- ful, I know He is won-der- ful; The
sun, the moon, the stars that shine All say He's won-der- ful.
Son of God who died for me I know He's won-der- ful.

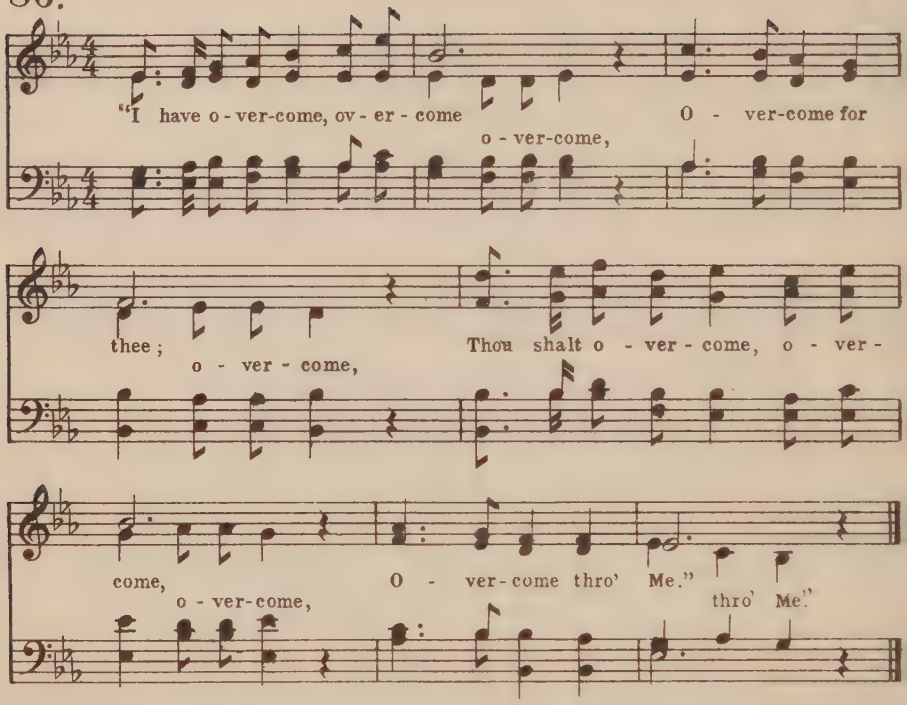
84.


O hide you in the blood For the
O hide Je - sus' blood,
storms are rag-ing high; O hide you in the
Life's storms are rag-ing high; O hide,
blood Till the dan - gers pass you by.
you in the blood

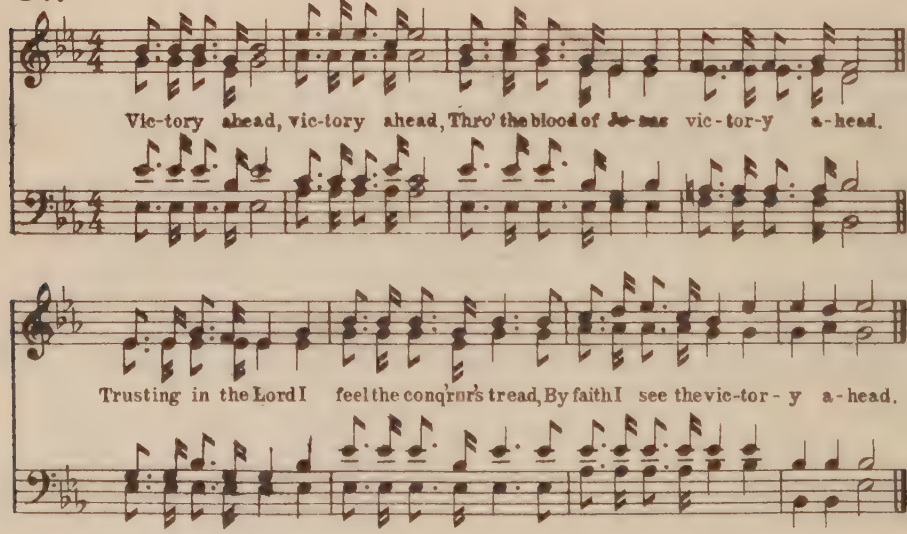
85.


f
Thou art e - nough for me; Thou art e-nough for me;
Oh, pre - cious, liv - ing, lov ing Lord, Yes Thou art e-nough for me.

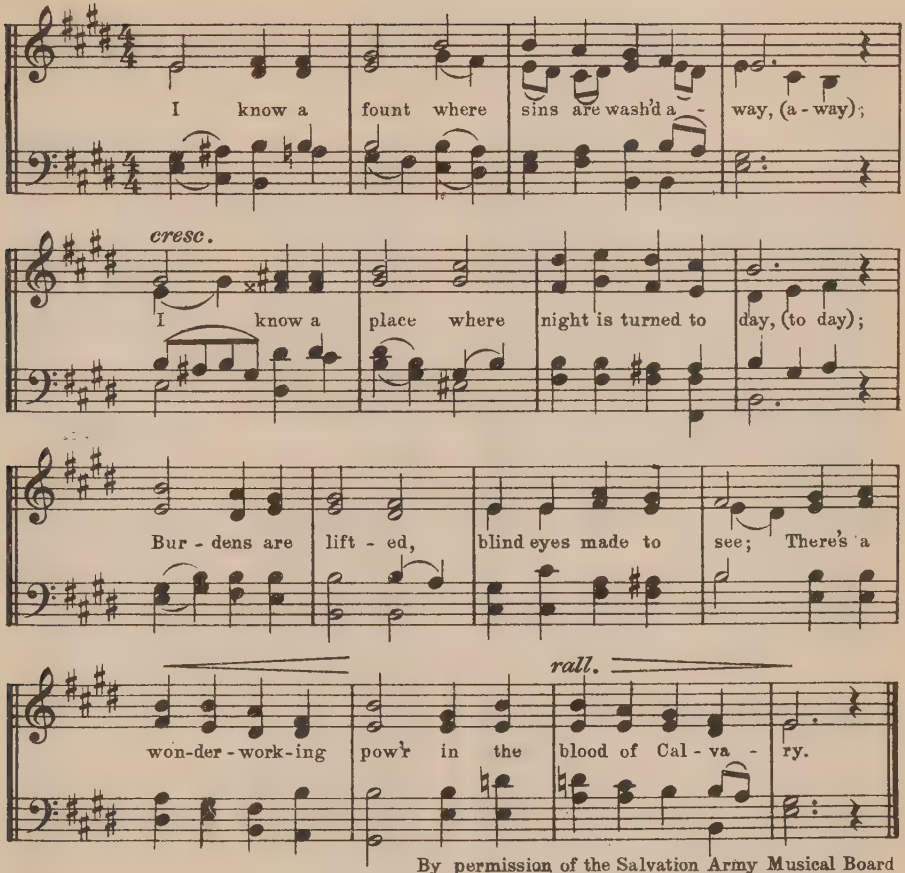
86.


"I have o - ver-come, ov - er - come
o - ver-come,
O - ver-come for
thee;
o - ver - come,
Thou shalt o - ver - come, o - ver -
come,
o - ver-come,
O - ver-come thro' Me."
thro' Me."

87.

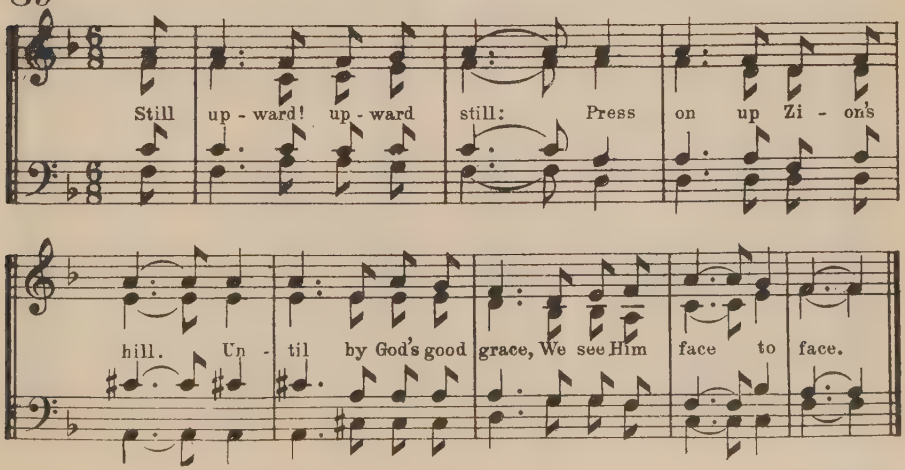

Vic-tory ahead, vic-tory ahead, Thro' the blood of Je-sus vic-tor-y a-head.
Trusting in the Lord I feel the conqu'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic-tor - y a-head.

88.


I know a fount where sins are wash'd a - way, (a - way);
cresc.
I know a place where night is turned to day, (to day);
Bur - dens are lift - ed, blind eyes made to see; There's a
rall.
won-der - work-ing pow'r in the blood of Cal - va - ry.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board

89



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